May 6, 1939

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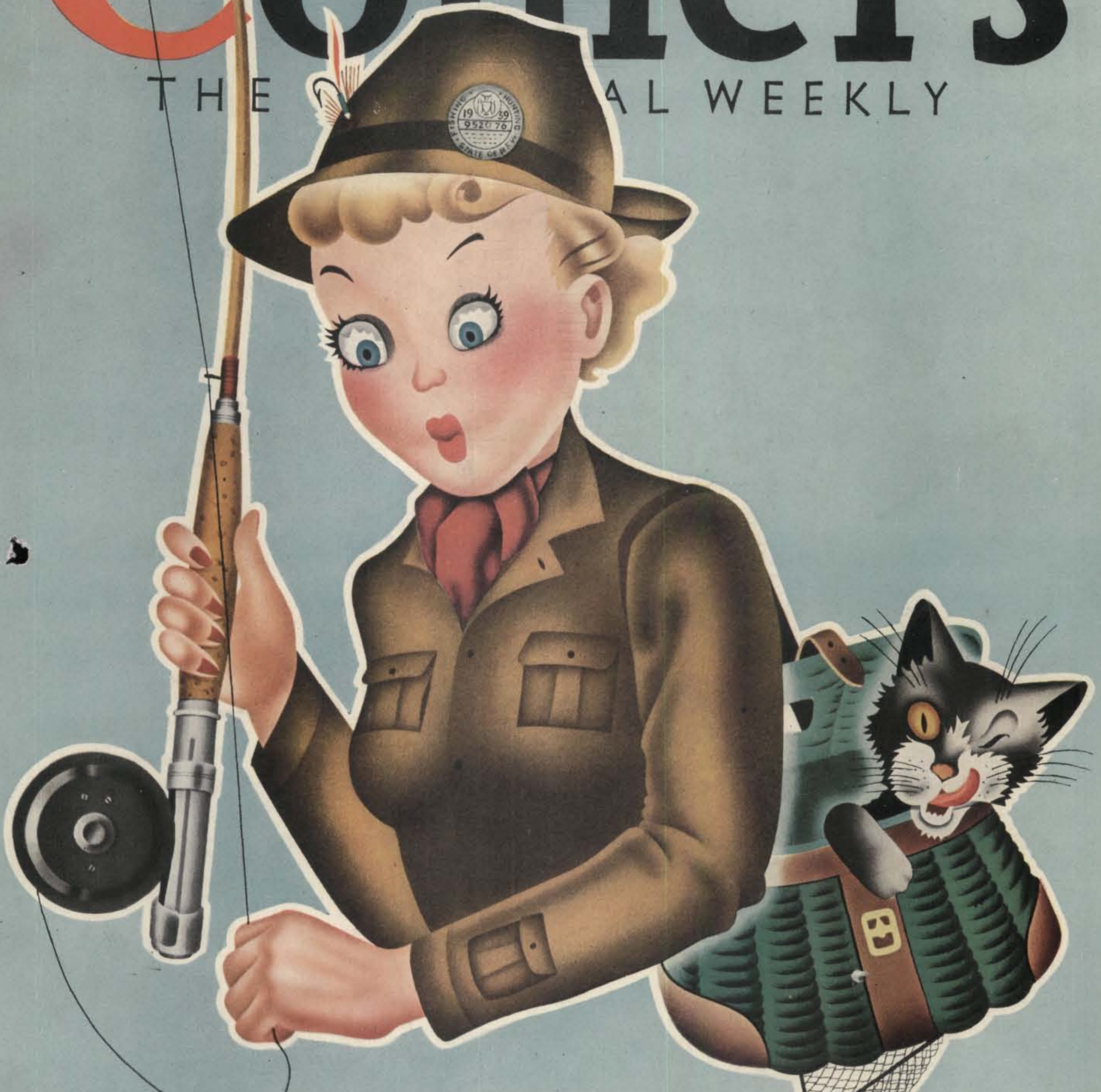
Collier's

THE AL WEEKLY


FISHING HUNTING
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STATE OF N.Y.
BEN-JORJ HARRIS

Leopard's Spots A Short Story by **Damon**

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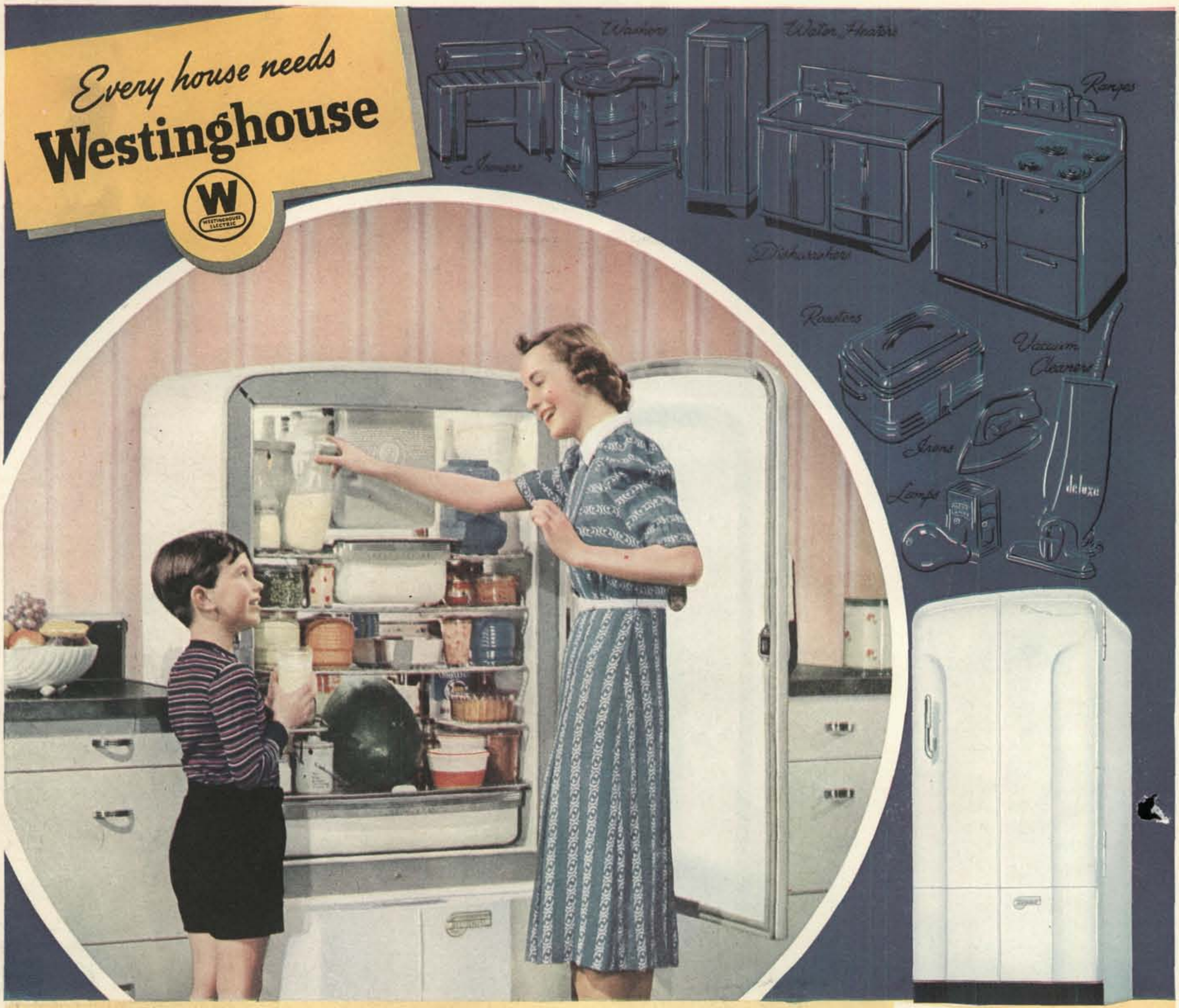
May 6, 1939



"Our milk TASTES BETTER than Jimmy's, Mom"

Mother: *"I'm glad you like it, Bobby. Milk helps to give you big strong muscles."*

Bobby: *"I wouldn't like it if you didn't keep it so good and cold, Mom."*

Food that is kept better certainly tastes fresher. For the first time in *any* refrigerator the 1939 Westinghouse provides True-Temp Cold Control—that really holds temperatures where you set them. It is reason No. 1 for the better food protection in this new Westinghouse.

The new Meat-Keeper is another reason. Last year users called the Meat-Keeper the biggest improvement in years. This year it's a bigger improvement than ever. It holds 15 pounds. It slides in under the Super Freezer where the cold is just right for meat keeping. It has vents and raised rack for the right humidity and air circulation.

Add the convenience of new sliding Adjustoshelves, the glass-top Humidrawer, and Eject-o-Cube trays. Then include the long, low-cost operation of the Economizer Sealed-in Mechanism. Result—a *pacemaker* in food protection, convenience, and economy.

Your nearest dealer will show you this new Westinghouse. Find his name in your classified phone directory under "Refrigerators, Electric."

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BETTER FOOD PROTECTION

KITCHEN-PROVED CONVENIENCE

LONG, LOW-COST OPERATION

ANOTHER PACEMAKING
KITCHEN-PROVED**
FEATURE

TRUE-TEMP CONTROL
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NEW!
TRUE-TEMP control provides cold you can count on!

When you set the TRUE-TEMP dial at the temperature you want, it holds that temperature no matter how kitchen temperature changes.

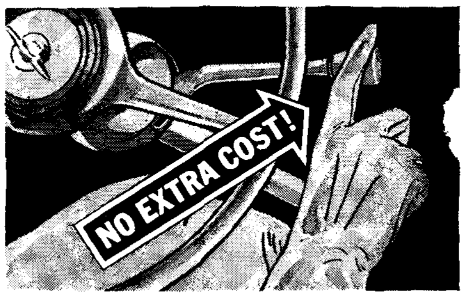
* Certified records of performance in Westinghouse Proving Kitchens show what your Westinghouse Refrigerator can *SAVE* under actual home conditions.

Plymouth is 1939's Greatest Car Value

"All Three" cost about alike but

PLYMOUTH IS BIGGEST

- Plymouth is the biggest and roomiest of leading low-priced cars—5 inches longer than one; 6 inches longer than the other!
- The only one of "All Three" low-priced cars with steering-post gear shift standard on De Luxe models at *no extra cost.*
- Plymouth is the only low-priced car with independent coil springs standard *on all models.*
- Plymouth is the only leading low-priced car with a completely rust-proofed Safety-Steel body.
- The only low-priced car with a "safety signal" speedometer.
- *Every* Plymouth model has the same big, 82-horsepower "L-head" engine, giving the thrill of full power *plus* great economy.



STANDARD EQUIPMENT on De Luxe models at no extra cost—Perfected Remote Control Gear Shifting with All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission. It's today's finest shifting.

THIS GREAT Plymouth's higher quality and unbelievably low price make an *unbeatable combination!*

It's the biggest, the roomiest, and by all odds, the most beautiful of "All Three" low-priced cars.

Nor does Plymouth sacrifice power for economy...its big "L-head" engine gives you *both.* More than ever, it's the car that *stands up best!*

And only Plymouth brings you the exceptional ride-smoothness of Amola Steel coil springs and airplane-type shock absorbers. Try it!

For your protection, Plymouth offers its world-famous hydraulic brakes, a Safety-Styled Interior and the new "safety signal" speedometer.

Your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price... balance in low monthly instalments.

COUPES START AT $645

SEDANS START AT $685

—DELIVERED IN DETROIT, including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cu. ft.). Plymouth prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

"So Beautiful
YOU CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT'S A LOW-PRICED CAR!"

ALL PLYMOUTH MODELS have time-proven Hydraulic Brakes, Floating Power engine mountings and rust-proofed Safety-Steel bodies.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"

THE "DE LUXE"

THIS YEAR PLYMOUTH'S THE CAR

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Collier's

May 6, 1939

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AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
W. B. COURTNEY	Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
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DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

PEERING into our crystal ball (of course we have a crystal ball; else how could we tell what's going to be in next week's Collier's?), we let our gaze wander too deeply, this week, into the opalescent depths. We looked way ahead to the summer, and saw Their Majesties, George VI and Elizabeth, arriving in Montreal. Suddenly a little child broke through the surging police lines and toddled up to the royal limousine to press a single rose into the hand of the Queen. It was touching as all get out.

Later, we asked Jim Marshall what it meant. He tipped us off that rehearsals already have started for dozens of similar "unrehearsed" incidents, which will make columns and columns of newspaper copy. He advised us to read his preview, "Royal Party," which tells all about it. We will if you will.

A SOCIAL worker with stomach ulcers who likes to bet on the horse races recently has taken over the job of making Big Business snuggle up to President Roosevelt. If he succeeds, he may be the next President of the United States. Meanwhile, Harry L. Hopkins does more confidential chores for the Administration than any man in Washington. Walter Davenport gives you a chance to take a good look at him in action before the political mud and orchid slinging beclouds his lean countenance.

MEET John Wiggin, a new author. B., Bombay, India, in 1906. Father, Amer.; mother, English actress; educated by spinster aunts in Boston; grad. Stanford U. in Calif., where wrote, directed campus musical comedies. Went N. Y. to become world's leading composer. Failed. Got job in radio (NBC) with aid of Kathleen Norris. Later worked advt. agency, published several songs. In 1938 sent first story to Collier's. Success. In 1939, sent second story to Collier's. Called "Beware the Nightingale," it convulsed our fiction editor, who now is recovering O. K., thank you.

WE wondered if the pixies had caught up with us at last. For there on the schedule was Quentin Reynolds, our sports editor, writing about a musical genius. And Kyle Crichton, our drama editor, writing about a prize fighter. And Roark Bradford, specialist in tales of the hinterlands, describing the goings-on in a skyscraper. To say nothing of Daniel Fuchs. He spins a yarn about a race horse—in which the horse actually loses the Big Race. No two ways about it. Spring must be here. Whee!

This Week

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●

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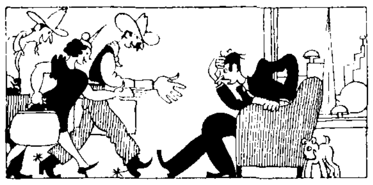
COVER BEN JORJ HARRIS

Any Week

WE ARE asked to join a dignified movement to do something about the new enthusiasm of "out-of-town relations who, desiring to see the New York Fair, are willing to let bygones be bygones and be our guests for a few weeks this summer." The organization was started by a Mr. John Jones Smith of New York City. But we don't feel very cooperative. We're fortunate. Our relatives, one and all, lack the carfare to New York. And better, we haven't the carfare to send them. We're looking forward to a pretty comfortable season.



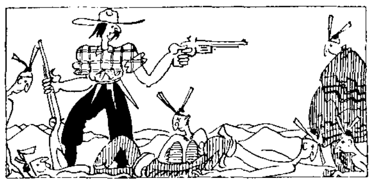
WE'RE pretty sure that Mrs. Osmund Bernicker of Los Angeles, California, is doing Senator Carter Glass less than justice. We're afraid too, that she's got her facts a trifle askew. Anyway, she says: "I have just been listening to Father Coughlin. Senator Glass should be tarred and feathered for foisting upon the honest American people the Federal Reserve Banking System which is owned and controlled by the international bankers when our Constitution provides for a monetary system for the benefit of the people. He ought to be ashamed of himself."

SOMEWHAT to our surprise, Ted Shane's article, "Women Can't Cook," has not aroused the bitterness we had expected. We have here a letter from Mr. James P. Callahan of Flint, Michigan, informing us that he dreads nothing so much as home cooking. He adds that "bread and biscuits like our mothers and grandmothers used to make are responsible for a lot of the trouble this country's seen. The only cook worse than my wife was my mother—bless them." And Miss Dora Brehn of Sandusky, Ohio, says that she'll probably never marry because "he would probably insist that I cook and I would not think of cooking for the man I loved."

"THE only editor I ever knew," says Mr. L. Attwine of Duluth, Minnesota, "slept in a packing box back of a stove in his office. His name was Schelling and while he could afford a room away from his office he said he got ideas at night and was in a position to put them down on paper then and there. I suppose your editors do not sleep in boxes behind the stove as it is clear to me that you have gotten out of touch with the common people. This is not criticism, just an observation."

WE ARE truly indebted to Mr. Charles Edgar Kennedy of Oakland, California, for something to look forward to. Mr. Kennedy does not like our attitude toward Thirty-Dollars-Every-Thursday and similar economic hotfoots. It will have to be something like that, thinks Mr. Kennedy, or collapse of our democracy. "But if this country goes Fascist within the next three years," warns he, "I am going to hitchhike to New York and take a poke at you and tell you just what I think you are."

AN OBSERVATION from Mrs. Henry B. Tietsort of Evansville, Indiana, has to do with Indians. Somebody has been irritating Mrs. Tietsort with praise for the pioneer men and women who crossed the great plains and the Rocky Mountains "tortured by savage Indians." Says Mrs. Tietsort: "I have read many books on the subject and am compelled to side with the Indians. What would we do if our country were invaded by a ruthless enemy? We would kill that enemy and be called heroes. . . . But when we invaded the Indian lands we were heroes. I realize that this is a little late, but it is also ridiculous."



WE HAVE an offer this morning of a story, the author of which correctly describes as "somewhat out of the ordinary." The heroine, we are told, is "a Philadelphia girl who marries a syndicate for patriotic purposes and emerges unscathed." This alone would arouse our interest but, we discover, this is but the beginning. The young woman is under the protection of "a secret society whose membership is made up of four brothers from every American family which has four sons." Apparently this heroine can't work unless supported by males in large numbers because in the end, "standing on the steps of the capitol in Washington on the Fourth of July, she delivers the sinister syndicate to the Army, Navy and Marine Corps of the United States of America for punishment."

AMID appropriate cheers. W. D.

Vol. 103, No. 18. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home Magazine. Copyright, 1939, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary.

Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.

Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT

SAYS Ripley

THIS NEW TIRE SWEEPS WET ROADS SO DRY YOU CAN LIGHT A MATCH ON ITS TRACK!

No wonder this new kind of tire will give you the *Quickest Non-Skid Stops* you've ever had . . .

"Yes, you can light a match on its dry track," says Robert Ripley. "That certainly explains why this new Goodrich Silvertown will stop you quicker, safer on a wet pavement than you've ever stopped before. It proves beyond a doubt that this new kind of tire is a road-dryer."

In fact, the wider, flatter surface of this Life-Saver Tread—with its deep grooves and spiral bars—is so skillfully designed that it acts on wet roads *like a whole battery of windshield wipers.* These never-ending spiral bars sweep the water right and left—force it out through those deep drainage grooves—make a dry track *as you drive.*

Golden Ply Blow-out Protection, Too

Remember, every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown is designed with still another great idea in mind—to give you *real* protection against today's dangerous high-speed blow-outs. That's why every new Silvertown has the famous Golden Ply—an exclusive Goodrich invention that has already kept thousands of motorists off the accident list.

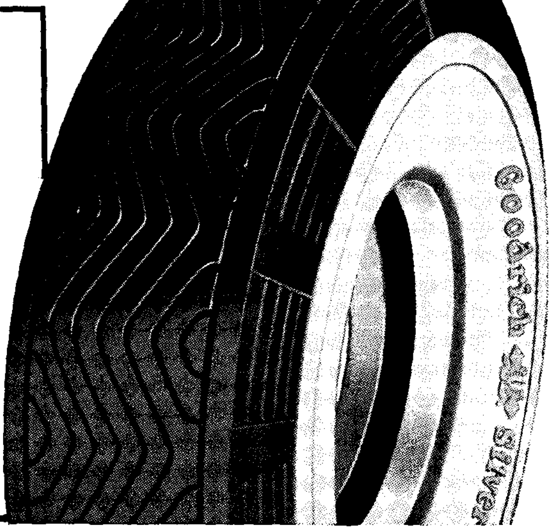
No Extra Cost

In spite of the fact that Silvertowns give you Life-Saver Tread skid protection—Golden Ply blow-out protection—you can put this life-saving tire on your car right now AT NO EXTRA COST. See your nearest Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store and have them put this "Silvertown Safety" between your car and the road *today.* It may save your life *tomorrow.*

THE MAN WHO AMAZES MILLIONS IS AMAZED HIMSELF! Robert Ripley says, "The ability of the Goodrich Silvertown to sweep wet roads so dry that you can light a match on its track, certainly belongs among my most famous 'Believe-It-Or-Nots'."

HERE'S PROOF! Read the result of two series of non-skid tests by independent Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory against *regular* and *premium-priced* tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers, including new tires recently introduced:

> "The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested including not only the old established tires of these manufacturers—some listed at 40% to 70% higher in price—but also the new tires which were recently tested under the same road conditions." **Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory**



The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

DON'T MISS THE BIG FREE GOODRICH THRILL SHOW FEATURING JIMMIE LYNCH AND HIS DAREDEVILS AT NEW YORK **GOING TO THE FAIR?** DON'T MISS THE STRIKING GOODRICH EXHIBIT "WHAT'S NEW IN THE WORLD OF RUBBER" AT SAN FRANCISCO

ACROSS THE NATION

SOCONY-VACUUM

Anywhere you ride...there is a Friendly Dealer where you can buy these famous Mobil Specialties

MOBIL UPPERLUBE

Add to your gasoline—reaches the engine as a vapor. Its special impregnating ingredient protects upper cylinder walls, piston rings and valve stems from rust and wear. Reduces carbon. Quiets engine.

MOBIL HYDROTONE

Stops radiator rusting and corrosion. Avoids leaks. Prevents scale and clogging. Simply add it to the water and corrosive action stops. One can protects for months. It's a vital need for *every* car.

MOBIL WINDOW SPRAY

For a clean windshield and sparkling windows. This new spray revolutionizes window cleaning. It is quick! Easy to use. No water necessary. Excellent on your car and at home.

MOBIL HANDY OIL

A light, penetrating, non-gumming oil. Lubricates all electric appliances, sewing and washing machines, bicycles, toys. Fine for automobile generators, hinges and other car uses. Prevents rust. Convenient wall bracket free with every can.

MOBILGLOSS

Brings back your car's original lustre and beauty. Goes on quickly. Removes dirt, grime and ugly traffic film. Rubs up with little effort—leaves a handsome polish. Easy to use.

MOBILWAX

Protect your car's finish. Make it gleam like new. Use Mobilwax. Mobilwax is already emulsified in cream form—goes on quickly—polishes up easily and brilliantly—forms a hard, durable, non-spotting lustre. Mobilwax comes in convenient 3-ounce evaporation-proof tubes.

OTHER MOBIL SPECIALTIES

Mobil Radiator Flush
Mobil Lustre Cloth • Mobil Spot Remover
Mobil Penetrating Oil • Mobil Sponge Cleaner
Mobilwax Pad • Mobil Freezone

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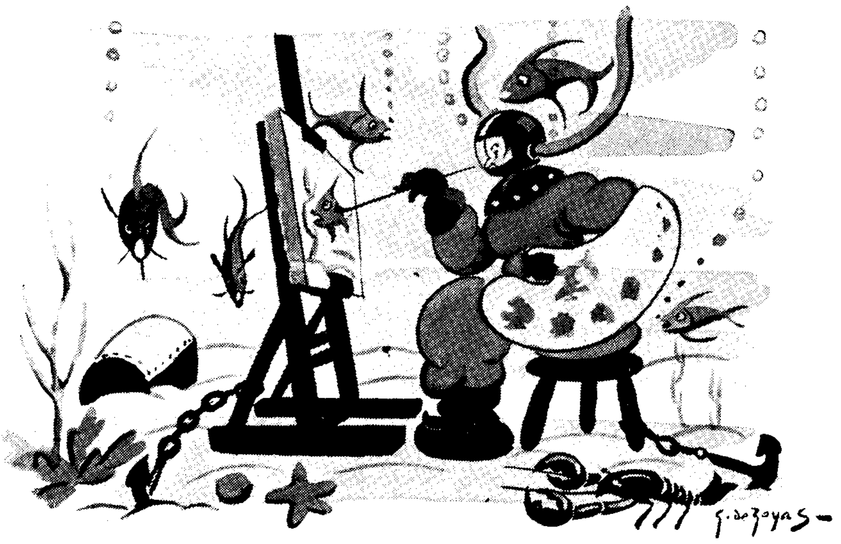
Mobiloil Mobilgas

Mobil Specialties
BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Several European artists, dressed in divers' suits and using weighted equipment and thick oil colors that do not run when in contact with water, have painted pictures while standing on the bottom of the sea, sometimes fifty feet below the surface.

Up to the 19th century in England, so many crimes were punishable by hanging that the numerous gibbets scattered throughout the country almost always had the body of a malefactor hanging from them as a warning. Eventually these objects became so common that artists painted them into their landscapes as an accepted part of the scenery. —*By Dean C. Miller, State College, Pennsylvania.*

When Hodja, a famous jester of Turkey, died in the 14th century, he was buried in the little town of Akehir, and a large, chained gate was placed in front of the tomb. No wall or fence was ever attached to it and visitors still smile at this "jest for the jester" as they step around this heavily padlocked gate to see the grave.—*By Helen Brown, Pawhuska, Oklahoma.*

Among the many reasons why goat's milk sells for as much as sixty cents a quart are that it is exceedingly rich in iron, has an alkaline reaction and rarely contains tuberculosis germs.—*By Mrs. G. G. Folsom, Independence, Kansas.*

There always have been more statues, statuettes and other carvings of the elephant than of any other animal because, for thousands of years, this giant beast has been the symbol of temperance, sovereignty and eternity.

The world's longest continuous railroad journey today is on the Trans-Siberian Express between Moscow and Vladivostok, Russia. Although the distance is only 5,812 miles, the running time is eight days and twenty-one hours.—*By L. G. Waldrop, Nashville, Tennessee.*

Motion-picture producers, wishing to adapt movies to different regional tastes, have been known to make pictures with two types of endings—a tragic one for the East and West coasts and a happy one for the Middle West.—*By Jack Klock, Detroit, Michigan.*

Meteorological conditions are known to affect the action of certain drugs. For example, a number of laboratory experiments made on cats showed that a marked fall in barometric pressure greatly increases the potency of digitalis.

After twelve centuries, the houseleek, *Sempervivum tectorum,* a common evergreen plant, still is grown on roofs in many villages of several European countries to protect the houses from thunder.—*By Charles M. Wyman, Sidney, Ohio.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

THERE'S NO HURT LIKE FORGETTING..

Remember Mother's Day, Sunday, May 14th

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OTHER sons and daughters will remember their *mother on her day of days. Naturally, you will remember* yours. *It is the one especial time of the year when she expects to hear from you . . . by telephone, by letter, in person if possible.*

• • •

Surely you'll remember to send or take her a box of Whitman's Chocolates, appropriately packaged in honor of Mother's Day? Not that candy—even the finest—can atone for neglect at other times. But it can and will show her that her "little boy" or her "little girl" hasn't forgotten. There is no hurt in all the world like forgetting, especially the woman who stood between you and the world, even when you were wrong!

Whitman's
Sampler

And there is no token that's taken to heart more willingly than Whitman's Chocolates. For 97 years, these fine confections have been messengers of thoughtfulness between men and women. From Maine to California and from Canada to the Gulf, Whitman's Chocolates are recognized as the finest expression of the confectioner's art.

The candy is delicious. The special Mother's Day decorations are beautiful. The assortments meet every need, as do the prices. Whitman dealers are practically everywhere, ready and willing to serve you. They will send your gift around the block, or mail it clear across the continent. Place your order for Mother's Day now. It will be delivered when and where you direct. Encourage your children to remember *their* mother with a specially wrapped Mother's Day box of Whitman's, too.

Whitman's
Sampler
Chocolates & Confections

The **SAMPLER—$1.50**
Most famous box of candy in the world, beautifully wrapped and decorated as above. The 17-oz. Sampler has 100 pieces, 35 kinds, at $1.50. Also 2, 3, and 5-lb. Samplers.

Whitman's
Fairhill
Chocolates

The **FAIRHILL — $1.00**
Outstanding box of candy at $1.00 a lb. Richly decorated for Mother's Day giving. Also 2, 3, and 5-lb. Fairhills.

GIVE *Whitman's* CHOCOLATES . . . IT'S THE THOUGHTFUL THING TO DO!

Telephone and Know before you go

Next time you plan an out-of-town trip, pick up your telephone, before you pick up your hand-bag. Use Long Distance to arrange definite appointments with the men you want to see.

They will be better prepared for your visit—and so will *you*. You'll accomplish more in each interview. And you'll save yourself long hours of waiting for prospects who are busy, or customers who are away.

Long Distance appointments prevent disappointments *—and much more than repay the little they cost!*

HERE'S HOW LITTLE IT COSTS TO TELEPHONE!

BETWEEN THESE POINTS		DAY except SUNDAY*	NIGHT and SUNDAY*
Cincinnati, Ohio	Louisville, Ky.	$.50	$.35
Philadelphia, Pa.	Boston, Mass.	1.00	.60
Chicago, Ill.	Minneapolis, Minn.	1.20	.75
Los Angeles, Calif.	Salt Lake City, Utah	1.75	1.05
Indianapolis, Ind.	New York, N. Y.	1.95	1.20

*3-minute station-to-station rates. Reduced rates are in effect from 7 P.M. to 4:30 A.M. every night and all day on Sunday.

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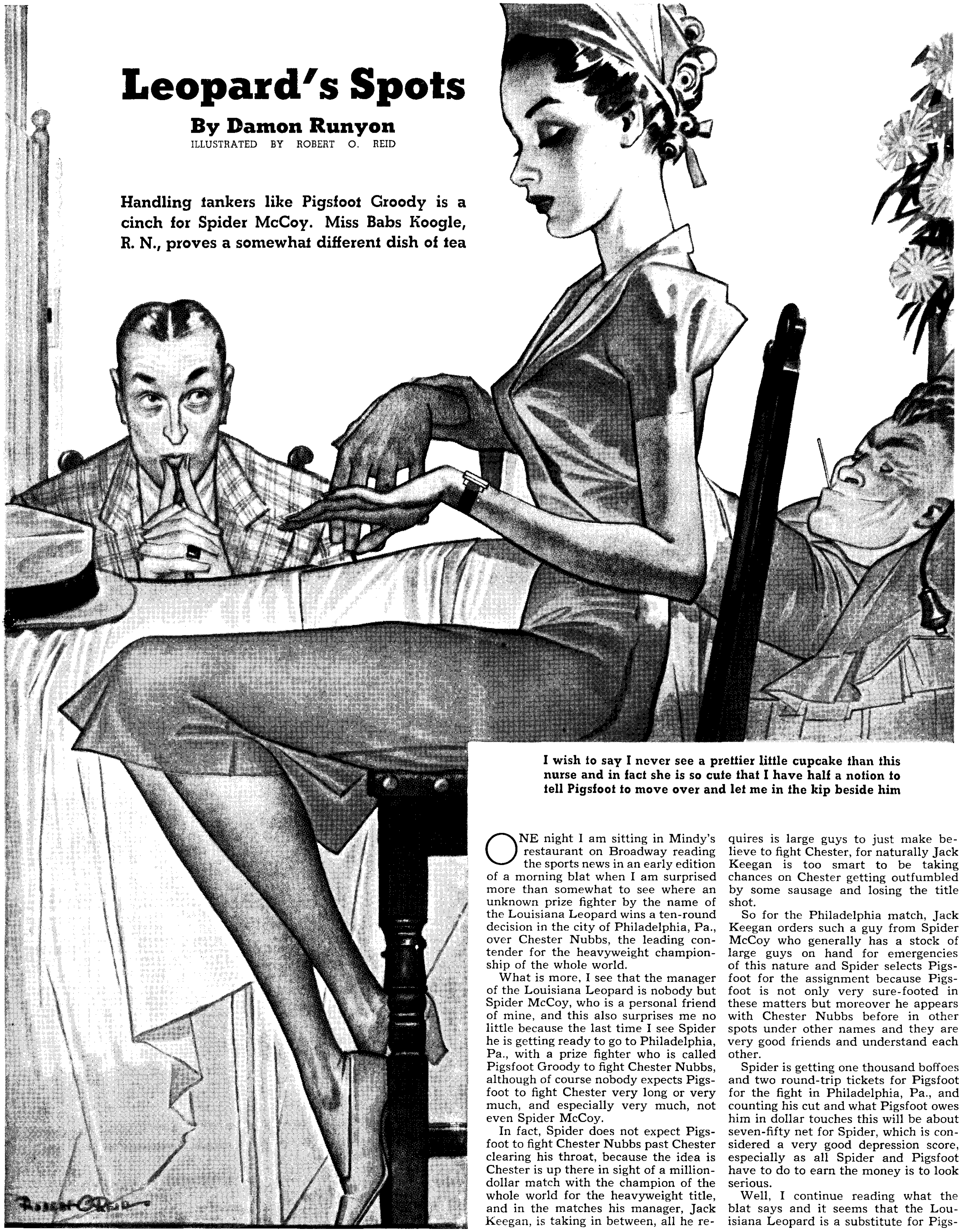
Collier's The National Weekly for May 6, 1939

Leopard's Spots

By Damon Runyon

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

Handling tankers like Pigsfoot Groody is a cinch for Spider McCoy. Miss Babs Koogle, R. N., proves a somewhat different dish of tea



I wish to say I never see a prettier little cupcake than this nurse and in fact she is so cute that I have half a notion to tell Pigsfoot to move over and let me in the kip beside him

ONE night I am sitting in Mindy's restaurant on Broadway reading the sports news in an early edition of a morning blat when I am surprised more than somewhat to see where an unknown prize fighter by the name of the Louisiana Leopard wins a ten-round decision in the city of Philadelphia, Pa., over Chester Nubbs, the leading contender for the heavyweight championship of the whole world.

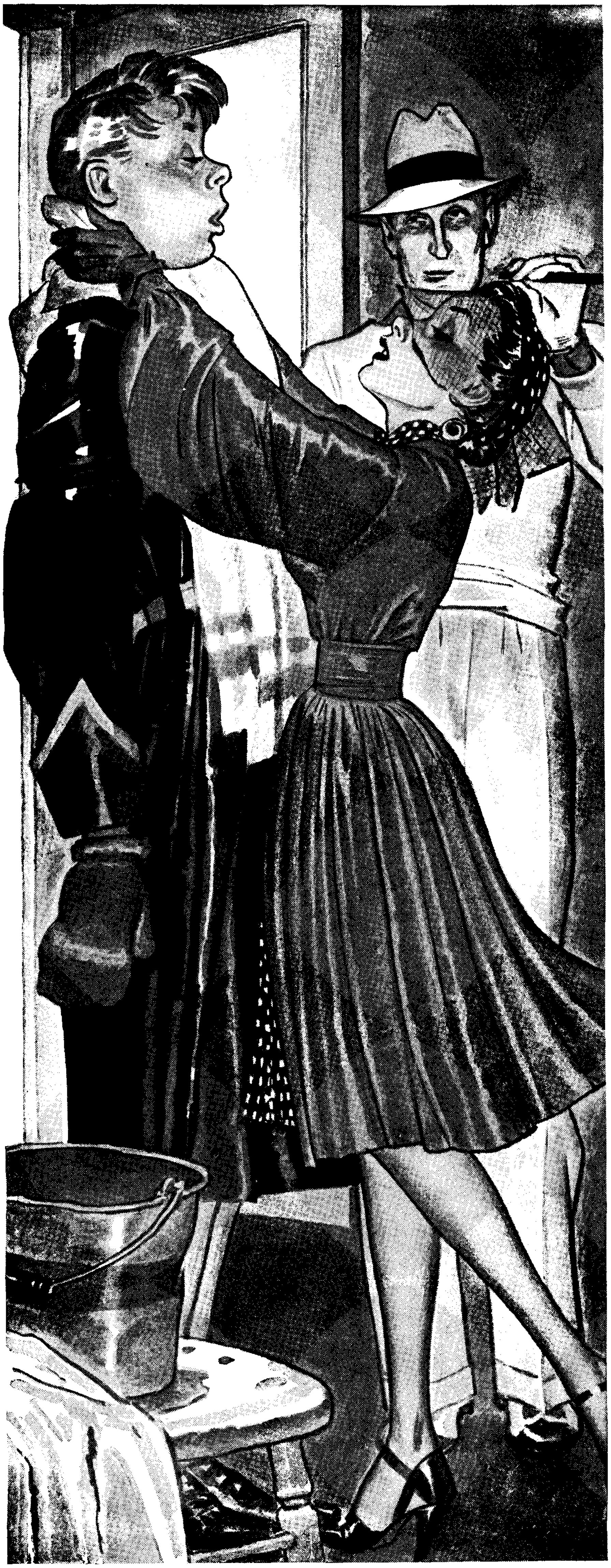
What is more, I see that the manager of the Louisiana Leopard is nobody but Spider McCoy, who is a personal friend of mine, and this also surprises me no little because the last time I see Spider he is getting ready to go to Philadelphia, Pa., with a prize fighter who is called Pigsfoot Groody to fight Chester Nubbs, although of course nobody expects Pigsfoot to fight Chester very long or very much, and especially very much, not even Spider McCoy.

In fact, Spider does not expect Pigsfoot to fight Chester Nubbs past Chester clearing his throat, because the idea is Chester is up there in sight of a million-dollar match with the champion of the whole world for the heavyweight title, and in the matches his manager, Jack Keegan, is taking in between, all he requires is large guys to just make believe to fight Chester, for naturally Jack Keegan is too smart to be taking chances on Chester getting outfumbled by some sausage and losing the title shot.

So for the Philadelphia match, Jack Keegan orders such a guy from Spider McCoy who generally has a stock of large guys on hand for emergencies of this nature and Spider selects Pigsfoot for the assignment because Pigsfoot is not only very sure-footed in these matters but moreover he appears with Chester Nubbs before in other spots under other names and they are very good friends and understand each other.

Spider is getting one thousand boffoes and two round-trip tickets for Pigsfoot for the fight in Philadelphia, Pa., and counting his cut and what Pigsfoot owes him in dollar touches this will be about seven-fifty net for Spider, which is considered a very good depression score, especially as all Spider and Pigsfoot have to do to earn the money is to look serious.

Well, I continue reading what the blat says and it seems that the Louisiana Leopard is a substitute for Pigs-



"Oh, Caswell," she says, "you are so wonderful, and I love you so"

foot because it seems that Pigsfoot is taken down sick some days before the fight and that Spider brings the Leopard on very hastily to take Pigsfoot's place and there the Leopard is with a decision over the leading contender for the heavyweight championship of the whole world, although the blat says it is without doubt the dullest fight in all history and that the customers are complaining no little and quite some before it is over.

In fact, it says that instead of trying to fight the Louisiana Leopard, the contender acts as if he wishes only to avoid him and this is considered very strange conduct, indeed, for a guy such as Chester Nubbs, who is supposed to hit so hard that it requires a medical operation to wake them up after he nails them.

However, there is a long statement by Spider McCoy to the scribes at the ringside immediately after the fight in which Spider says Chester Nubbs undoubtedly receives private information before entering the ring that the Louisiana Leopard is already a fugitive from nine states for crippling opponents with his terrible blows and that the contender is afraid to take a chance with him. Furthermore, Spider challenges the champion of the whole world on behalf of the Louisiana Leopard to a contest for the title and Spider says all he wants for the Leopard's end is a hundred thou.

NATURALLY I am delighted at this news as I can see where Spider is in the money again because a guy who can bob up overnight taking a decision from Chester Nubbs is just the same as wheat in the bin and I can scarcely wait until Spider gets back to congratulate him and also to get a peek at the Louisiana Leopard.

But it is several weeks later before Spider comes into Mindy's again and then he seems quite despondent and looks white and peaked and, what is more, he has fresh scars on his nose and around his eyes that I can see may be the leavings of a pasting and when I start to tell him how glad I am he finally connects, he shakes his head very sadly and says to me like this:

"Wait," Spider says. "Wait until you hear the story. But first I will order a salami sandwich on pumpernickel with a glass of domestic beer to come along. And listen, insipid," he says to Charley the waiter, "get a shuffle on those big flat dogs of yours, too."

"Why, Spider," I say, "you are speaking very crossly to an old pal such as Charley. What is the trouble?" I say.

"I despise waiters," Spider says. "If you do not despise them too by the time I get through, you are no friend of mine. I despise nurses, also. In fact," he says, "I despise everybody."

Well, I can see that Spider is in an unreasonable mood at this time so I wait until he knocks off his sandwich and his beer and then becomes much calmer and finally he gets around to telling me the story, though he stops in the telling every few minutes to give Charley the waiter a mean look until after a while he has Charley in such nervous condition that he spills an order of cold borsch down a customer's neck and causes Mindy to use language that you will scarcely believe.

Now then (Spider says) no sooner do I arrive in Philadelphia, Pa., with this Pigsfoot than what happens but he says he is sick and he begins carrying on in a most exasperating manner. I get him to a hotel and call in the house croaker and he takes one look at Pigsfoot and says that what ails him is his appendix and unless I get him to a hospital and have same extracted I will have a dead prize fighter on my hands.

Well, personally I will rather have a dead one than one with something the matter with his appendix but Pigsfoot seems in such great pain and yells so loud that he finally touches my heart so I take him to a hospital and the last I see of him they are making him unconscious with ether and when I tell them they can save all this bother by just waggling a boxing glove under Pigsfoot's beezer they think I am making light of a serious situation and request me to go away.

So there I am with a sick fighter on my hands and a fight ten days off and this is a most deplorable predicament to be sure, especially as I can see that I am morally bound to pay Pigsfoot's hospital bill. I return to my hotel and send for Jack Keegan to break the bad news to him that Pigsfoot will be unable to fight Chester Nubbs, and this Keegan acts as if it is his own appendix that needs something done to it and as if I am personally responsible for the matter.

But of course Jack Keegan is an old head in the fight game and he knows that things can happen to a fighter that can never happen to anybody else, so he finally says to me like this:

"Well, Spide," he says, "the only thing to do is to send for another ostrich at once and then we will get hold of Ike Clonsky the promoter and have him announce the substitution. This show is a sellout and," Keegan says, "we do not want to postpone it. Get anybody you can," he says, "only be sure he is as big as Pigsfoot and knows his job as well."

"Nobody knows his job as well as Pigsfoot, Jack," I say.

"I guess you are right there," Jack Keegan says. "I never see a better hand than old Pigsfoot, but," he says, "let us make this a quick one. My guy is always very nervous when he is in there with strangers. He will be all upset when he hears about Pigsfoot as they are such good friends. In fact," Jack says, "the chances are he will commence imagining there is something wrong with his own appendix. Chester is always imagining there is something wrong with him."

"Well, Jack," I say, "as long as he only imagines it, what difference does it make?"

"Why," Jack Keegan says, "it makes the difference that he keeps us broke half the time paying for doctors to look him over. Who will you get to take Pigsfoot's place, Spider?"

Well, I tell Jack Keegan I wish to think this over a while before I decide and that I will telephone him a little later and tell him the name so he can give it to Ike Clonsky, for the truth of the matter is I do not have another such a guy as Jack Keegan desires available at the moment and I want time to figure out where I can get one.

IN THE meantime, I go back to the hospital to see Pigsfoot because I get to thinking that maybe after a few days rest from the operation he may be able to go in there with Chester Nubbs after all and save us the expense of bringing in another guy and anyhow the way I look at it, Pigsfoot may just as well be lying down in the ring as in the hospital.

But it seems that Pigsfoot is just out from under the ether when I get to the hospital and he is very weak and what is more he is very fretful because he is in a public ward and he says if I do not get him a private room and a special nurse he will send for a scribe from one of the blats and tell him all about how he was brought to Philadelphia, Pa., by me for the purpose of defrauding the public by going in the tank for Chester Nubbs.

Naturally I am somewhat horrified at this ingratitude on Pigsfoot's part but I can see where a beef from him just at this time may disarrange the plans for the show and perhaps damage my

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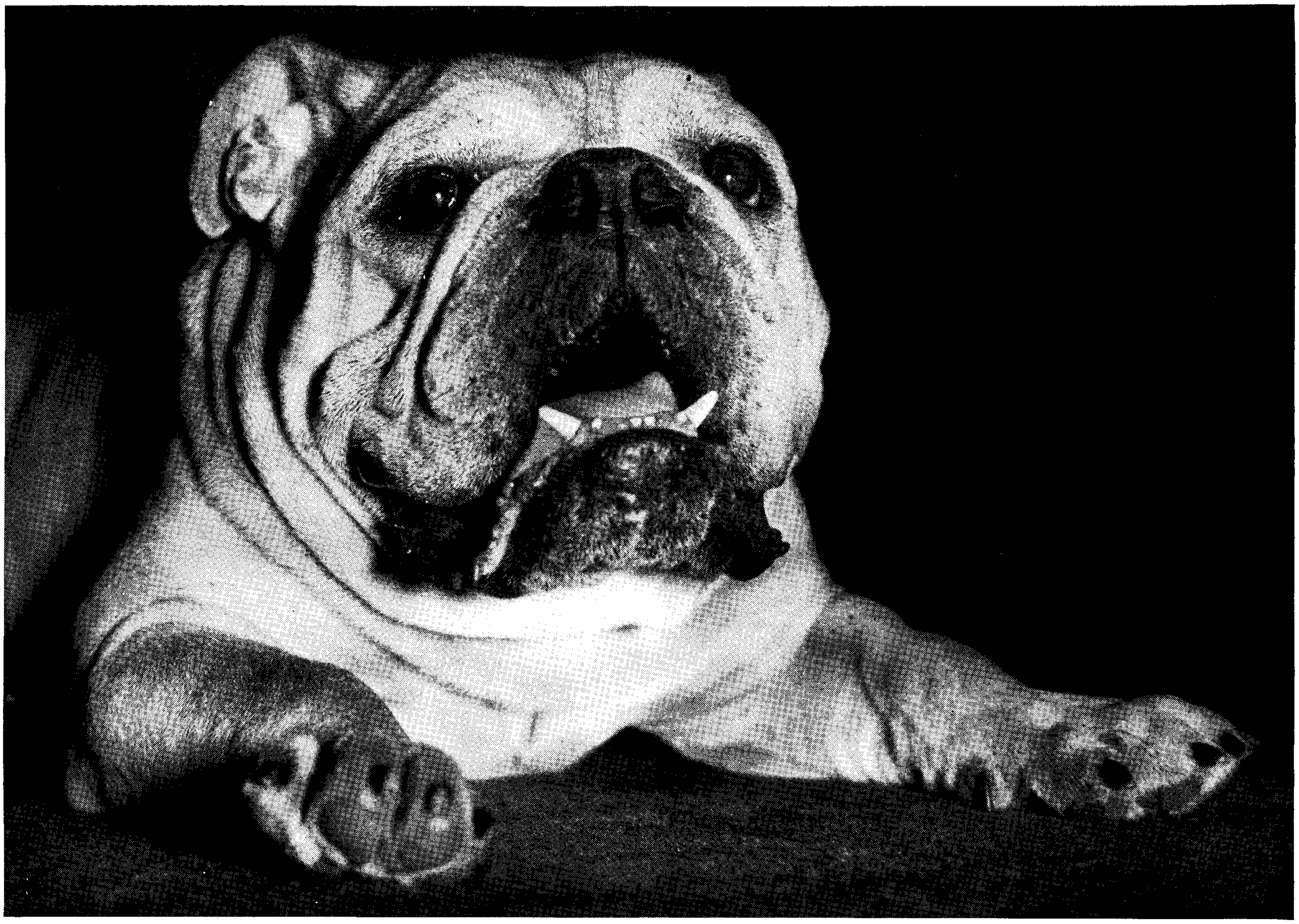

IFOR THOMAS

Best of his breed at the Westminster Kennel Club show this year was the superb bulldog, Old English

Born for Blues

By Don Reynolds

Thirty thousand people depend entirely on dogs for their livelihood. But that's only a small part of the reason for the excitement that goes with an important dog show. Here's the inside story of the ring

THE crowd was packed deep around the judging ring in Madison Square Garden as nine sleek, clean-limbed pointers were led in to face the judge. Each dog was a picture of beauty of motion as he loped across the roped-off space with the graceful gait of the true hunting dog. Each lifted his forefeet high, as though the floor were hot. Each moved with that flowing action of the hind legs that denotes power and endurance.

Old-timers nodded their approval as the judge examined each dog carefully. That one was the great English champion, recently imported at a reputed cost of $3,000. Another was an expensive dog bought by a wealthy American fancier only after the pointer kennels of England had been combed for two years. But the judge wasn't looking for price tags, nor asking each dog's history. He was looking for the best of the nine, the one that in his opinion came closest to being the perfect pointer.

Finally he waved a handsome lemon-and-white dog to the No. 1 position in the ring, and this time the old-timers gasped. The dog that beat them all, the dog that would go down in the records as best pointer in the 1938 Westminster Kennel Club show, was Windholme Sensation. And here was a sensation indeed, for this was the dog Harry T. Peters, Jr., of Islip, Long Island, had picked up from a farmer in Rochester, New York, for fifty dollars.

You won't find drama like this at every dog show but it's the sort of thing that makes the breeding and exhibiting of purebred dogs a fascinating game for thousands of persons. Still there was drama at this year's Westminster show, too. It came when the English bulldog, Old English, was awarded best of breed over some of the finest bulldogs in the country, including five champions. This was only the second time Old English had been shown. The excitement his victory caused was increased by the fact that his owners, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen D. Bryce, Jr., of Port Chester, New York, were undecided up to the last minute whether to exhibit him. He was their pet, and they didn't want to subject him to the ordeal of a three-day show, but were finally persuaded to show him by the bulldog handler, Phil Murphy, who thought the dog had a chance to win.

The fact that anyone's dog, regardless of its price or reputation, can go to the top if he's good enough is one of the reasons why 336 shows were held in the United States in 1938, with an average entry of about 300 dogs for each show.

Certainly the thrill of winning a blue ribbon, especially with a dog you've bred and raised from a puppy, must overshadow any expectation you may have of making money out of dog shows. Despite the fact that at each show last year the prize money ranged from $500 to $20,000, any exhibitor who breaks even for the year, after counting receipts from stud fees and the sale of puppies, considers himself lucky.

Before your dog may be entered in a show he must be registered, or eligible for registration, in the Stud Book of the American Kennel Club. The A.K.C. is the governing body of American dogdom and it has jurisdiction over everything pertaining to purebred dogs. The fact that more than 80,000 dogs were registered last year gives you some idea of its scope.

But even some registered dogs are disqualified from being shown because they have a glaring fault that breeders are trying to eliminate from certain breeds. If you own a Kerry blue terrier that's black instead of blue, or a Boston

(Continued on page 52)

Why the Jew Grows Stronger

By Earnest Albert Hooton

Jews, as a people, represent the supersophisticated product of intensive selection.

We have divested Jews of their morons. . . . The Jews have resources of intelligence that are superior to their enemies'.

Their involuntary eugenic regime has been partly responsible for the astounding frequency with which they produce men of genius.

There is but one remedy—assimilation of Jewish minorities by marriage.

If we could get Jews to outmarry it would leaven the lump of Gentile stupidity. There is enough ability in the few million Jews to raise the general average considerably.

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Speaking of noses, Anthropologist Hooton says: "Literally, the outstanding feature of the Jewish face is the nose." Here are the noses of 16 prominent persons, both Jews and Gentiles. They are, in alphabetical order, as follows: John Barrymore, Bernard Baruch, Sarah Bernhardt, Benjamin Disraeli, Jimmy Durante, Albert Einstein, Joseph Goebbels, Mrs. Hermann Goering, Jascha Heifetz, Adolf Hitler, Earnest Hooton, Hedy Lamarr, Yehudi Menuhin, Paul Muni, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise. You can *check the accuracy of your identification by turning to page 72*

NATURE has a subtle hand in fashioning physique to harmonize with the inner man. She models sly clues to character all over the human carcass, but we miss them like flat-footed cops in detective stories. We regard ourselves as scientific in our judgments of the human animal, when we are in fact only suspicious. That is, we are always looking underneath and overlooking what is on the top, because we judge what is obvious and superficial to be false. We believe that appearances are deceitful and that remarks about "sisters under the skin" are profound when they are really only subcutaneous. British diplomats are supposed to fool other nations by telling the truth, and Nature fools all of us most of the time in the same way.

There are groups of mankind that show a few or many physical features indicative of crudity, naïveté and general evolutionary ineptitude, as if they were put together by a fumbling learner. Their assortments of anatomical details seem to have been gathered together without attention to harmony, pattern, or finish; they have not been selected. There are other groups of men that are sophisticated evolutionary products; anatomically they exhibit little or nothing of the simple and the primitive.

To those of us who are not familiar with the course of human evolution and who have not a cultivated taste in human types these highly selected and extremely evolved physical combinations seem bizarre, baroque, and even degenerative. It is easy enough to recognize them because they are different; and because of their difference, they puzzle us and we dislike them. Most of the Jewish physical types fall into this category. They impress us as exotic, unless we live in New York.

A couple of years ago Dr. George Woodbury and I were asked to examine three human skeletons, one adult and two immature. They had been found in the woods with neat bullet holes through their heads. Detectives had peddled them to dental conventions all over the country, because they hoped that the children could be identified by the wire bands which had been put on for the purpose of straightening their teeth.

We first determined the age and sex of each skeleton and then decided that the adult female was the mother, because she had a full blooming of the same prominent nose and buck teeth which were developing in the youngsters. All three individuals had round heads, which are usual but not invariable in Central and Eastern European Jews. No single feature of these skeletons was racially definitive, but the cranial combinations suggested Armenians, Syrians or Jews. We finally plumped for Jewish identity because of the expensive dental work which had been done in all three mouths. Another aid to our diagnosis was a strand of hair which Woodbury studied microscopically, and ascertained to be that of a dark, curly-haired individual.

Our findings enabled the authorities to identify the skeletons as those of a woman and her two children who had been missing for a decade or more. This lady had run off with a brakeman, taking her two children. The moral of this tale, as I see it, is not the inadvisability of married ladies eloping with railroad employees but rather the possibility of identifying certain racial blends, even in an osseous and desiccated state. Woodbury and I are not wizards, but only physical anthropologists who were able to make a lucky guess because of a uniquely characteristic combination of skull features.

A great deal of well-meaning nonsense has been talked by anthropologists about the nonexistence of a Jewish race. It is true that the Jews are not a race in the sense of composing a major physical body of mankind, distinguishable by an exclusive combination of physical features derived from an unmixed heredity. No really large groups of men in civilized countries are racially pure; all are mixed.

Nobody but an anthropologist knows what a pure race is, and nobody but a Nazi cares. Even he would not care if he knew that the Germans are a racial hash and that "Aryan" is a linguistic term.

The name "Aryan" is correctly applied only to the great family of languages spoken over wide areas in Europe and Asia by many groups which are diverse in race and in nationality. Hindus, Persians, Armenians, Greeks, Rumanians, Slavs, Lithuanians, Germans, Italians, French, British and Scandinavians are some of the peoples who speak Aryan languages. No one knows what race of people originated Aryan speech in prehistoric times. It has differentiated into many languages, most of them mutually unintelligible. Most of the peoples who speak Aryan languages today have probably borrowed their speech from others, or have had it forced upon them, as we have forced English upon the American Negro.

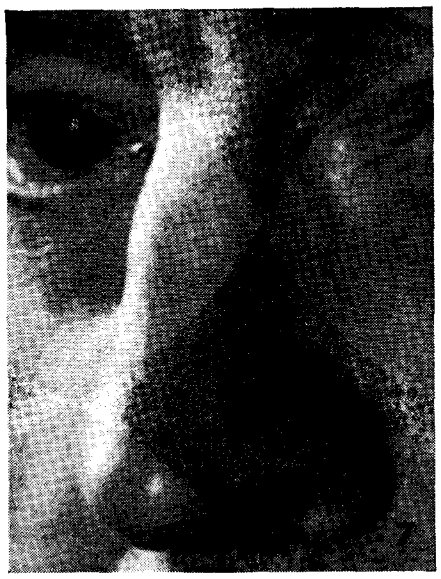
Some expert students of language think that the Germanic languages show evidence of having been borrowed and developed by a non-Aryan aboriginal population of Germany. The Italians were not Aryans originally, but were forced to adopt the Italic dialects by invaders who entered Italy about 1500 B.C. Language is swapped about and modified without any reference to race or physical type. Any race or nationality can use any language which it takes the trouble to learn. The term "Aryan" has no more racial physical significance than have the names of different makes of automobiles if applied to their users. We might divide Americans into Fordians, Plymouthians and Chevroletians, inaugurate pogroms of Fordians and debar from public office anyone whose grandfather could be proved to have owned and operated a Model T Ford. It would be just as sensible as this Aryan drivel.

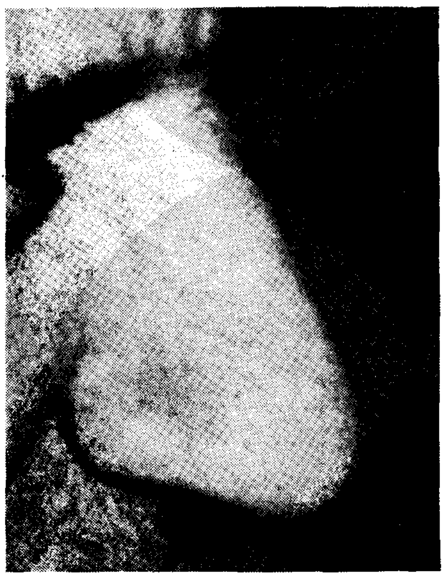
Racial characters are physical features which are inherited. They bear no necessary relationship to language, nationality, virtue or cussedness. The greatest importance of physical features that the layman calls "racial" is that they enable anyone to pick out individuals as members of some hereditarily constituted large human group. It does not matter what you call the group, so long as you can distinguish its individual units by their physical peculiarities. Now, we all know that any practical observer of human types, and indeed any casual layman, can select a Jewish type of countenance in a crowd with considerable facility and fair accuracy. He is much more likely to be right when he picks a Jew than when he tries to pick a Nordic. Nordic characters are largely ideal and imaginative, but Jewish facial lineaments are real and objective. Not all Jews have them; they are present in varying degrees in different Jewish individuals and groups.

I am going to explain and describe the combinations of facial variations which we recognize in Jews, and then I shall discuss the social consequences of the physical distinctiveness of Jews dwelling in Gentile populations.

Literally, the outstanding feature of the Jewish face is the nose. Its bony roof springs from a high root to an arched bridge, of which the bump may be high up, in the middle, or low down. Even more characteristic is the fleshy tip of the nose, which is strongly rounded and droops, and the wings of the nostrils recurved to meet the cheeks high up on the face.

The nose in the human species changes its shape with age and shows marked sex variations. Numerous genes,





or inheritance units, are combined in manifold ways to make of man's vestigial snout or rudimentary proboscis the most noticeable feature of his countenance. The Jewish nose is essentially adult as contrasted with infantile; highly evolved rather than primitive. In the mixing of germ plasms in reproduction the genes representing contrasting developments of the same organs have a free-for-all fight. The characters that win are called dominants, and eventually these gain expression in the development of the individual. Nearly all the features of the Jewish nose are dominant; they persist in inheritance at the expense of the weaker variations.

The Jewish nose comes from a Near Eastern stock which we call the Iranian Plateau Race, although some of its distinctive details—the recurved wings of the nostrils, and the fleshiness of the tip—have originated in other racial strains.

The survival of the fittest in nasal selection has produced the Jewish nose. However, in the Near East nasality has run riot in many stocks and there the Jewish nose is more difficult to distinguish from Armenoid, Turkish, Persian, Arab and other exuberantly beaky forms than it is among Europeans, who are in a state of retarded nasal adolescence.

The part of the upper lip on which the mustache grows (invariably in the male, occasionally and regrettably in the female) is usually concave in Jews and shortish, because the jaws are recessed and the teeth small. However, the membranous lips (which are the parts painted by females) are rather lusciously full, and slightly outrolled or everted. Below the mouth the facial profile cuts in sharply to a somewhat small and pointed chin which does not usually project far forward.

Jewish hair is ordinarily curved, in any degree from a slight wave to a moderately tight spiral, but the most characteristic form is a regular deep, short wave, giving a marcelled effect. Hair, eyes and skin are prevailingly dark, although there are some Jewish blonds. Red hair is the occasional product of racial mixture between certain blond and brunet white stocks.

Any of the facial features which I have described may occur singly in non-Jewish individuals, but when they occur in combination they are almost unmistakable. Although the Jews are not a race, they do represent racial blends in which are preserved the dominant and highly evolved features of the brunet, nasalized Iranian Plateau Race; some of the outstanding characters of the roundheaded, blocky, Alpine race; a few of the delicately molded facial minutiae of the classic Mediterranean brunets, together with identifiable dashes of other minor racial strains. This cluster of dominant features has been put together and stabilized into a variety of differing, though recognizably Jewish, types.

The agencies which have operated to produce this highly complex anthropological result are the initial intermixture of several races, followed by the germinal selection of dominant features from each, fixed and intensified by subsequent inbreeding.

Of course, the Jews have intermarried with other stocks everywhere they have gone, but this outbreeding has merely disseminated a few of their diluted features among the non-Jewish stocks involved, and has had a comparatively slight physical effect upon the Jews themselves.

Inbreeding, which is marrying within a restricted and related group, tends to accentuate dominant characters, since they are represented by double and

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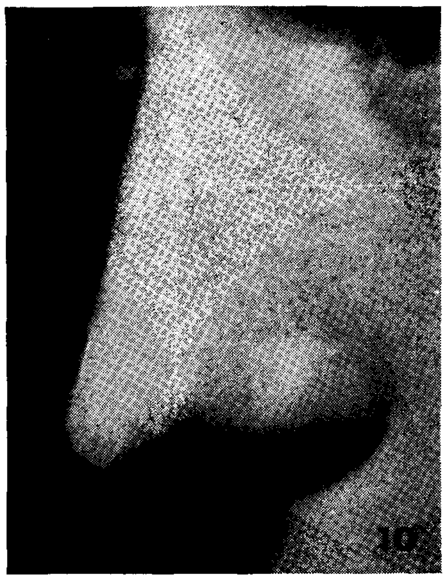


The White King

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Wherever you hear of the man, you will hear of the girl. Bob Cassino and Riti McKale—their names are bright in the South Pacific legends

IN THE early days of the Eastern Archipelago, you heard his name everywhere. A sun-baked skipper prowling the Sulus for mahogany logs, becalmed in the Basilan Strait, would grumble about that man while his bald-headed schooner gurgled the water with lifeless canvas, impatient for a slant. You would hear it murmured in starlit nights clear across the Celebes Sea, down to the Little Paternoster and the purple islands called Spermonde. It held fascination. The bright aura of bold deeds hung upon it.

From the Pitt Passage; across the Java Sea; as far west and north as Condore Point off the Cochin China coast . . . Cassino . . . Captain Bob to the seafaring fraternity; to gaunt adventurers waiting for great fortune or sudden death to reveal its face from the jungles; to bewhiskered pearl-shell dealers; to beachcombers; to gin-sodden remittance men from home. And to the Malays who knew him for a friend, *Rajah Putih*—the white king.

He inspired respect, admiration, envy and hate. He was capable enough to smile at all of it. With that odd metallic flicker in unwinking blue-gray eyes. And wherever you heard that name you heard also the name of a ship, Raven; and the name of a girl—Riti McKale. They were all bound up together.

Where he came from no one rightly knew. Years before, he was a trade-post boy for old Caleb McKale on the savage Semarang coast inside the Karimun Jawas. He was there when the rover Van der Flechen ruthlessly armed the natives with ancient flintlocks for the sake of McKale's godowns full of bird-of-paradise skins and some piculs of spice and indigo. What happened after that any island boomer could imagine for himself with a shudder. They had to. Because no one survived. Except the trade-post boy and old Caleb's girl; and they neither of them spoke about it ever after at all. He was a gangling kid of fourteen then, and Riti was barely twelve. How he did it was eternal mystery. But he brought her out. He showed up with her in Surabaya in a native dugout canoe beneath the blistering sun, the both of them more dead than alive. They never parted since. So wherever you heard the name of one, you were bound to hear the other.

You heard it most of all at Gumbo John's, inside the Hoofd Reef, at the seaward edge of the Makassar jetty where every island cracker gathered to stare against blinding sunlight across the Great Lae Lae Shoal for whatever the sea might reveal. Gumbo John, being Chinese and of a practical bent, knew that where white men went in those latitudes close to the line, gin and bitters were sure to follow. So he married a Bugis woman a little darker than the rest, put up a few canvas sun dodgers on bamboo poles, and opened business with case oil tins for seats. And his marriage and his business prospered.

That's where you heard Cassino's name the most of all. That, too, is where you were likely to see Riti McKale when she wasn't with him on his ship. She would be at the edge of the quay, staring intently outward, her white sailing cutter at her feet, her Malay boys alert. Booted and helmeted, with a rattan whip-cane in her little fist. Silhouetted against the horizon, she could make men remember with a sudden cruel ache of the loveliness of women, of the beauty of their half-forgotten northern homes. There was that complete femininity upon her and the sure knowledge of its meaning, with her strong full figure, her luxurious chestnut hair, and her dark and sparkling eyes watching the outer void for a brig that was called the Raven.

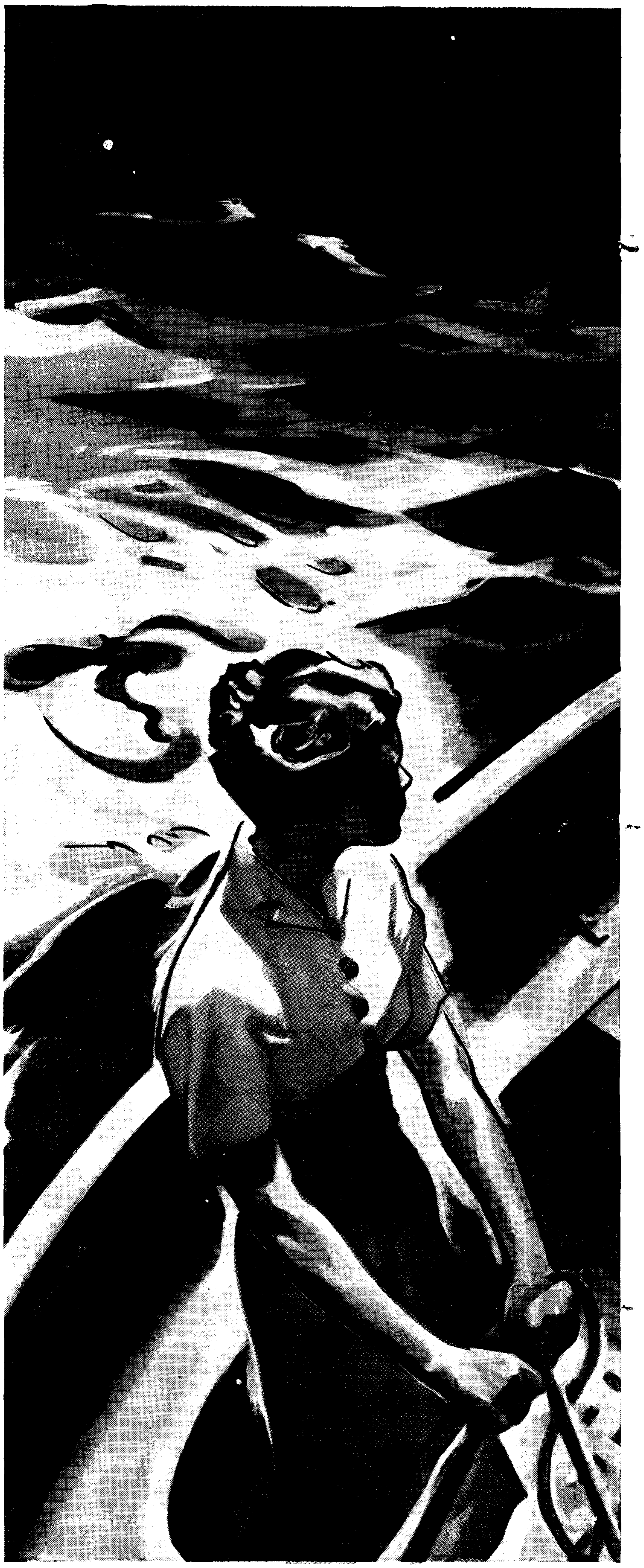
YOU were lucky if you saw that ship and can remember the look of her, booming down with the monsoon in her wings and white water curling at her bows. Her leaning hull would be as dark as midnight below the whiteness of her sheer line: her two sticks black as high as the royal spar. Only her yards, her spanker boom and gaff, were white; and even these were black-tipped, like a raven's wings, as far in as the reef-tackle blocks. She mounted a long Tom in her bows and two swivel quarter-deck guns. But she had no stern ordnance at all. Because Captain Bob Cassino could show his heels to anything afloat by crude steam or by sail. And he didn't believe in running anyhow, when there was anything left to face.

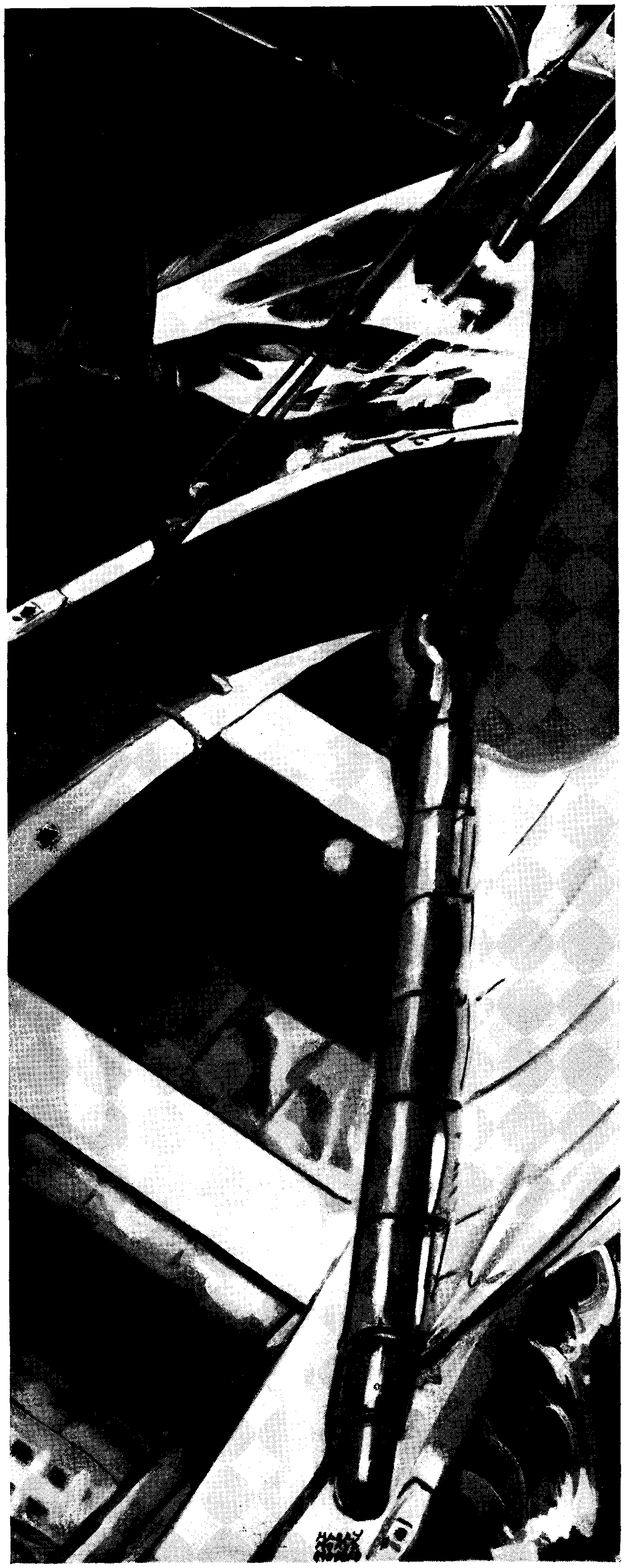
And it was at Gumbo John's that Captain Flegmar Voodray of the little wooden coasting steamer Bintang heard there was famine on Bob Cassino's trading island of Balbalan.

His engineer and partner, Frankie Metaxin, brought him such wonderful news as that. Famine on Balbalan! Famine was a fine thing—if you were a statesman, a politician, or an island boomer cute enough to know what to do with it. It was almost as good, Frankie thought, as winning the Singapore lottery some years before so they could buy their crumby old hull at a libel auction for the opium smuggle out of the Rhio Strait. It excited him. It had possibilities. Here at last was the chance to cut Cassino down! So he gulped his gin eagerly and leaned forward, tapping Flegmar's drill-coated paunch.

"We got him!" he kept insisting thinly. "Can't you see it? We got him now at last!"

Captain Voodray was slowly annoy-





The girl did not turn her head. But he saw her plainly, moonlight and shadow ranging along her loveliness. His eyes flamed

ing the point of his little beard with a fleshy forefinger, speculating shrewdly on that news. "That's where he gets his teakwood, his gutta-percha, his bird skins, and cinchona bark," he murmured to the fetid upper air. "Every cracker out here's been trying to get that trade, Frankie. It's rich as Solomon's mines." His little eyes began to burn. "But he's got it sewed up tight. Like everything else. Him and Chief Turangi are adopted blood brothers. They call him *Rajah Putih.*"

"THE white king!" Frankie Metaxin snorted his hate and his scorn. "Pah!" he spat out explosively.

Flegmar Voodray cooled his belly with his gin glass. "But famine, Frankie!"

"That's what I'm telling you! When Cassino gets in here and learns, the Raven'll fly out there with her holds full of rice. And he'll dump it on Turangi's jetty. He's done crazy things like that before. Free! . . . Now that ain't right, Voodray."

"No, Frankie. It ain't. Not when the Bintang's got a bellyful of rice we can't sell to no one at all."

"You catch on quick."

Voodray lowered his eyes. They were glinting. Like little agates. "Now if we was to get there first," he mumbled, "we could maybe keep Cassino out for long enough. Maybe Turangi would even make his mark on a paper for us in exchange for rice. Exclusive trading privilege. *Exclusive!* From now . . . till then! All legal and tight as a drum. Tight enough for a Dutch gunboat to enforce, if Bob Cassino comes sticking in his nose. Old Turangi would have to show us the channel, too. Hey, Frankie? Famine is wonderful that way. Two years of that rich trade and we—"

"You catch on quicker than I thought," Metaxin gurgled, stroking his pock-marked chin. "Maybe a fellow could talk to that Riti of his then with his jeans full of guilders. She wouldn't be so damn' high! Hey? Slashing people across the cheek with that rattan cane of hers."

Flegmar's eyes went swiftly cold. "Shut up!"

"I was just talking, Flegmar," Frankie cooed.

"Well, don't! Let's move!" Voodray dragged himself to his feet. "Get some steam outa them Chinks, if they ain't too blind with opium smoke. We're sailing for Balbalan."

FRANKIE METAXIN just grinned, tossing some cash for Gumbo John. And that's why the Bintang had her anchor down in the river's mouth at Balbalan some days later, a heavy hawser from her forebitts stretched clear across the channel, fast to a banyan along the northern shore. She looked like an unlovely beetle, wallowing on the rim of the flooded land and smoking. The river poured out from the jungle's heart, swollen and muddy. There were drums in there, too, beating with rhythmic monotony. And even in that place they heard Cassino's name.

Balbalan was waiting for him. Because he was fearless and just, he would never fail his friends. That much the Rajah Turangi told them on the Bintang's poop, sedately chewing his betel nut and shaking his big white head at the paper they wished him to sign in return for rice. He shook his head and went down the ladder into his war prau again. The twenty-paddle craft stood a hundred fathoms off now, its gaudy bows pointing seaward. Rajah Turangi, seated on the high stern platform, was brown skin naked above his waist, his sarong a splotch of vivid color against the mangrove green, his wrinkled face to the east.

There was lightning over that way. Great thunderheads came pouring toward Balbalan, livid-edged growling towers of dark cloud. Westward toward Sumatra the lowering sun exploded in a bombshell of color. But to the east the Java Sea was green as absinthe, and in that weird light the land looked dark and brooding, lit by sudden lightning tongues, rumbling with thunder and Malay drums. The air was heavy and sticky hot. Flegmar Voodray, under the Bintang's awning, mopped the sweat from under his pointed beard where the flesh hung in folds. Then the sea breeze brought a hollow boom, more sudden and abrupt than thunder. Neither Voodray nor Frankie paid any heed to it at first. But in Turangi's war prau, shadowy with moving forms, they set up a wild chorus of shouting at once.

"*Rajah Putih!*" It engulfed the Bintang, bringing Captain Voodray's head around. "*Rajah Putih!*"

The prau shot forward long before the two on the Bintang's poop made out that advancing brig. She came rushing down from the north and east with only her uppermost canvas touched with light. But she raised herself rapidly, bringing the rim of the moon with her over the horizon's edge, tall and leaning and dark as ink before it.

"That's him!" Frankie Metaxin agreed. "Here he is!"

VOODRAY said nothing. But his eyes kept glinting as the brig called Raven advanced. She rounded to close aboard, her foreyards backed, men rushing aloft along the main rigging. When her counter slowly swung, they saw those two at her taffrail. Captain Bob Cassino, lean and unarmed as always, his straw-colored hair catching whatever there was left of light. And beside him the form of a girl almost as tall as he. Behind her the moon, heavy and red as blood, came steadily free of the rearguard clouds. The brig waited, rocking in the swells, while the prau swung alongside and Turangi stepped aboard.

"Now ain't that a pretty sight," Metaxin gurgled. "Look at him welcome that Kanak'. But just wait till he tries to go in!"

"That, Frankie, is exactly what he's going to do."

"Not past that eight-inch hawser of ours, he ain't!"

"We're going to cast it off . . . when the right times comes."

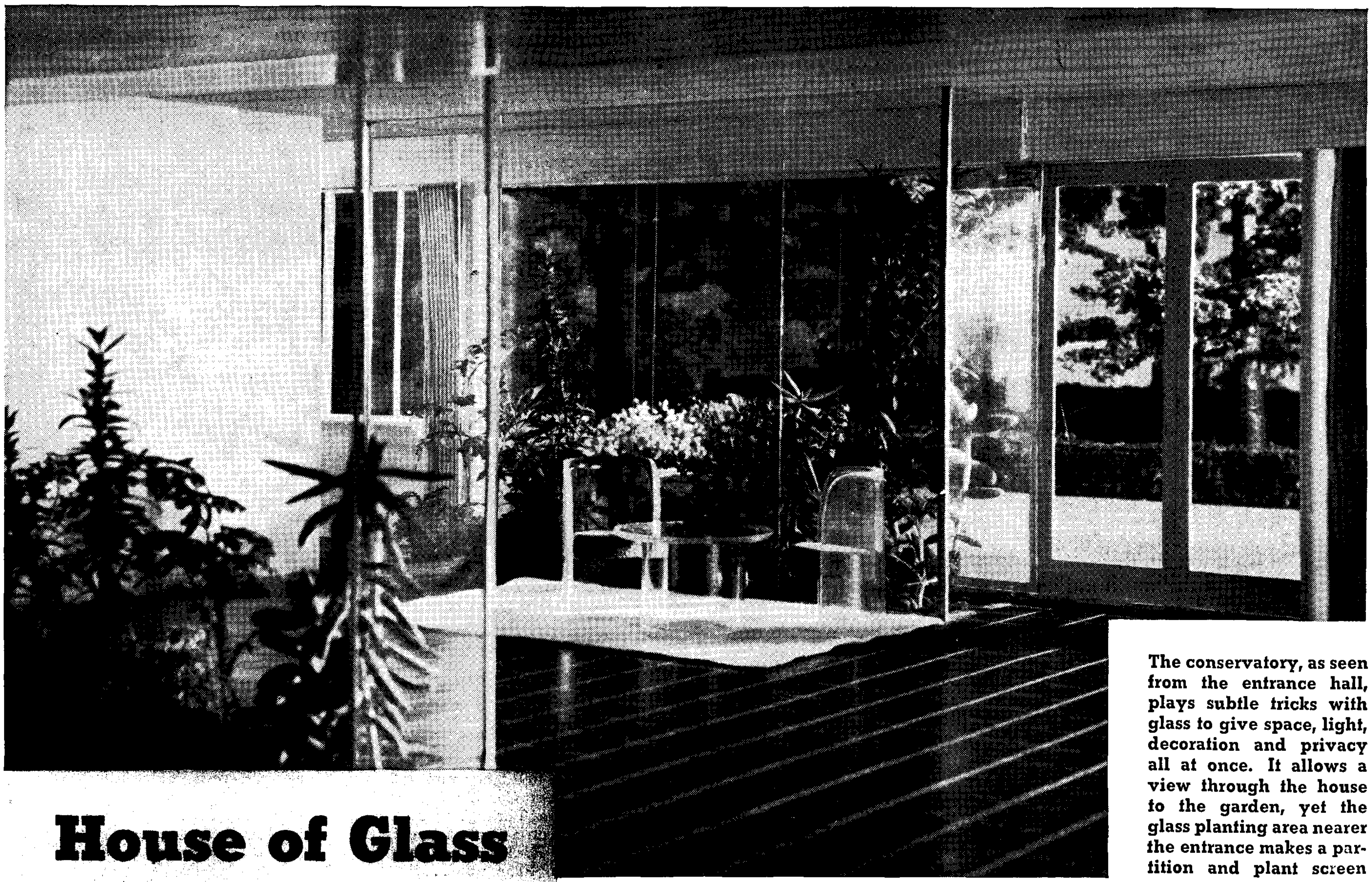
Metaxin's gnomelike head shot round. "No you don't!" His thin lips curled free of his teeth. "You don't make another grandstand play for that black-haired wench by—"

"There you go, Frankie. There you go again." Flegmar Voodray was smiling a most unusual smile. It twitched along his mouth and started upward along the creases of his cheeks. But it never quite reached his little eyes. They kept on glittering like marbles. Mirthlessly. "You might know something about engines, Frankie, but you got no diplomacy at all. Otherwise you wouldn't be out in these godforsaken islands with a deep-water ticket busted as high as a kite. You don't know much about Cassino and nothing at all about women. . . . We got to let the Raven through."

"Are you mad?"

"Don't be a fool, Frankie! He's got a crew of Java black boys over there'd die for him. How long you suppose our brass jingals would last against his guns? The Chinks'd go overside at the

(Continued on page 48)

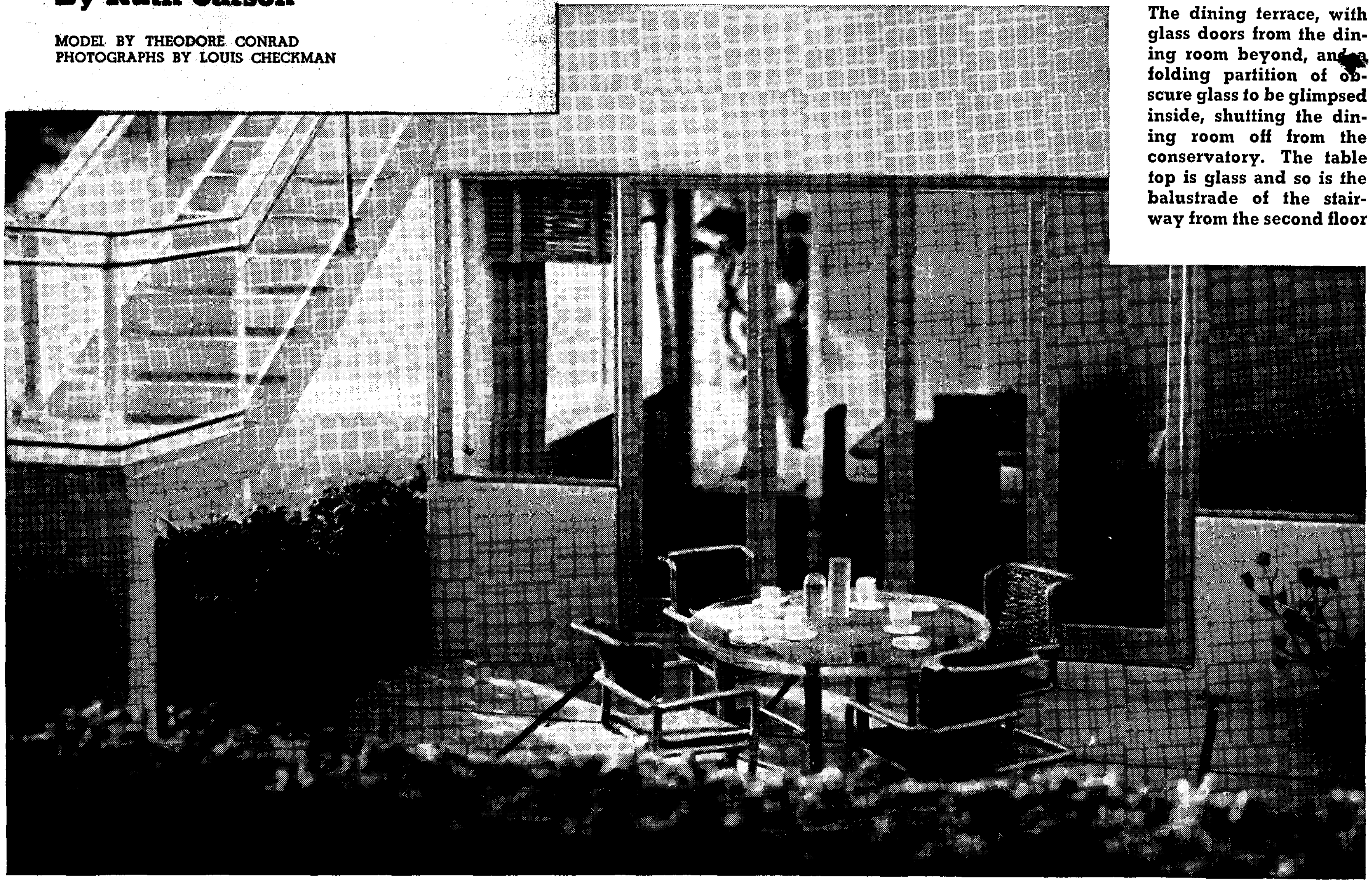


The conservatory, as seen from the entrance hall, plays subtle tricks with glass to give space, light, decoration and privacy all at once. It allows a view through the house to the garden, yet the glass planting area nearer the entrance makes a partition and plant screen

House of Glass

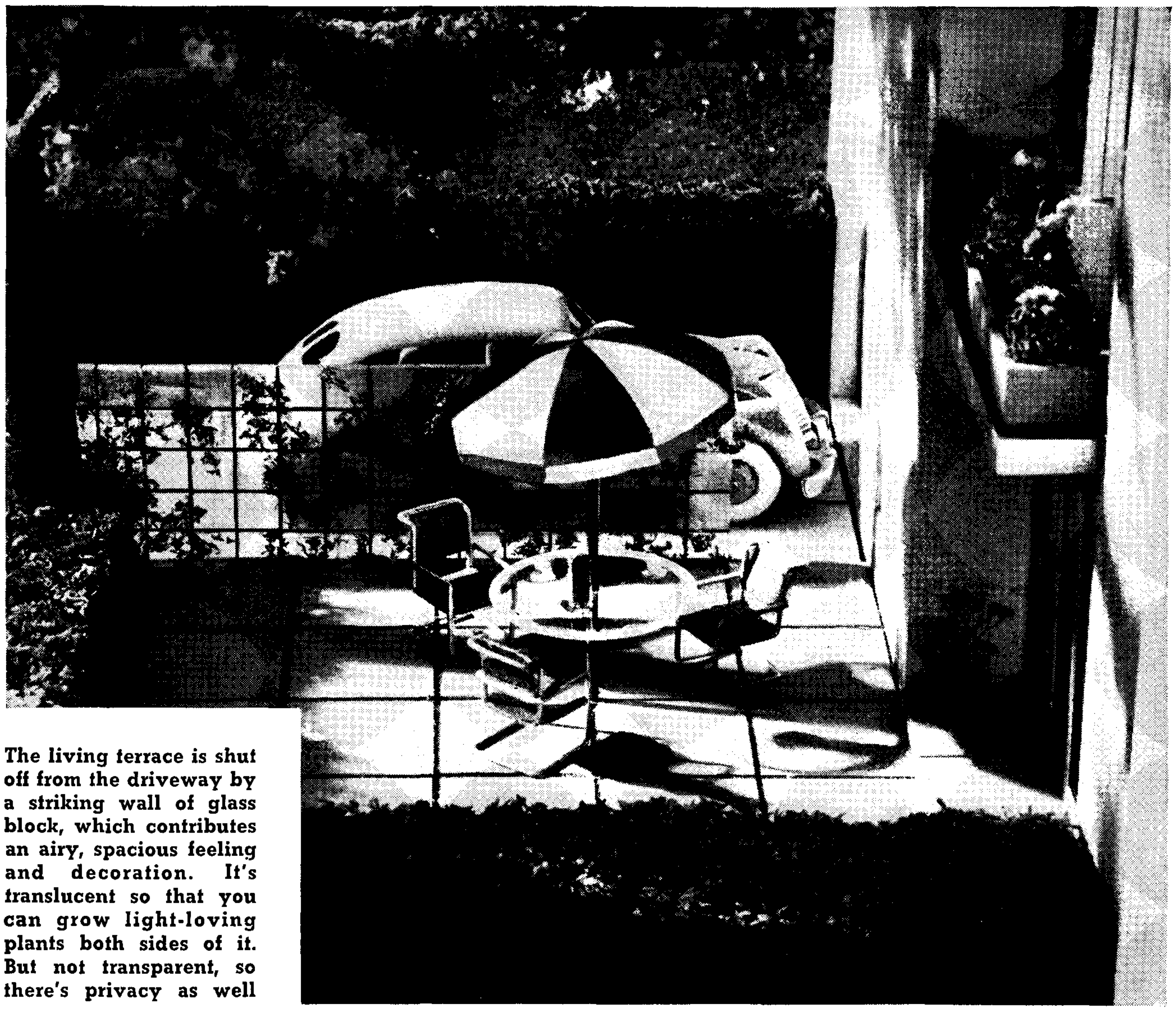
By Ruth Carson

MODEL BY THEODORE CONRAD
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOUIS CHECKMAN

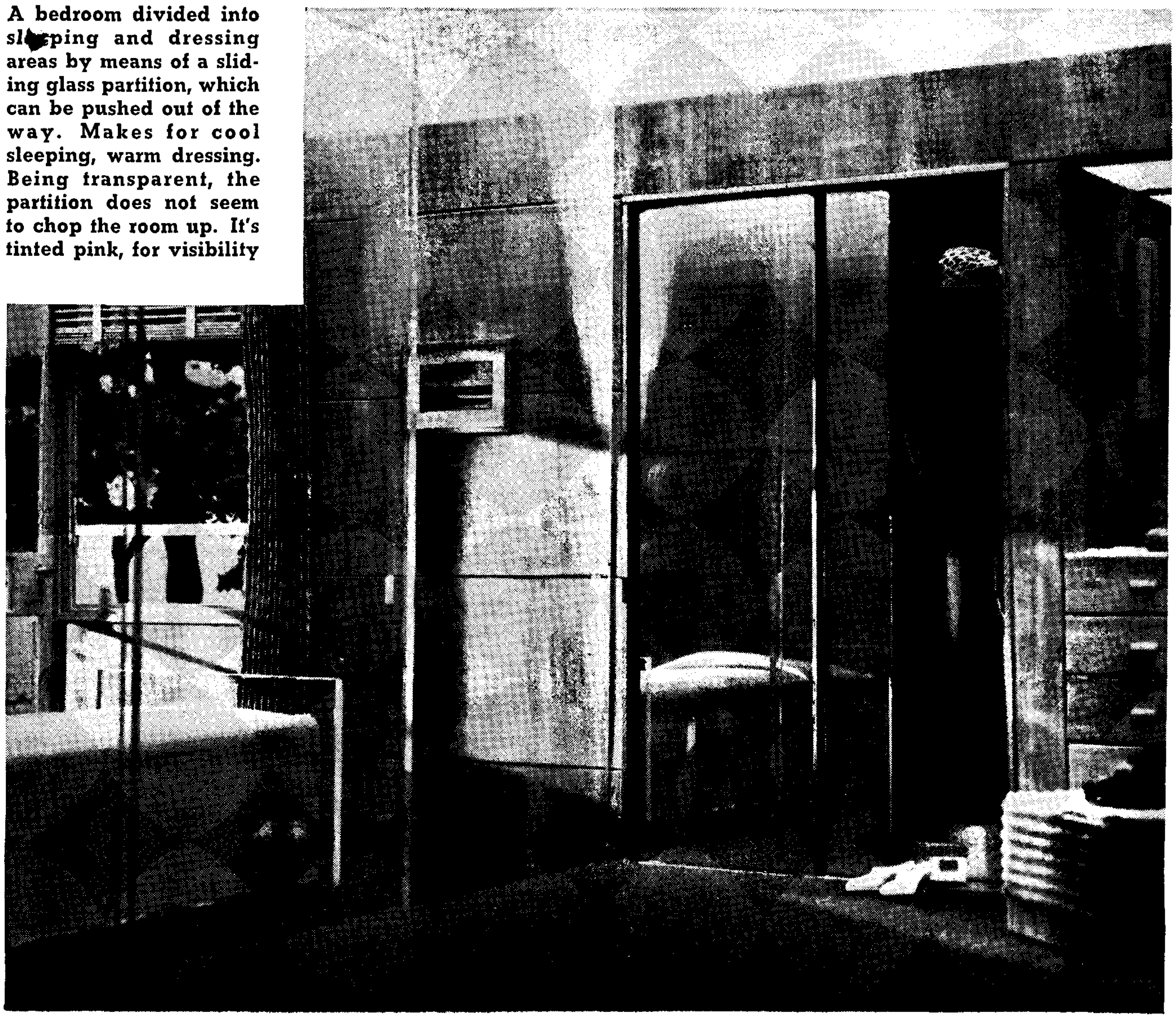


The dining terrace, with glass doors from the dining room beyond, and a folding partition of obscure glass to be glimpsed inside, shutting the dining room off from the conservatory. The table top is glass and so is the balustrade of the stairway from the second floor

The talk-provoking glass house at the World's Fair will be finished about the middle of May. We couldn't let you wait. So here's a Collier's model, real as life and just as beautiful



The living terrace is shut off from the driveway by a striking wall of glass block, which contributes an airy, spacious feeling and decoration. It's translucent so that you can grow light-loving plants both sides of it. But not transparent, so there's privacy as well



A bedroom divided into sleeping and dressing areas by means of a sliding glass partition, which can be pushed out of the way. Makes for cool sleeping, warm dressing. Being transparent, the partition does not seem to chop the room up. It's tinted pink, for visibility

YOU can kick it and sit on it and sleep in it and eat from it. It gives you space, air, sun, beauty, privacy and a view. It keeps you warm and cool. It brings in the sun and keeps out the heat. It can be bent, colored, tempered, woven into fabric, made into blocks, walls and doors—and broken if you don't watch out. Glass is the word for it.

In Tomorrow Town at the New York World's Fair there is a house being built to show you. What, a glass house? A stunt? Yes, a glass house . . . but not a stunt. A house built to show how versatile, how useful and how beautiful this material can be. Glass appears in it wherever it is practicable to use glass. The rest is structural steel and concrete.

Collier's photographed the house for you—before the Fair opened, before ever the house was built. How? By having made a jewel-like model with glass and lucite, so real we could have fooled you with these pictures. Here, then, is your preview of the glass house, of all the newest structural uses of glass—before the house itself has had its dress rehearsal.

The architects, young Carl Landefeld and Don E. Hatch, are accustomed to designing houses to meet the needs and desires of modern living. They declare glass is one of the most versatile of building materials to help them do it.

What do we desire in our houses today? Light, sun and air as never before. Great banks of windows and glass doors are the natural solution, and they have been used freely in this house. But this is only a beginning.

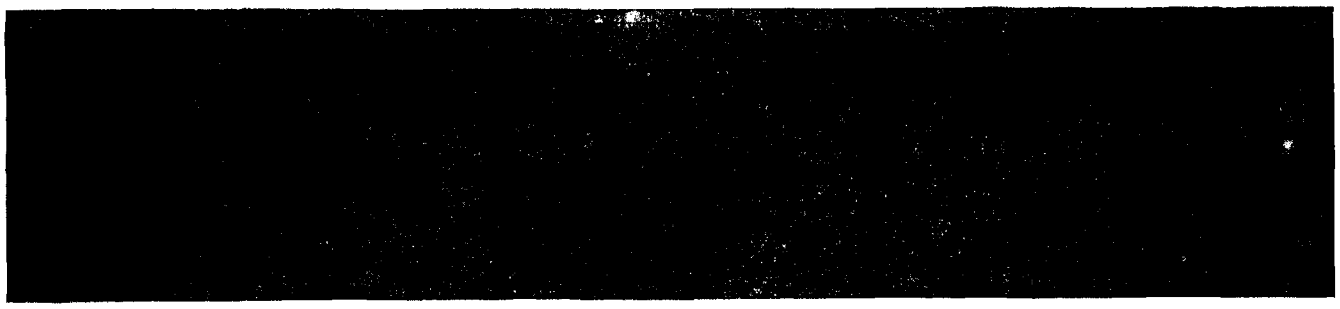
What are the two spots in most houses that are the darkest? The garage, says Messrs. Landefeld and Hatch, and the stairway. Spots that could do with plenty of light. So they make one entire wall of the garage out of glass block, to let in the light. The exterior wall beside the staircase is plate glass in the lower hall. In the upper hall it is glass block. As if this weren't enough light, they've made the stair risers of glass to spotlight every step.

Of course nobody wants to live in a goldfish bowl. Privacy is another one of our present-day cravings. And glass block, put together like bricks, by a mason, provides the answer neatly. It lets the light in but keeps curious eyes and unattractive views out. So the architects have used it freely along the street side of the house, leaving the clear glass for the garden side on which all the living quarters face.

Space we desire, too. And glass gives it to us by playing tricks of illusion with mirrors. By bringing the outdoors in through broad windows and thus relieving the cramped feeling we get from walls. By doing away with walls altogether, providing instead transparent partitions like the planting area in the conservatory; or folding partitions like that translucent glass beyond the conservatory that folds back to disclose the dining room; or sliding partitions like those in the two small bedrooms, one of which is illustrated. Glass furniture, wholly or partially transparent, seems to take up less space and so to give us more.

Cannily blocking your view or giving you one, glass goes all through the house. But on the garden side the

(Continued on page 38)



Her words reached me clearly. Pulling her wrap over her shoulders, she beckoned and began to descend the steps

The Story Thus Far:

SIR DENIS NAYLAND SMITH, noted crime investigator, makes an astounding discovery in London: Dr. Fu Manchu, leader of Si-Fan, a sinister secret society, is plotting to destroy everyone who may contribute in any manner to the outbreak of another war! Instantly, the brilliant operative goes into action. He is assisted by Bart Kerrigan, who, in the course of a series of stirring adventures, encounters and falls in love with a girl known as "Ardatha." Ardatha is beautiful, fascinating. And, as Kerrigan soon learns, to his dismay, she is taking orders from—Fu Manchu!

A Mr. Osaki, in England to examine a device that will greatly increase the range of rifles, is the doctor's second victim of importance. Like Quinto (the first victim) he inhales some poison gas (prepared by Fu Manchu) and dies of what Smith labels "The Green Death." . . . Accompanied by two women—Ardatha and a "Mrs. Milton" (whom Sir Denis characterizes as a "harbinger of death")—Fu Manchu goes to Venice. Smith and Kerrigan follow, in an airplane. There, in that lovely Italian city, two powerful dictators—Rudolf Adlon (*using the name of Major Baden*) and Monaghani—are to hold a conference. Smith feels sure that Adlon is in great peril.

Colonel Correnti, chief of police, discusses the situation with Smith. He says that one of Adlon's friends—James Brownlow Wilton, a wealthy American, who has leased the Palazzo Brioni on the Grand Canal—will entertain Adlon at a luncheon party. Wilton's yacht, Silver Heels, is anchored near by.

That evening, Kerrigan has an unexpected caller: Ardatha! The girl comes to him, tells him that she loves him, and implores him to return to London. Shortly after she leaves, Kerrigan goes to Smith's hotel room. Smith has disappeared!

The police make a frantic search for the missing man. They can find no trace of him. Knowing that Adlon is staying at the Palazzo da Rosa, and suspecting that Fu Manchu may be near by, Kerrigan goes there in a gondola. When he is near the palazzo, a gondola sweeps past him. In it is—Rudolf Adlon. His eyes are riveted on a woman on the balcony of an old mansion. He kisses his fingers to her. The woman is the "harbinger of death"—Mrs. Milton!

VI

THE chief of police hung up the telephone.

"Major Baden is in his private apartments," he said, "engaged on important official business. He has given orders that he is not to be disturbed. And so"—he shrugged his shoulders—"what can I do?"

I confess I was growing weary of those oft-repeated words.

"But I assure you," I cried excitedly, "that he is *not* in his private apartments! At least, he was not there a quarter of an hour ago!"

"That is possible, Mr. Kerrigan. I have said that some of the great men who visit Venice incognito have sometimes other affairs than affairs of state. But since, in the first place, I am not supposed to know that Rudolf Adlon is at the palazzo at all, what steps can I take? I have one of my best officers on duty there and this is his report. What more can I do?"

"Nothing!" I groaned.

"In regard to protecting this minister, nothing, I fear. But the other matter—yes! This woman whom you describe is known to be an accomplice of these people who seek the life of Rudolf Adlon?"

"She is."

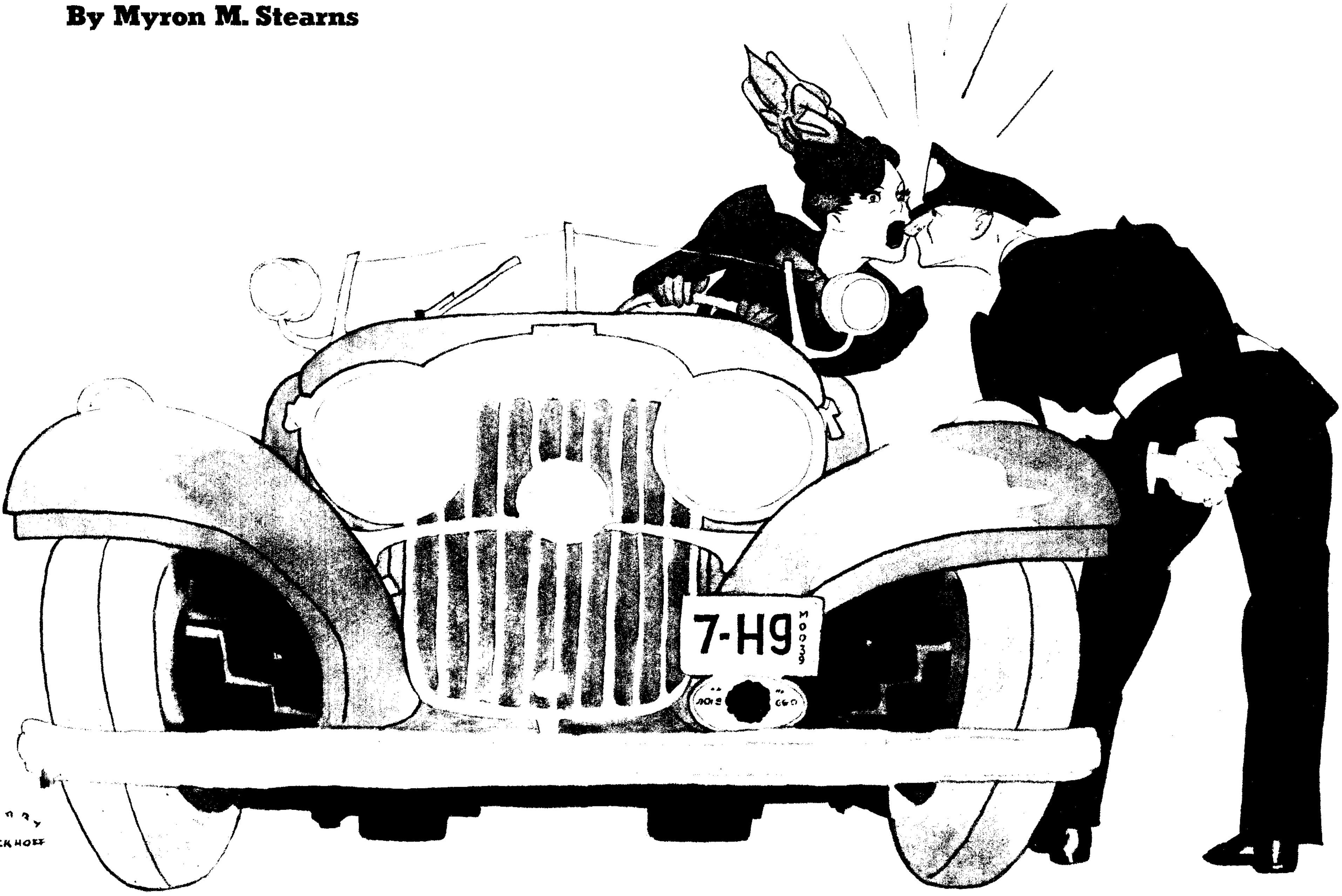
"Then we shall set out to find her! I shall be ready in five minutes."

Complete darkness had come when we

(Continued on page 30)

Warning—Slow Down!

By Myron M. Stearns



HARRY BECKHOFF

Improved training of patrol officers will increase drivers' respect for law enforcement

Can we really do anything to reduce the carnage on our highways? Experience, facts and figures reply "Yes!" Here's what's been done and what yet has to be done to eliminate a national disgrace

DOROTHY WILLMOTT, six years old, stood on a chair in front of a mike in Providence, Rhode Island.

"I'm supposed to be a little girl who wasn't killed last year," she piped.

It was a big luncheon of the Town Criers, with a dozen other civic organizations represented, held in January to celebrate Providence's traffic-accident reduction for 1938. Twenty-five people, ranging in age from little Dorothy to her grandmother, seventy-one, were at a guest table in the center of the dining hall. They represented twenty-five people who had not been killed in traffic accidents during the year—twenty-five people, in Providence alone, who would have been killed if Providence had not reduced its automobile deaths for 1938 to a total of sixteen, compared to forty-one in 1937.

How did Providence do it?

In 1934, 1935, and 1936, Providence had the lowest death rate from automobile accidents of any city of its size in the country.

In 1937 the number of fatal accidents shot upward. So—Providence simply pushed 'em down again.

But *how?*

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has a consistent record that is almost as good as that of Providence. Safety isn't confined to New England.

It isn't confined to cities, either. Rhode Island cut its 1937 death rate 36 per cent—greatest reduction of any state. Entering Rhode Island on any main highway, you are confronted by a big sign that says: "Rhode Island, the Safe State. *Watch your speed.*"

Rhode Island had only five deaths last year for every hundred million miles of automobile travel. Iowa, Massachusetts, North Dakota and Connecticut were not far behind. For years they have been whittling away at their accident rates.

How do they do it?

Arizona and Arkansas averaged nearly three times as many deaths for the same driving distance as Rhode Island and North Dakota—more than sixteen for each hundred million miles, instead of five or six. Florida, Utah and West Virginia had seventeen; Kentucky had eighteen; Georgia, over twenty; Alabama and South Carolina, twenty-two.

If the whole country had held its highway traffic-accident rates down to those in Rhode Island, Connecticut, North Dakota and Iowa, it would have meant a saving of *15,000 lives* last year alone.

Don't Forget the Injuries

Why can't other states more nearly keep up with the leaders? Or *can* they?

Deaths, of course, are only one part of the accident record. Instead of having 25 people sitting around one table, the whole ballroom in Providence could have been filled with people representing those "not injured" on Providence streets during the same twelve months. People who escaped having ribs crushed in, spine injured, jaws broken—perhaps being permanently disfigured or crippled for life.

Deaths are featured in traffic-accident figures. They are the most serious, the most dramatic, the most easily counted. The infinitely more numerous injuries, and the countrywide property loss that runs to more than $1,000,000,000 a year (Pin that in your hat when you talk about "returning prosperity!") get less attention. Yet a typical month's "box score" for one small Southern city runs:

Number of accidents	156
Persons injured	32
Persons killed	None

More than any year that preceded it, 1938 showed how many automobile crashes are absolutely unnecessary.

Under the leadership of Mr. Paul Hoffman, president of the Studebaker Corporation, an organization called the Automotive Safety Foundation was formed, two years ago, to help support and co-ordinate the different highway-safety efforts that were going on in

(Continued on page 45)

The Border Trumpet

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

ENGAGED to Philip Castleton, a lieutenant in Troop K—stationed at Fort Grant, Arizona, where the Apaches are causing trouble—Eleanor Warren completes three years of schooling in Boston and rejoins Major Warren, her father.

Camp Grant, which is commanded by Major Warren, is only a square of adobe houses and tents. But Eleanor, an "army girl," is happy to be back among soldiers. All around her are men she likes: Shiraz, the post's doctor; Captain Harrison, of I Troop; Sergeants Tim Hanna and Conrad Reichert; Corporal Oldbuck and many other old-timers of whom she is genuinely fond.

Among the newcomers whom she meets are Tom Benteen, a lieutenant in Troop I, and Harriet Mixler. Benteen—an attractive man and a splendid officer—she admires. Harriet—a Virginian with no army traditions—she pities. An expectant mother, with a husband who is frequently away on scouting duty, Harriet is lonely and frightened; she fears that Doctor Shiraz, who accompanies the scouting parties, may be absent when her baby arrives.

Philip Castleton, as Eleanor soon discovers, is none too popular with his associates. He is a strict disciplinarian, a good soldier. But he has no close friends, and it is obvious that neither the officers nor the men like him. . . .

A wagon train is attacked in a near-by canyon by a band of Apaches, led by a man known as Antone. It is night. Major Warren orders Tom Benteen to take twenty men and go to the canyon at once. The detachment is assembled. Philip Castleton joins it—after asking permission to do so—as does Doctor Shiraz. As it moves out, in the dark, Harriet Mixler calls Eleanor. Eleanor goes to her, finds her white and trembling.

Harriet seizes Eleanor's arms. "Don't leave," she whispers. *"Stay here—right here!"*

II

BENTEEN led his detail southward up the dry course of the San Pedro, following the rutted freight road to Tucson. As long as the way was open he kept on at a gallop past the lights of Valley ranch and onward through this solid night, against which the tracery of paloverde and high-stalked pitahaya made a ghostly show. They dipped over the gravelly bottom of a wash and dropped to a walk. Dr. Shiraz rode at the column's rear. Castleton drew abreast of Benteen.

"Who was it?"

"Two wagons freighting supplies to Summerton's ranch. It was after dark. There were four men. The wagons were burned and the mules killed. I don't know about the men."

"Don't understand how old-timers would ride into ambush," said Castleton unfavorably. "These people grow too careless. It would be Antone again, of course. I thought you said you tracked him into the Pinals."

"Maybe I was mistaken," said Benteen.

"Maybe," Castleton answered. This was the way Benteen's presence always affected him, rousing a resentment he could not wholly conceal. The tall sandy-haired man's manner, casual to the point of indolence, affronted his own conception of an officer's demeanor. To him Benteen was loose and slipshod, neither a student nor a disciplinarian, possessing none of that hard and lonely detachment, none of that driving sense of duty Phil Castleton had set his life by. Yet this man was considered the best Indian campaigner in the regiment.

The lights of the fort died behind and the little valley swung west, sidling against the edge of the Tortillas. Eight miles onward the party entered a defile between the Santa Catalinas and the Tortillas, and sank into deeper darkness.

Benteen broke from his long riding silence to ask Castleton a question that stirred the latter's surprise: "You like this country, Phil?"

Castleton said: "I take my tour of duty at any post, like or dislike."

"No," said Benteen softly, "that wasn't what I meant."

"It is a little late at night for philosophy."

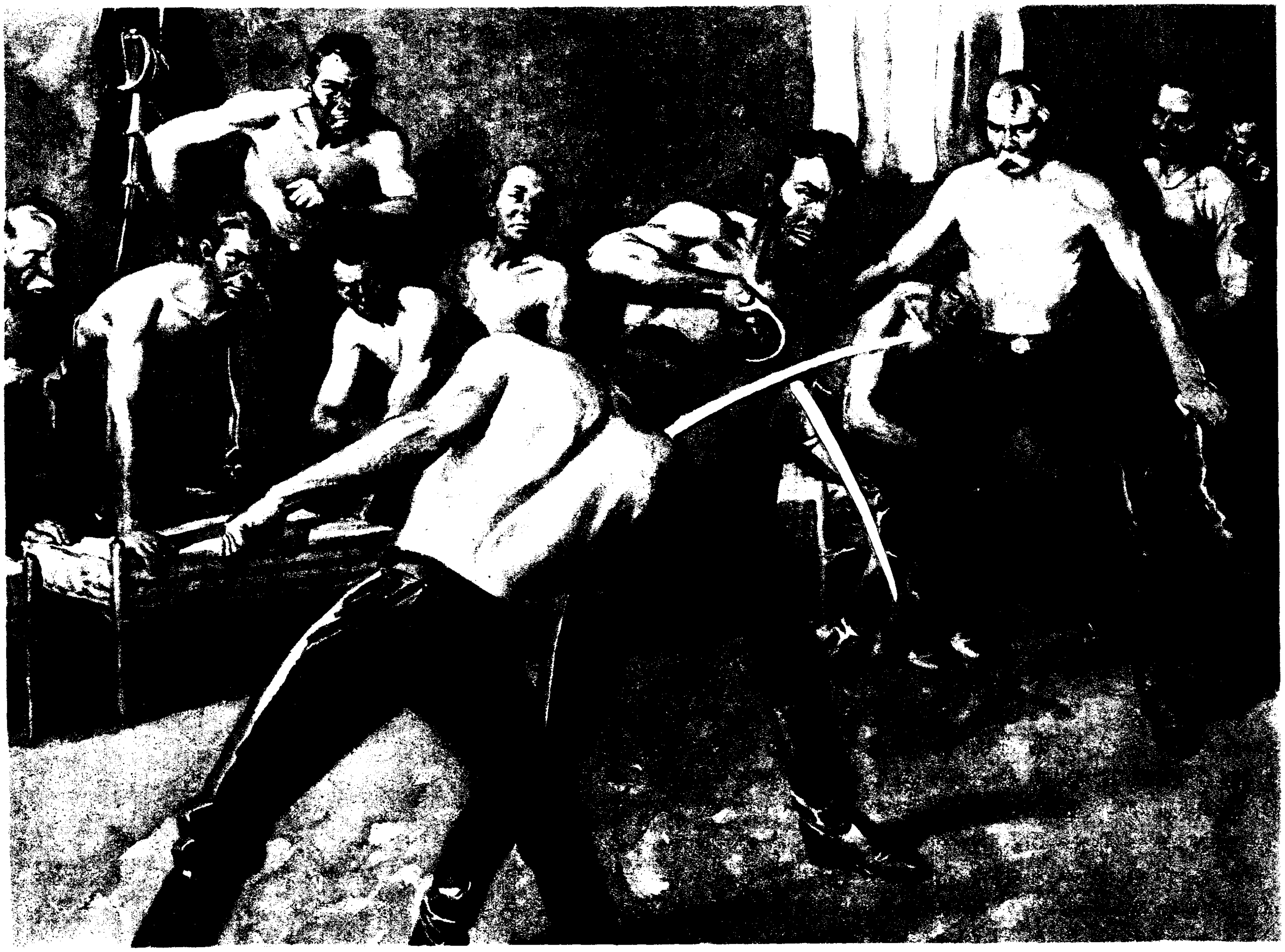
"The later the night the better the philosophy," said Benteen. "The stronger the cigar, the deeper the drink, the more beautiful the woman—the better the thoughts that come. There are no nights like Arizona nights, no sound or smells or colors as sharp as these. It is a land that does everything full tilt: it burns a man black, it dries him as brittle as a bleached bone, it puts him closer to heaven than he's ever likely to get."

"Poetic fancy," said Castleton.

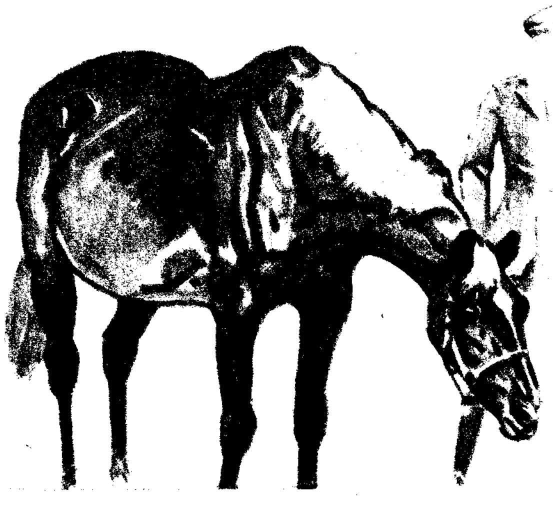
Benteen's chuckle was deep and loose and free. "You're missing something, Phil. You will not find it in Cooke's Cavalry Tactics."

The footing was rocky and rough. The canyon closed in to twice a wagon's

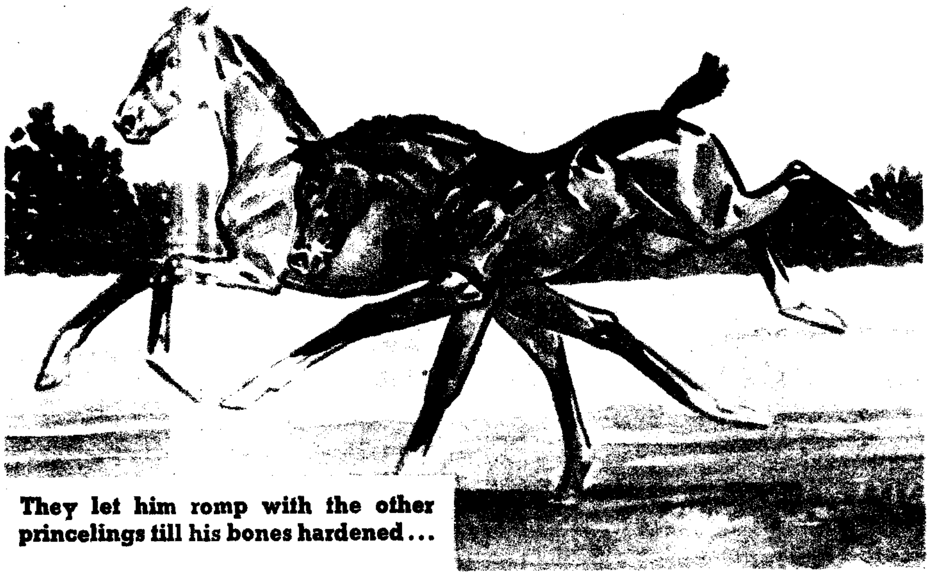
(Continued on page 58)



Jackson kept pushing on, wanting to kill Canreen, trying to kill Canreen



The Derby winner was foaled one March night in a spotless stall . . .



They let him romp with the other princelings till his bones hardened...

Derby Winner

By Bob Considine

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BROWN

There he stands, foam flecking his bit, flanks lathered and quivering. He tosses his head to the roar of the mob. He's the newly crowned turf hero. And here is the story of his life from birth to coronation

FROM somewhere beneath the old stands at Churchill Downs comes the first melancholy chord of My Old Kentucky Home; in that intolerably breathless moment 150,000 eyes rivet upon a single point—the mouth of the little alley that leads from the paddock to the edge of the racing strip.

Then one great wild yell, uninhibited and incoherent, rolls in a tidal wave of sound from the jammed park. For out of the alley has come a patient old lead horse, fat-barreled and ample and full of pride of position.

Behind him, somewhere in that single file of nervous thoroughbreds, is the winner of the 1939 Kentucky Derby, his great black eyes rolling scandalously at the sight of the monstrous crowd, his coat shining like taut satin stretched across the eager machinery of his body. He is lean and hard and hungry.

We won't kid you into believing that we know the winner's name. Nobody knows, not even the profoundest handicapper in the press box overhead, nor the little man in bright silks who sits soberly on the colt, nor even the owner, the breeder or the trainer who know him so well. That's what makes it the year's biggest sports event.

They all have an idea who'll win. If you are in the jam-packed stands you will have heard a dozen different tips, all of them sincere, none of them foolproof. Sixteen poignantly unforeseen things can happen to keep even the most carefully trained Derby favorite from winning. He can stumble, he can be bumped, he can break down or he can be pocketed or deliberately pulled. Or he can be run into the ground by the thundering drive of some awakening immortal—just as rank outsiders like Zev and Exterminator once roared home in front.

But this much we do know about the winner of this year's Derby. We know the curious story of his life. We know the pattern of the expensive machinery that turned him out for this one unforgettable moment. We know the ratio between the joy and sorrow in his life. We know *him*.

Let us call him Blue Field. Let us dip back into his private life and see why he—and perhaps a dozen like him—are all that remain out of 5,000 thoroughbred colts and fillies born in the spring of 1936. That was the year the 1939 Derby runners were foaled. And the peculiar thing is that every one of the owners, breeders, trainers and grooms of those 5,000 unsteady babies desperately wanted his pet to win the 1939 Derby—and, what is more, had the means or ability to provide the chance.

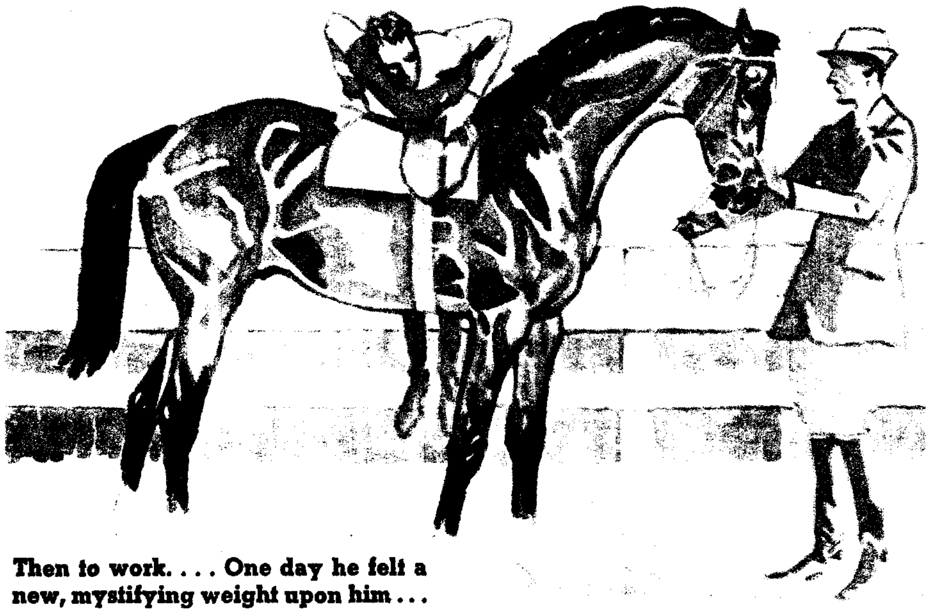
What happened to them? Or, since he overcame odds of more than 300-to-1 even to get to the Derby's starting pole, what happened to our hypothetical Blue Field?

Blue Field was born in Kentucky's Blue Grass country, on the white-fenced breeding farm of a young New York millionaire. He was "dropped," as the grooms say, one night in March in a spotless stall before a jury of two expensive veterinarians, the quiet man who was the millionaire's breeder, and a thunderstruck groom who at the crucial moment had to help deliver the awkward foal.

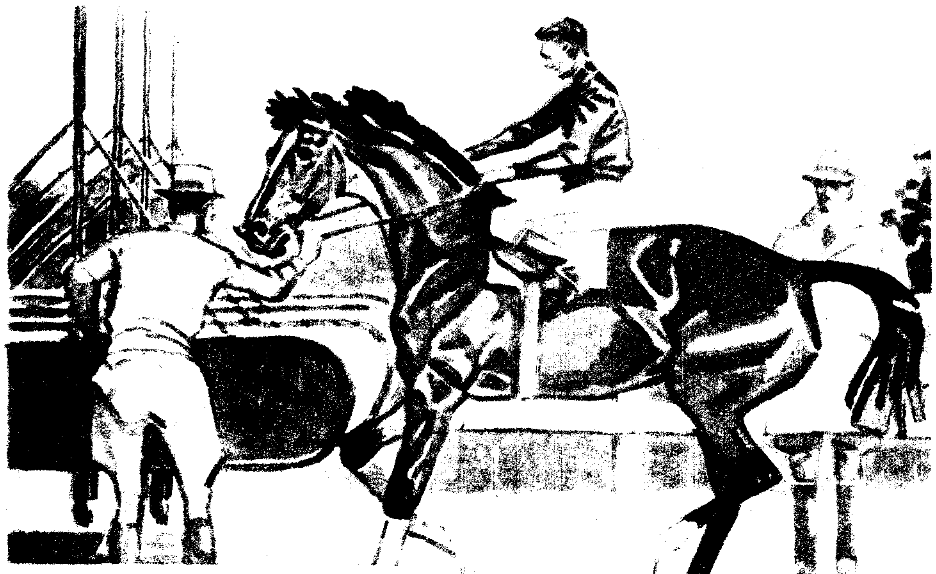
The colt's willowy legs, absurdly long, collapsed beneath his weight—about 100 pounds. He lay panting on the soft hay for only about ten minutes, then something in him prompted him to stand up. And he did, tottering giddily. Then he took a step, and another, and he had learned to walk. His mother, full of pride, got to her feet and licked him from head to foot, and soon he was having his first meal as a new baby has it.

There came along now the happiest period his life would know. From the night he was born until the beginning of October, 1936, he seldom left his mother's side. His mother gave him warmth

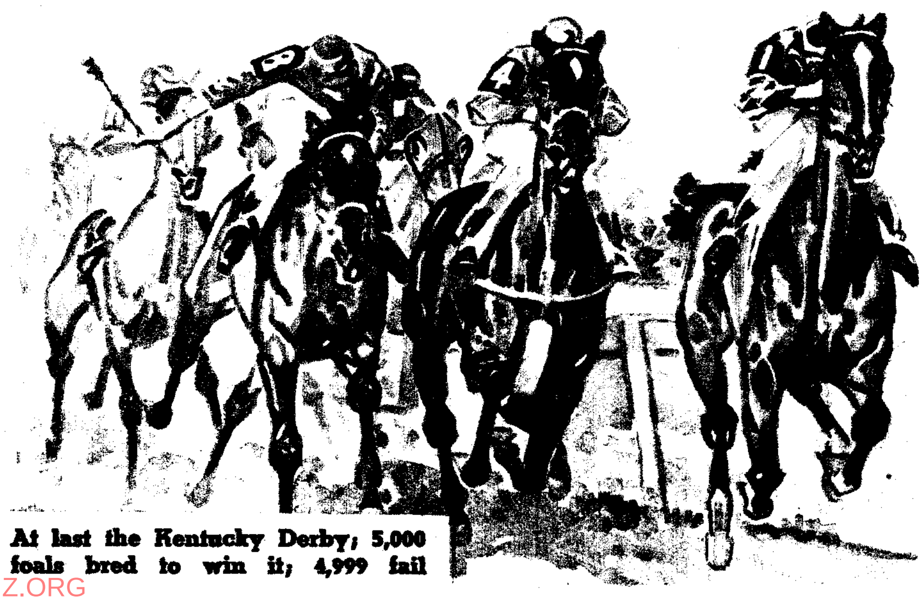
(*Continued on page 39*)



Then to work. . . . One day he felt a new, mystifying weight upon him . . .



At first he wouldn't even enter that slot. . . . Once in, he wouldn't stay

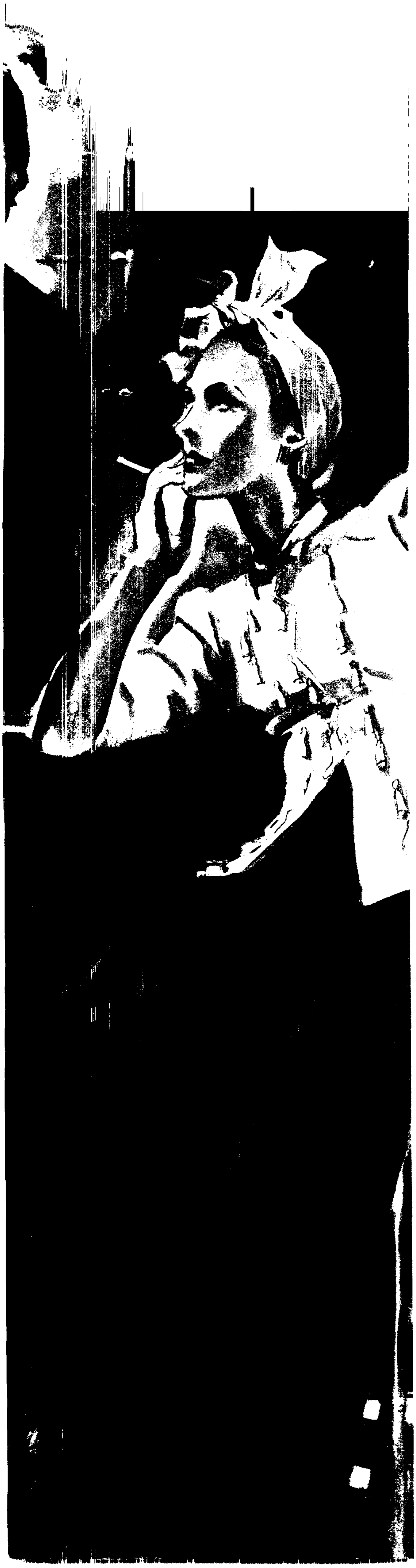


At last the Kentucky Derby; 5,000 foals bred to win it; 4,999 fail

The Woman in the News

By Zachary Gold

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER



"You don't like it, Hec, do you?" she said. I thought her eyes were the loveliest in the world. "Lance knows his business," I said

Lance MacCray, Indicted Lawyer, and His Wife, Anne Verna MacCray

They had his picture in a big three-column spread on the front page; and in the lower left-hand corner, set diagonally, was a cut of Anne. She was wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat that flopped over her eyes.

I'd nearly forgotten that her name was Verna.

I read over my list of appointments once and then flipped on the interoffice phone. "I'm expecting Mrs. MacCray at eleven," I said. "Show her right in."

"Yes, Mr. Lipscomb."

And then I re-read the story in the papers:

"Mrs. Anne MacCray was a broken woman yesterday . . ."

All that rot; sob-sister stuff. And it was rot.

You see, a long time ago, when girls wore short skirts and big, dumpy hats, there was a lawyers' firm on lower Broadway that was named Lipscomb & MacCray. And the first secretary we ever had was Anne Verna.

She worked in the closetlike foyer that we laughingly called the outer office and got twenty-five dollars a week, which was about three dollars more than either Lance or I averaged. But in those days it didn't matter. And once we even thought of giving her a raise, but she vetoed the idea. She knew how much we were making.

"Mrs. MacCray, whose name is a byword in Gotham's smarter circles, is one of the town's best hostesses . . ."

We had been working late one night, Anne and I; Lance was chasing after someone in the Bronx. For in those days we served our own subpoenas.

Along about nine o'clock I walked into the outer office, with her coat on my arm and said: "The boss is buying supper."

"With champagne?" Anne said.

"With champagne."

I can remember what Anne had: an egg-salad sandwich on rye and a glass of milk. I had a ham and Swiss on white and coffee.

There was a black pencil smudge on her nose and a tiny piece of egg-salad poised on her chin.

"Ladies always wipe their faces after dinner," I said.

"Like cats?" And a smile lighted her face.

"Well, like kittens." And right then, in that all-night cafeteria with the sign flashing on and off, throwing red and green lights over her face, I said: "I love you, Anne"—biting into the ham and Swiss.

I don't remember exactly what she said but I do remember looking up and seeing Lance framed in the doorway. And when he sat down at the table I can remember the look in her eyes; after that it really didn't matter what she said to me. I knew.

And looking at it now, it was natural that she should be in love with Lance. For Lance was everything that I wasn't—handsome, charming, full of laughter and the kind of enthusiasm that flares and flames like a bonfire. And his name was Lance MacCray and mine was Hector Lipscomb; there is a difference.

"Lance MacCray soon carved a place for himself in New York, and it wasn't long before they were calling him The Boy Wonder . . ."

Even in those days Lance made a name for himself—a smart talker, witty, clever, full of flash and fire. I did all the stodgy work, the briefs. But that was all right; it was a perfect combination.

And it worked fine until the crash—remember? Things went to pieces then. You had to work harder for the same dollar that used to drop into your lap. Things were tough, very tough.

Then one day he walked into the office, flushed and laughing a bit too much, and dropped twenty-five hundred dollars in big bills on my desk.

I said: "What's that for?"

Lance winked. "A retainer from Piggy Noorehead. There's more to come." And then he yelled: "Hey, Anne. Come in and look."

That was when Piggy was up on income-tax charges.

"I won't touch it," I said.

"It's not counterfeit."

"That's not what I mean."

I could see he was angry. He turned to Anne. "But it's all right for him to hang out with the ward heelers in the back rooms, eh?"

"You don't have to get your nose dirty in politics if you don't want to," I said.

"It's money," Anne said. "If we don't take it, someone else will."

"No," I said again.

"You can do as you damn' please," Lance shouted angrily. "I'm handling it."

I walked out of the office. Two weeks later he and Anne were married. I wasn't invited.

"The MacCrays became familiar figures along Broadway. At that time the future cast no shadow . . ."

Next time I heard of Lance he had a shiny new office and a new name plate on his door: Lance MacCray—Counsel. It must have looked very nice.

For a long time I didn't see either of them. It was his name plate now and he could do what he wanted.

And what he wanted was a wide swath all right. You know all about it, seeing it in the papers and hearing it on the radio: that poultry business, that phony trucking union. You know it all by now. I don't have to tell you. And one night that fall I met Anne at a bar.

After we had a drink together she sat there on the high stool, swinging her legs and looking at me.

"You don't like it, Hec, do you?" she said.

I just stood there, thinking her eyes were the loveliest in the world, and pulled in my horns.

"Lance knows his business," I said carefully.

And for no reason at all she said: "We have a new car, Hec, a big foreign job. You ought to see it." She didn't sound very happy.

A SHORT

SHORT STORY

COMPLETE ON

THIS PAGE

"When she received reporters yesterday morning, Mrs. MacCray was her usual beautiful self. She was dressed in . . ."

Just as I read that the interoffice phone buzzed. I clicked it on.

"Mrs. MacCray to see you, Mr. Lipscomb."

I put down the paper. "Show her in," I said.

She was wearing a simple tailored dress and she did look chic and smart—but I was shocked. She was thinner and there was something bleak and cold in her eyes that I'd never seen before.

I think she finally realized where Lance had led her. But Anne never ran out on anything in her life. If he got off, she'd divorce him, perhaps, but otherwise she'd stay until the end.

"You've got to help me," she said.

"I can't."

"Can't you see?" she began, and she bit her lip suddenly. "Once you said you loved me, Hec."

I saw a lot of things: the night in the cafeteria; the early years; the day there was a new name plate on Lance's door.

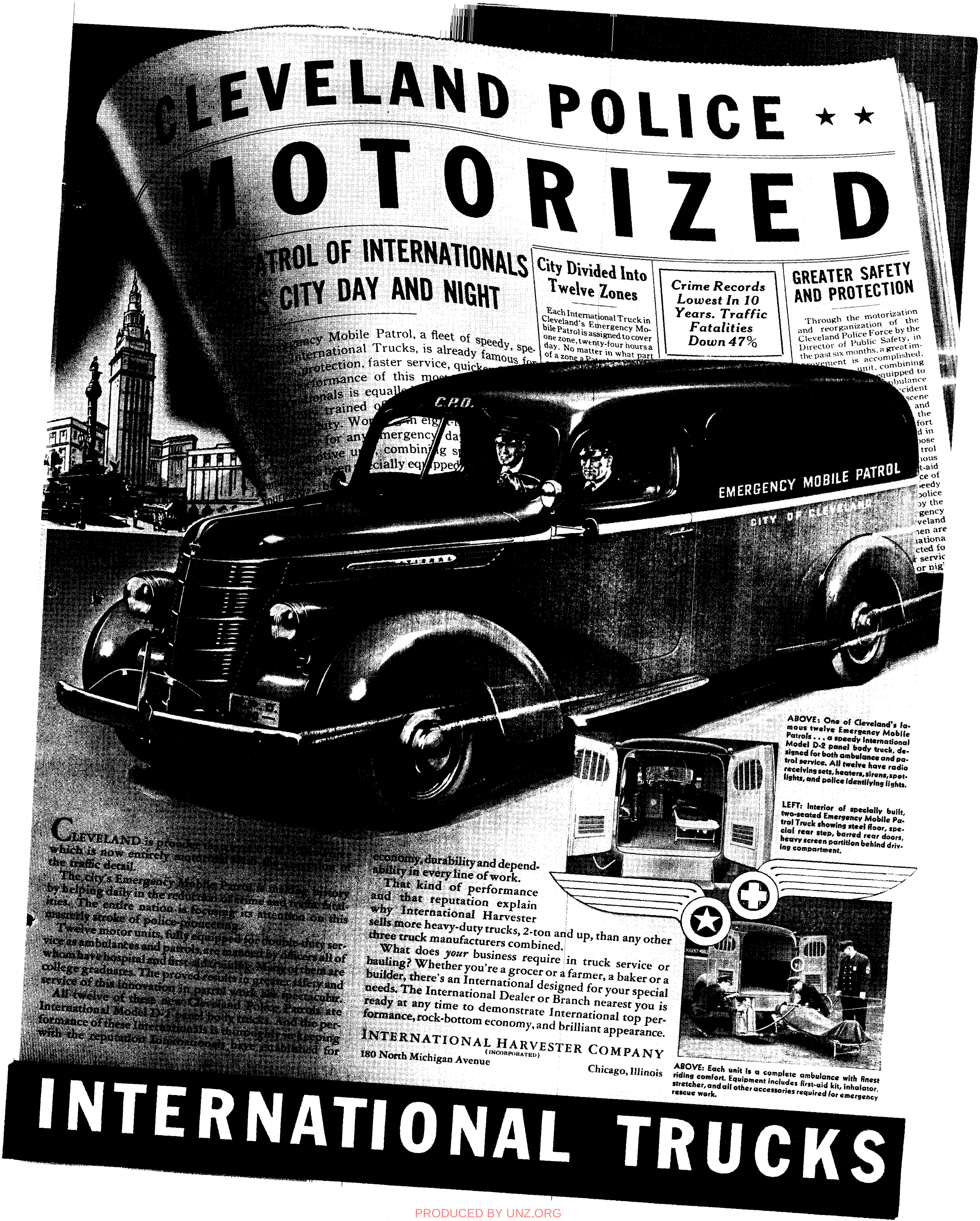
And I saw, too, that I would be able to marry her if Lance went free. She wasn't in love with him any more.

You understand, don't you? This was Anne sitting across from me. And you don't forget girls like her; not in one lifetime anyway. I'd have done anything for her. But I couldn't.

And then she was gone. Looking up, I saw it was four minutes after eleven. She'd been with me for four minutes; it had seemed like hours.

The paper was still on the desk. I folded it carefully and put it into a drawer.

"Mrs. Anne MacCray will appear in the office of District Attorney Hector Lipscomb at 11:00 A.M. today. . . ."


CLEVELAND POLICE ★ ★
MOTORIZED
ATROL OF INTERNATIONALS
S CITY DAY AND NIGHT
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International Trucks, is already famous for
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cially equipped
City Divided Into Twelve Zones
Each International Truck in Cleveland's Emergency Mobile Patrol is assigned to cover one zone, twenty-four hours a day. No matter in what part of a zone a Patr
Crime Records Lowest In 10 Years. Traffic Fatalities Down 47%
GREATER SAFETY AND PROTECTION
Through the motorization and reorganization of the Cleveland Police Force by the Director of Public Safety, in the past six months, a great improvement is accomplished.
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EMERGENCY MOBILE PATROL
CITY OF CLEVELAND
INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

ABOVE: One of Cleveland's famous twelve Emergency Mobile Patrols . . . a speedy International Model D-2 panel body truck, designed for both ambulance and patrol service. All twelve have radio receiving sets, heaters, sirens, spotlights, and police identifying lights.

LEFT: Interior of specially built, two-seated Emergency Mobile Patrol Truck showing steel floor, special rear step, barred rear doors, heavy screen partition behind driving compartment.

CLEVELAND is proud [illegible] which is now entirely motorized [illegible] of the traffic detail.

The city's Emergency Mobile Patrol is making history by helping daily in the reduction of crime and traffic fatalities. The entire nation is focusing its attention on this masterly stroke of police-pioneering.

Twelve motor units, fully equipped for double-duty service as ambulances and patrols, are manned by officers all of whom have hospital and first-aid training. Many of them are college graduates. The proved results in greater safety and service of this innovation in patrol work are spectacular.

All twelve of these new Cleveland Police Patrols are International Model D-2 panel body trucks. And the performance of these Internationals is thoroughly in keeping with the reputation Internationals have established for economy, durability and dependability in every line of work.

That kind of performance and that reputation explain why International Harvester sells more heavy-duty trucks, 2-ton and up, than any other three truck manufacturers combined.

What does *your* business require in truck service or hauling? Whether you're a grocer or a farmer, a baker or a builder, there's an International designed for your special needs. The International Dealer or Branch nearest you is ready at any time to demonstrate International top performance, rock-bottom economy, and brilliant appearance.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
180 North Michigan Avenue
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ABOVE: Each unit is a complete ambulance with finest riding comfort. Equipment includes first-aid kit, inhalator, stretcher, and all other accessories required for emergency rescue work.

Before you Say—"I Can't Afford it"—

SEE HOW EASY IT IS TO BUY A DE SOTO!

DISCOVER the extra value De Soto gives you for low price... in bigness, beauty, dependability, great features.

YOU CAN AFFORD IT. Your present car will probably represent a large part of De Soto's low delivered price; balance in low monthly instalments. Drive a De Soto today!

LOOK WHAT YOU GET—DON'T BE SATISFIED WITH LESS!

1. **WIDE-RANGE SAFETY HEADLIGHTS**—Better road illumination. Safer... define full width of car at night.
2. **STREAMLINED LUGGAGE LOCKER**—No old-fashioned trunk bulge. 23 cubic feet of luggage space.
3. **BIGGER SAFETY-STEEL BODY**—Sofa-Wide Seats. Room for six big people. Front compartment 4 inches wider.
4. **HANDY-SHIFT**—Mounted on steering post. No floor obstruction. More leg room. Easier shifting.
5. **FULL-VIEW WINDSHIELD**—Higher, wider. Bigger, Constant-Speed Electric Windshield Wipers.

DON'T GUESS YOURSELF out of the thrill of owning this big new De Soto. Get the facts about its easy-to-afford low price! It's much less than you imagine.

And low first cost isn't all. De Soto's gasoline and oil economy matches that of many small cars. You get Chrysler Corporation engineering throughout...new superfinishing of engine parts for longer life, greater dependability, lower upkeep costs!

You get De Soto's Streamline Styling...for added smartness, safety and room! You get the new Handy-Shift...newest gear-shifting...at no extra cost! You get a Streamlined Luggage Locker...23 cubic feet of carrying space...and no trunk bulge!

See De Soto...drive De Soto...get the facts! DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

ABSOLUTELY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LOW-PRICED CAR IN AMERICA

De Soto

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURS., 8 TO 9 P.M., E. S. T.

Wages of Innocence

By Leonard L. Leonard

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

One pardon that the governor will fail to speak about in any of his future political speeches

GOVERNOR HUNNIWELL jacked up his sagging smile and propelled his visitor to the door with a hearty slap on the back. Another minute and it would have been a push, for the governor wanted to go home. A day filled to overflowing with re-election plans, on top of the ordinary routine. That night a speech for the Better Government League. The governor wondered if it was worth all the effort.

He reached for his hat and pressed a button, which brought his secretary gliding into the room.

"That will be all, Miss Lovett," he said. "I'm knocking off for the day. You might as well leave, too."

"But what about Joe Kane?" she asked. "He's been waiting all afternoon."

The governor cursed under his breath, but put his hat back on the peg. "Who the devil's Joe Kane?"

"The garage mechanic from Millburg who was just released from the state pen," prompted Miss Lovett. "The one who served five years for an auto theft he didn't commit."

Governor Hunniwell nodded in assent as he connected the name with the case. He remembered the long-distance call from the Jefferson County district attorney, asking him to see Kane personally, to smooth things over and save everyone concerned a lot of trouble. He ran his fingers through the shaggy, silvery mane that gave him such a fine platform appearance, and wondered bitterly how those boneheads managed to pull such a stupid stunt. And now, as usual, he had to do the dirty work.

"I hope they've got the right thief this time," he complained as he smoothed his hair down again. Then he remembered—the real culprit had confessed to the crime just before he died peacefully in bed.

"All right, send this Kane in and I'll give him his pardon," he told the girl. "No need of you staying. Run along."

The door closed behind her and he glanced impatiently at his watch—6:45. The statehouse was as quiet as the mausoleum after which it had been patterned.

In a moment the door opened slowly and Joe Kane stood tentatively on the threshold. Then he shuffled into the room, his cheap new suit drooping from his scrawny frame.

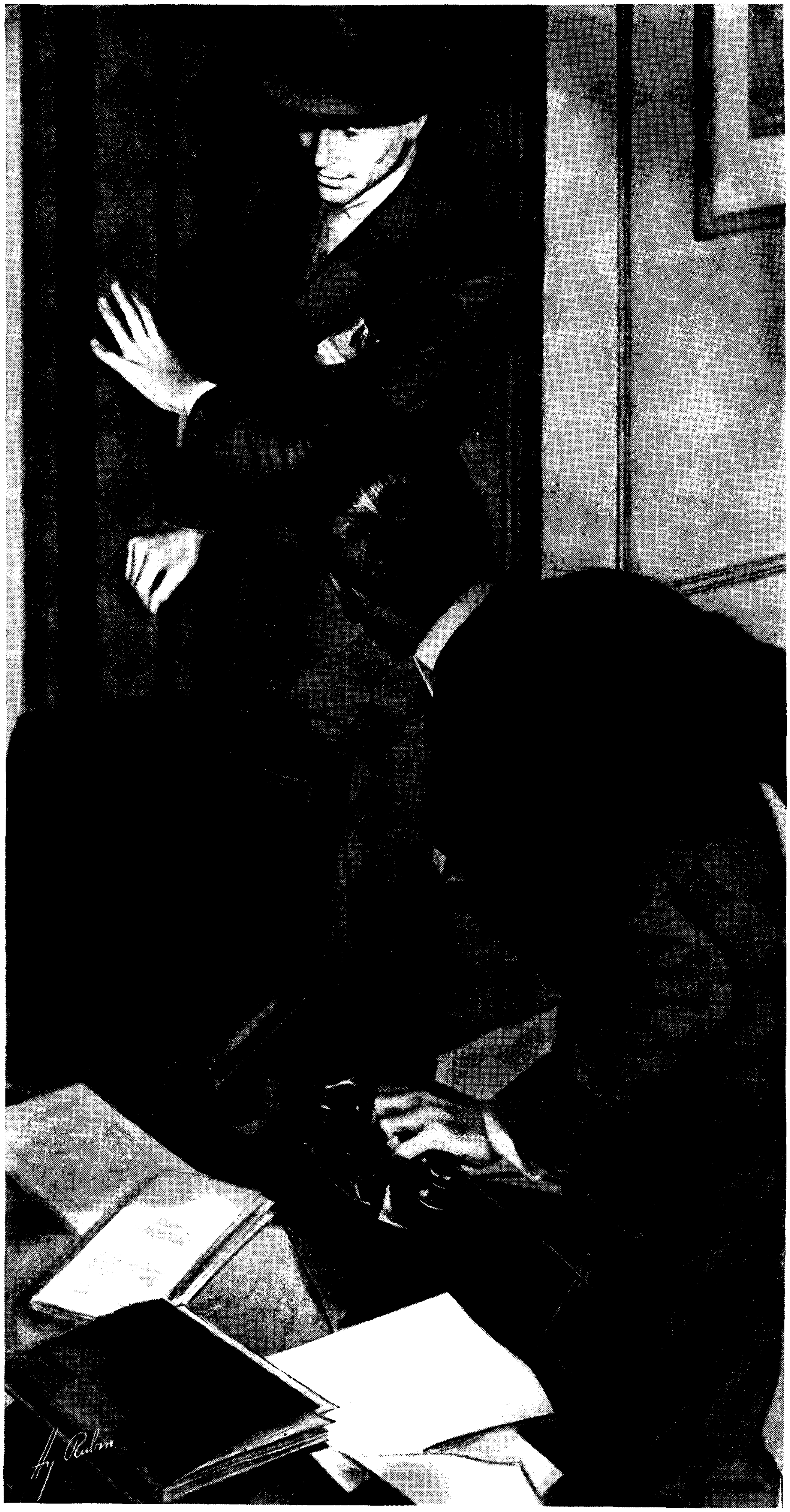
"You wanted to see me, Governor?" he asked in a hoarse mumble. His eyes traveled along the frames on the wall.

"Of course!" The man behind the desk had assumed his best gubernatorial manner, drawing charm from some last hidden reserve. He rose to shake hands. "Sit down, Mr. Kane. Have a cigar."

After both cigars were drawing, Joe leaned back. Hunniwell cleared his throat and began to talk.

"Mr. Kane," the governor said, and he might have been laying a cornerstone, "a terrible injustice has been done you. You have been accused of a crime you did not commit. And for that crime you were found guilty and punished in our state penitentiary for the past five years. Five years out of your life which no one can return to you."

The little man had been following the gov-



"Sorry to bother you again," Joe said. "I forgot something"

“I wa
Pow
Pick-
an
Pep

One gasoline gives you all the good

NO FAMILY SQUABBLE! She's for quick-acting gasoline. Her husband wants long mileage and an engine that stays free of gum, carbon.

They get them all in “Balanced” Mobilgas!

That's because Mobilgas has every quality improved modern motors demand.

Today's engines can fire over 10,000 times a minute. Engine clearances are 50% closer…

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ualities... __Balanced__ __Performance!__

compressions 50% greater than a few years ago.

To match this, Mobilgas is made to atomize fast...into small, quick-burning drops. Every drop is scientifically cleaned...purged of clogging gum. Every drop is selected for high octane value...fires smoothly!

Because it's __made__ to do it, Mobilgas gives you power—plus long mileage and a clean engine!

LGAS

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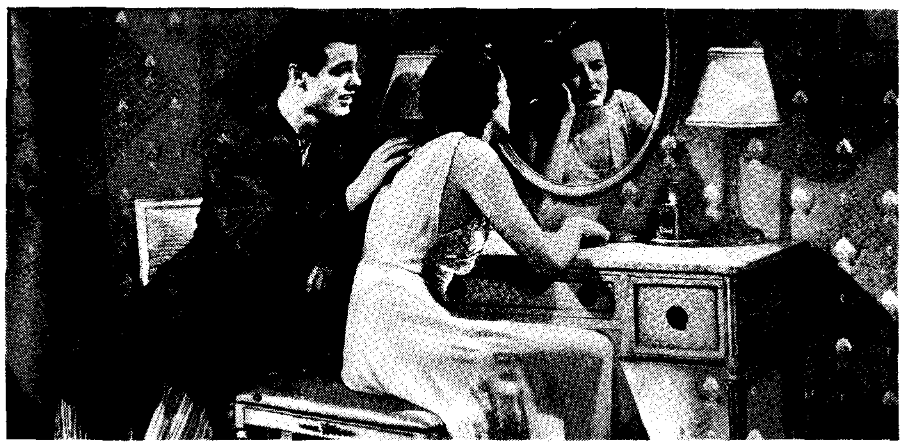
STOP AT THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.
AND AFFILIATES
Magnolia Petroleum Co.—General Petroleum Corporation

Stage a quicker come-back—take Sal Hepatica



MRS.: Isn't this just like me? The day I'm to be matron of honor at a big wedding, I wake up with the worst logy headache. Even a laxative won't clear my head in time.

MR.: I know one that will—Sal Hepatica.

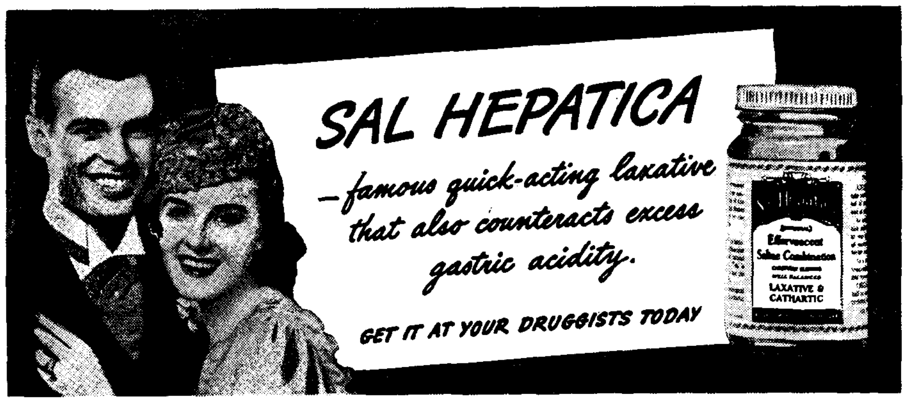
MRS.: Why, how's Sal Hepatica so different?

MR.: Well, it's different in two ways. First, Sal Hepatica is a mighty quick yet gentle laxative. Second, it counteracts excess gastric acidity—chases that sickish feeling fast.

THAT AFTERNOON

MR.: Honey, the folks couldn't look at the bride for looking at you! You look like a million dollars!

MRS.: I *feel* like a million dollars—thanks to you and your glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica. It certainly put the old sparkle back in me!


SAL HEPATICA
—famous quick-acting laxative that also counteracts excess gastric acidity.
GET IT AT YOUR DRUGGISTS TODAY
Effervescent Saline Combination
LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC

TUNE IN! Fred Allen in "TOWN HALL TONIGHT"—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.

ernor's words with grave attention. Now he interrupted: "It wasn't exactly five years that I served. Just four years, eleven months and thirteen days. I kept track. This Sellers—the other guy—confessed eighteen days before my stretch was up."

The governor looked sharply at Kane, but the latter was serious. After a moment, Hunniwell went on.

"Fate dealt you a cruel blow, Mr. Kane," he said. "But I want you to know that this great state stands ready to restore to you everything you have lost. I have here . . ."

Pawing through the untidy piles of papers strewn over his desk, he finally found it.

". . . I have here your full and unconditional pardon. As governor of this state I hereby restore your citizenship, your right to vote and, most important of all"—he paused for added impressiveness—"your good name!"

KANE took the outstretched paper, hurriedly read a few lines, then asked: "Does this mean it's just like I never was in prison at all?"

"Yes—as if you were never in prison at all." Hunniwell beamed indulgently.

"Gee! That's swell. . . . Only—"

"Of course, I realize that there are things this pardon cannot restore to you. Things that all the money in the world could not restore to you."

Joe considered this. "That's right, Governor," he said soberly.

"But, after all, the mills of the gods grind slowly—but exceedingly fine. Think of the thousands of cases which must be weighed and judged each year. After all, there can't help but be a mistake once in a while."

From behind a screen of smoke, the victim of circumstance nodded agreeably.

"I certainly was lucky," he admitted, after the governor had hailed the eventual triumph of justice in his case.

The governor eyed his visitor suspiciously for any hint of sarcasm. "I hope this experience isn't going to make you bitter, Kane."

"Oh, no!" Joe protested. He hesitated before he spoke again. "The only thing is—I feel I should've got some time off for good behavior."

Hunniwell looked at the confidential report that had been delivered along with the pardon. Then he understood why the parole board kept passing over Joe.

"Your prison record wasn't of the best, you know," he said in gentle reproof.

"Maybe not, Governor," Joe admitted. "You see, I never had the right incentive to act good in there. I hadn't done anything wrong in the first place."

Governor Hunniwell began to feel uncomfortable. "Tell you what I'll do, Kane," he said briskly. "This state has given you a raw deal and I feel that you've got something coming to you. I'm going to have one of my friends in the legislature introduce a bill giving you some recompense for the years you've been in prison."

Joe beamed. "That's fine. When do I get the money?"

Hunniwell pursed his brows and rocked back and forth in his chair. He patiently explained that the legislature wouldn't meet again this year. Next year they'd take the matter up. Of course, it would be a little time before they got around to Joe's case. In about two years, he judged, Joe would get his money.

"Two years!" Joe's face clouded. "How much will I get then?"

The answer was as reassuring and as evasive as a campaign promise. The governor said he would do his best. It all depended on the election. If he was returned to office, and he felt very confident, he promised to push through a nice little nest egg for Joe.

And that reminded Hunniwell of a point. "I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't talk too much about this little—incident. I'm right in the middle of my campaign now, and one of the opposition newspapers is investigating penal conditions. Not that they'll find anything, but take your case, for instance. They might twist it around somehow to damage my reputation."

Hastily Joe assured the governor that he didn't want to cause any trouble.

"That's fine, my boy," the governor boomed and once more reached for his hat.

"But don't you think two years is a long time to wait for that dough from the legislature?" Joe asked. "After all, it's gonna be sorta tough to find a job."

"Well, I might be able to find you a position . . . say in the highway department," the governor said.

Joe shook his head doubtfully.

"A nice job, out in the open air, working on our new highways," impatiently urged the governor. "After all, you shouldn't be choosy."

"But I just came off the road gang," Joe explained. "I can't see no future there."

Mentally the governor checked over the other departments where he might place Joe. Every job at his command was occupied by a "Re-elect Hunniwell" worker.

"Joe, I can't figure out another thing that's open right now. Mind you, it isn't the governor's responsibility, but I'd be glad to help you. If you can think of anything I can do—anything within reason, of course, why . . ."

"Yes, there is one thing, Governor," Joe said. "I've had lots of time to figger this out and I feel that this here state only owes me one thing."

"What's that?"

"A robbery," Joe answered. He might have been asking for a match.

Governor Hunniwell's face twisted into an amazed question mark. "A what?" he asked.

"A robbery," the little man repeated patiently. "I paid the legal price for one, didn't I? Well, I never committed no robbery and now I've got one due me. All you gotta do is look the other way while I take what's coming to me."

THE governor reached for a chair and sank back. "But . . . me look the other way . . . suppose you're caught?" he asked.

"Then I'll go back and serve the other eighteen days."

"The other eighteen days . . ." Hunniwell repeated mechanically. Suddenly the full import of Joe's request sank in. "Why, the idea's insane! Man, do you realize that you're asking the chief executive of this state to compound a felony?"

Joe shook his head firmly. "Oh, no! I'm only asking you for justice. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a robbery for a robbery that's already been paid for."

The governor's pontifical manner began to crumble. Clinging desperately to logic, he tried to argue with Joe. "But it's impossible. It's too . . . too fantastic. Suppose you shot someone in this robbery—or took their life savings. Then an innocent party would suffer—just like you did."

"I've got that all figgered out, too," he reassured Hunniwell. "I won't have to hurt no innocent party."

"Nevertheless, I couldn't give my permission to any such lawbreaking scheme." Flustered and annoyed, the governor got up and strode to the door. But Joe was one stride ahead, blocking his exit.

"I guess you don't understand," he said. "I'm not asking your permission.

All I want you to do is—stick up your hands!"

Incredulously, the governor stopped, then tried to push past, until Joe pulled out an ancient revolver and poked it in his belly. Hunniwell backed away feebly.

"But . . . but you can't do this to me," he said.

Kane clucked sympathetically. "Mister, that's exactly the way I felt when they sent me up five years ago. But keep them hands up! I don't want to see no innocent party hurt."

"All right, only don't point that gun at me," the governor muttered. "Here. Here's my wallet."

Warily Joe took it in his left hand, plucked out the paper money and let the wallet drop to the floor. Thumbing through the bills didn't take long and he turned back in disgust.

"Twelve lousy bucks! For five years. The state owes me more than that!" Using his gun as a prod, he pushed the governor around until he faced the wall and then began searching him.

The back of Hunniwell's neck turned brick red. "You'll pay for this, young man," he yelled.

A jab from the gun made him lower his tone, but he continued in a whisper: "You'll get twenty years—and this time it won't be any mistake. In ten minutes the state police will be after you. I'll call them all out. And if they don't get you, I'll call out the national guard."

HE STOPPED when he heard Joe's awed whistle. From the governor's coat pocket he had pulled a bulging packet of bills, fresh from the bank and speckled with zeros.

"What a roll! Why, I bet there's twenty grand here."

"There's twenty-five thousand dollars there." The governor's voice was choked with rage. "And it doesn't belong to me, so you better give it right back or . . . or you'll get into trouble. . . ."

"Who does it belong to?" Joe inquired.

Governor Hunniwell hesitated. "It's a campaign contribution," he finally said.

Joe riffled the money with his thumb. Then he began distributing it carefully about his person.

"Your job pays ten grand a year," he said as he worked. "Somebody must be awful anxious for you to keep it, to spend twenty-five thousand bucks on your campaign. Too bad they didn't give you a check . . . must have wanted to keep it confidential, huh?"

The governor pulled the last shreds of his dignity about him. "What my friends do is none of your business!"

Joe patted the governor's back. "You can depend on me. I won't say a word about it to a soul," he said and shuffled to the door. He ordered the governor to stay where he was for a good five minutes, spiking the command with a warning. Then just before he closed the door, Joe Kane relaxed.

"Thanks for taking such an interest in my case, Governor," he called out.

FOR the next forty seconds the silence of the statehouse was broken only by Governor Hunniwell's heavy breathing. Then, after a cautious glance at the door, he tiptoed to the telephone and grabbed it clumsily.

"Hello, operator," he whispered huskily, "Give me Pete, on the front door. Hurry now, I've just been— Hello, Pete? This is the governor. A man just held me up. Yes! Just left my office. Has he gone through yet? No one? Good. Stop him at all costs. Stop everybody. Did he get much? I'll say he did."

The governor's voice trailed off. Twenty-five thousand dollars. Pete and Kane shooting it out on the front steps of the statehouse. Headlines in the papers. And the opposition papers. . . . Try to explain how he could be robbed of twenty-five thousand dollars, with the election just two weeks away.

Pete's voice came calling anxiously from the receiver. Hunniwell answered him. "Never mind, Pete. I guess he slipped out the side entrance. No, don't try to stop him. I'll explain later. Just forget—"

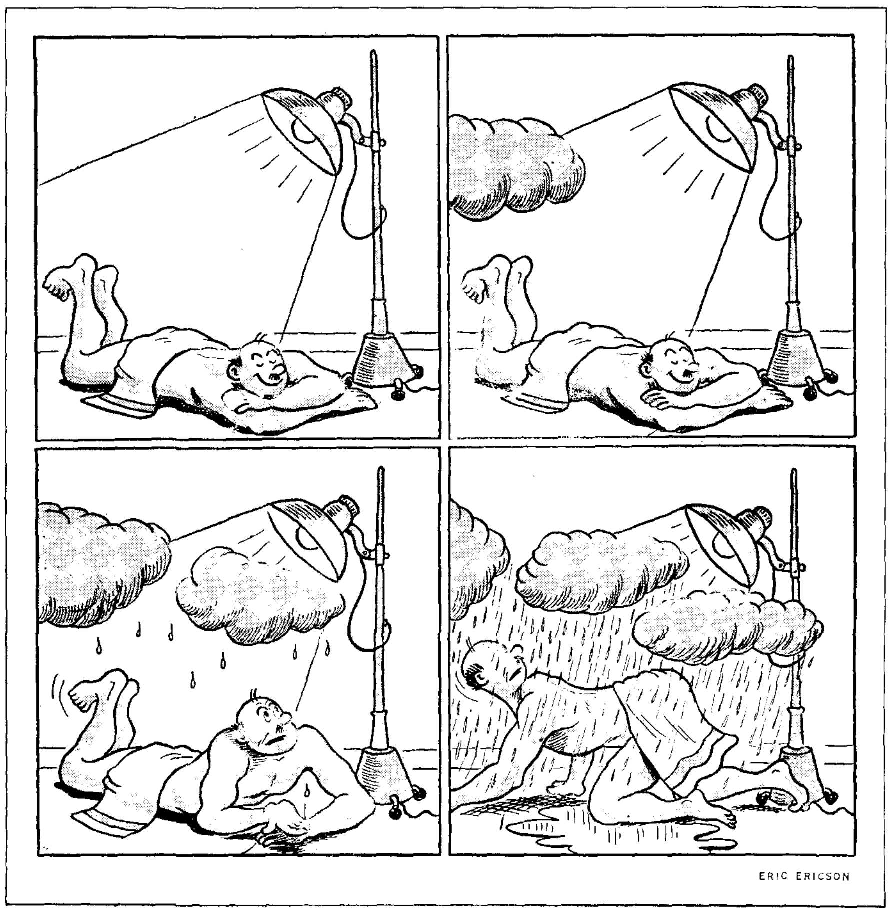
The door was opening. Governor Hunniwell slowly put the telephone in its cradle. Joe Kane was standing on the threshold with an apologetic smile.

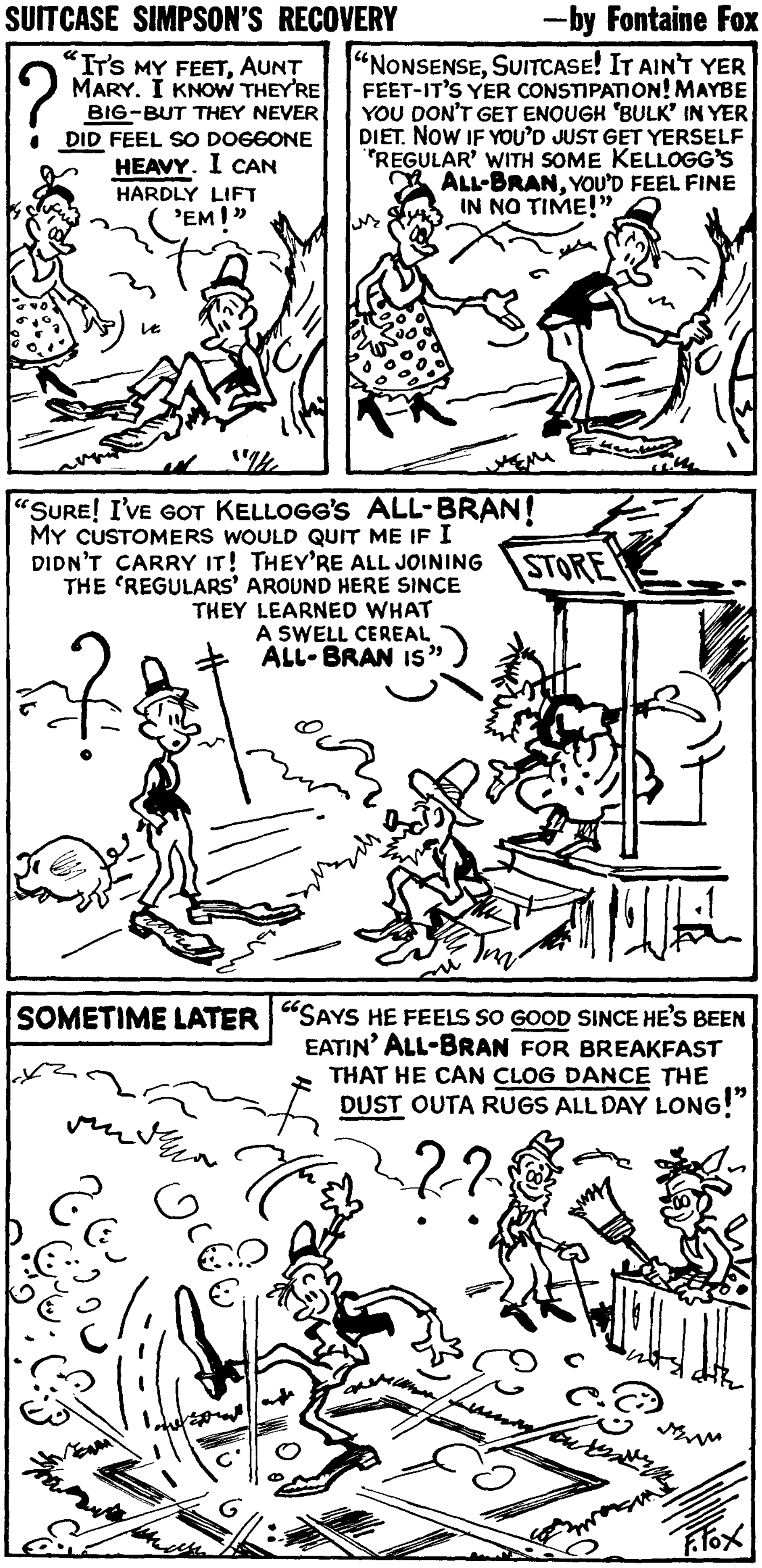
"Sorry to bother you again," Joe said. "I forgot something."

He shuffled over to the desk, found what he wanted and started to leave.

"You . . . you . . . what did you take this time?" gibbered the governor.

"My pardon," Joe said, and closed the door behind him.


ERIC ERICSON


SUITCASE SIMPSON'S RECOVERY —by Fontaine Fox
"IT'S MY FEET, AUNT MARY. I KNOW THEY'RE BIG—BUT THEY NEVER DID FEEL SO DOGGONE HEAVY. I CAN HARDLY LIFT 'EM!"
"NONSENSE, SUITCASE! IT AIN'T YER FEET—IT'S YER CONSTIPATION! MAYBE YOU DON'T GET ENOUGH 'BULK' IN YER DIET. NOW IF YOU'D JUST GET YERSELF 'REGULAR' WITH SOME KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, YOU'D FEEL FINE IN NO TIME!"
"SURE! I'VE GOT KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN! MY CUSTOMERS WOULD QUIT ME IF I DIDN'T CARRY IT! THEY'RE ALL JOINING THE 'REGULARS' AROUND HERE SINCE THEY LEARNED WHAT A SWELL CEREAL ALL-BRAN IS"
STORE
SOMETIME LATER
"SAYS HE FEELS SO GOOD SINCE HE'S BEEN EATIN' ALL-BRAN FOR BREAKFAST THAT HE CAN CLOG DANCE THE DUST OUTA RUGS ALL DAY LONG!"
F. FOX

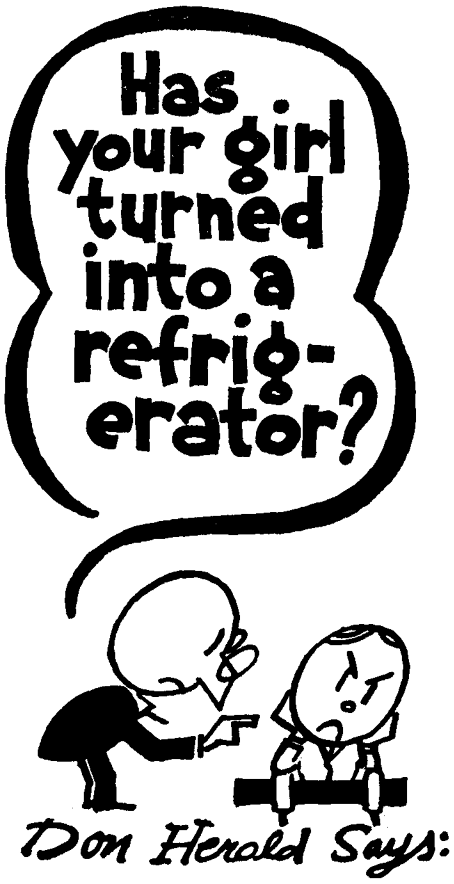
Here's the story in a nutshell, folks!

IS there a better way to correct constipation than just bearing it first and trying to cure it later? There is, if it's the common kind due to lack of "bulk" in the diet. Get at the cause and prevent the trouble, with that crisp, crunchy, bulk-rich cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and see if the world isn't brighter!

Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN


Has your girl turned into a refrigerator?
Don Herald Says:

If her air is Arctic, try Mum

There are a number of reasons why a girl will give a feller the freeze.

Maybe he's just the wrong feller.

But a lot of *right* fellers get the icy adieu because they neglect one thing.

You can't expect a girl to be anything but Arctic if you come 'round with the aura of a Polar Bear.

You may bathe like clockwork and fairly scrub the hide off, but baths take care only of the past—not of very much of the future. You may start to wig-wag perspiration signals about as soon as your bath is over. You can't ask a girl to take *that.*

There is one dead-sure insurance against this danger to an otherwise beautiful friendship. Use Mum. Thousands of real men now apply dabs under each arm after every bath, and again before evenings out. (Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.) Mum is a pleasant cream (harmless to skin and clothing) which kills perspiration odor for hours without stopping perspiration itself.

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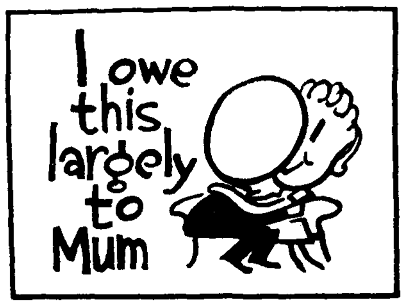
MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION


I owe this largely to Mum

The Drums of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 18

reached the canal in which I had passed the dictator, but the light of a quarter moon painted Venice with silver. I traveled now in one of those sinister-looking black boats to which my attention had been drawn earlier.

"There is the balcony," I said, "directly over us."

Colonel Correnti looked up and then stared at me quite blankly.

"I find it very difficult to believe, Mr. Kerrigan," he said. "Do not misunderstand me—I am not doubting your word. I am only doubting if you have selected the right balcony."

"There is no doubt about it," I said irritably.

"Then the matter is certainly very strange."

HE GLANCED at the two plainclothes police officers who accompanied us; I had met them before; one, Stocco, spoke good English.

"Why?"

"Because this is the back of the old Palazzo Mori; it is the property of the Mori family, but, as you see, it is in a state of great dilapidation. It has not been occupied, I assure you, for many, many years. I know for a fact that it is unfurnished."

"This does not interest me," I replied, now getting angry. "What I have stated is fact. Great issues are at stake, and I suggest that we obtain a key and search this place."

He turned with a despairing gesture to his subordinates.

"Where are the keys of the Palazzo Mori?"

There was a consultation, in which the man who drove the motor launch took part.

"The Mori family, alas, is ruined," said Correnti, "and its remaining members are spread all over the world. I do not know where. The keys of the palazzo are with the lawyer Borgese, and it would be difficult, I fear, to find him tonight."

"Also a waste of time," I replied. "Even from here one can see that the latchet of the window is broken. Here is our way in. Why do we hesitate?"

The chief of police seemed to have doubts, but recognizing, I suppose, what a terrible responsibility rested upon his shoulders, finally, although reluctantly, he consented.

The police boat was drawn up beside the steps, and I, first in my eagerness, clambered onto the roof of the cabin, and from there sprang to the decaying stonework of the balustrade and climbed to the top. Balancing somewhat hazardously and reaching up, I found that I could just grasp the ornamental ironwork that I had pointed out.

"Give me a lift," I directed Stocco, who had followed me.

He did so. The boat rocked, but he succeeded in lifting me high enough to enable me to release my left hand and to grasp the upper railing. The rest was easy.

Colonel Correnti, as Stocco in turn was hoisted up beside me, cried out some order.

"We are to go," said the detective, "down to the main door, open it if possible, and admit the chief."

I put my shoulder to the broken lattice, and it burst open immediately. Out of silvery moonlight I stepped into complete darkness. My companion produced a flashlight.

I found myself in a room that at some time had been a bedroom. It was quite denuded of furniture, but here and there remained fragments of moldy tapestry. And on the once-polished floor I detected marks to show where an old-fashioned four-poster bed had rested.

"Let us hope the doors are not locked," said Stocco.

However, this one, at least, was not.

"Upstairs first!" I said eagerly, as we stepped out onto the landing.

Looking over a heavily carved handrail, in the light of the flashlight directed downward I saw the sweep of a marble staircase lost in Gothic gloom. A great shadowy hall lay below, with ghostly pillars amid which our slightest movement echoed eerily. There was a damp, musty smell in the place which I found unpleasantly tomblike. But we paused here for scarcely a moment. We went hurrying upstairs, our footsteps rattling uncannily upon marble steps. Here for a moment we hesitated on a higher landing, flashing the light about.

"This is the room," I said, and indicated a closed door.

Stocco tried the handle—the door opened. Right ahead of me across the room beyond I saw a half-opened lattice. A moment later I was on the balcony from which the mysterious woman had dropped a rose to Rudolf Adlon.

"This is where she stood!"

"Shine the light down here," I ordered.

On the heavy dust of a parquet floor were slight but unmistakable marks of high-heeled shoes!

"God's mercy, you were right!" Stocco exclaimed.

Yes, I was right. This house was a tomb. Rudolf Adlon had made an appointment with a creature of another world, a *zombi,* a human corpse brought to life! And here indeed was a fitting abode for such a creature!

No doubt the place was partly responsible, but as I stood there staring at my companion, and remembered how Nayland Smith had been smuggled out of life by the master magician called Dr. Fu Manchu, I was prepared to believe that a dead woman moved amongst the living.

WE ADMITTED the chief of police by the main door. It was heavily bolted but not locked. He was at least as nonplused as I when the marks of little heels were pointed out to him in the room above.

"This," he said, "is supernatural."

Although disposed to agree with him, I was determined to leave no stone unturned in my efforts to solve the mystery. Discounting her sorcerous origin for the moment, and therefore her magical powers, how had Dr. Fu Manchu's accomplice got into this place, and how had she got out?

"Merely supernormal, perhaps," I suggested. "Everything has an explanation, after all." I was trying desperately to restore my own self-confidence. "You know the history of these old buildings better than I do. Have you any explanation to offer of how a person could enter and leave the Palazzo Mori as undoubtedly someone entered and left it tonight?"

"I have no explanation to offer, Mr. Kerrigan," said Colonel Correnti. His expression was almost pathetic. "None whatever."

The second detective began to speak urgently and rapidly, and as a result:

"The officer tells me," the colonel continued, "that at one time, but very very long ago, there was an entrance to this old palace from the other side of the canal—I mean the Rio Mori, from which we entered."

"I don't think I follow you."

"A passage—they were not uncommon in old days—under the Rio Mori, which, of course, is quite shallow. It seems that the boathouse of the family was on the opposite bank in those days, and for the convenience of the gondoliers this passage was made. It has been blocked up for at least a century."

"That hardly seems to help us!"

"No, not at all. I think I know the place—an old stone shed." He spoke rapidly to his subordinate, who replied with equal rapidity. "It was used, I am told, as a store by a house decorator for a time but is now empty again. No, this is useless. We must seek elsewhere for the solution of our mystery."

Of our search of the old palace it is unnecessary that I give any account. It yielded nothing.

We returned to police headquarters. There was no news.

I think during the next hour I must have plumbed the uttermost deeps of despair. I wandered about the gay streets of Venice like a ghost at a banquet, staring at lighted windows, into the faces of the passers-by, until I began to feel that I was attracting public attention. I returned to the hotel, went to my room and sat down on that settee where Ardatha had bewitched me with kisses.

How I cursed every moment of that stolen happiness! No contempt I had ever known for a fellow being could approach that which I had for myself. I conjured up a picture of Nayland Smith; almost in my state of distraction I seemed to hear his voice. He was trying to tell me something, trying to direct me, to awaken in my dull brain some spark of enlightenment.

Had our cases been reversed, what would *he* have done?

This idea seemed to give me a new coolness. Yes! what would he have done? I sat there, head buried in my hands, striving to think calmly.

That the dark woman had entered and left that ruined palace was a fact. Whoever or whatever she might be, of her presence there we had unassailable evidence. Our search had revealed no explanation of the mystery. But there were doors we had failed to open—

This would not have been Nayland Smith's way!

He would never have been satisfied to leave the Palazzo Mori until those lower rooms had been examined. Nor would he have been content with the assertion of the chief of police that the ancient passage under the canal was blocked. . . .

I sprang up.

This was the line of inquiry Smith would have followed! I was sure of it. This should be my objective. A disheveled figure (I had not been completely undressed for thirty-six hours), once more I set out.

THE ancient house of the gondoliers was easy to locate. It was solidly built of stone, with three windows on the land side and a heavy, padlocked door at the end. The narrow lane by which one approached it was dark and deserted. I had brought an electric torch, and I shot a beam through one of the broken windows. It showed a quantity of litter: fragments of wallpaper, mortar boards and numerous empty paint cans. I inspected the padlock.

This bore evidence of use: it had recently been oiled!

But it was fast.

Greatly excited, I returned to the broken window and looked in again. The litter had not been disturbed, I could have sworn, for a considerable time—yet the door had recently been used.

My excitement grew. A great task

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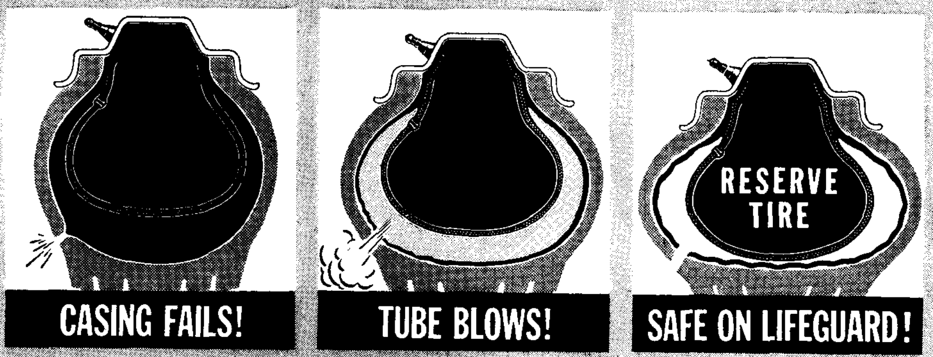

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lay to my hand. I determined to do it well.

I studied the padlock. I had no means of picking it, nor indeed any knowledge of that art. To crash a pane in one of the windows would have been useless; for they were of a kind not made to open, and the panes were too narrow to allow of entrance had the glass been entirely removed. I walked around to the other side. Here was evidence of a landing stage long demolished. There were three windows and a walled-up door. Inspection was carried out from a narrow ledge that overhung the canal.

Baffled again, I was about to return—when I heard footsteps coming down the lane!

I stayed where I was. Directly opposite, the narrow canal glittering between, rose a wall of the deserted Palazzo Mori. I could see that stone balustrade up which I had scrambled, the iron balcony to which I had clung. Nearer and nearer the footsteps approached, and now I heard a woman's voice:

"Wait, just a moment! . . . I have the key."

It was a soothing, a caressing voice, and I longed for a glimpse of the speaker, but dared not move.

I heard the rattling of the padlock, opening of the door.

"Please, wait! Not yet! We may be seen!"

Light suddenly illuminated the interior of the building. I crouched low, my heart beating fast, and cautiously, from one corner of a window, peered in.

What I saw made my heart beat faster yet. It strengthened my resolution to do what Nayland Smith would have done. . . .

Rudolf Adlon, wearing a half-mask, and a cloak over his evening dress, stood, hands clasped behind him, watching a woman who knelt in a corner of the floor!

His eyes were ardent; he tore the mask off—and I saw a man enslaved. The woman wore a loose fur wrap; her arms resembled dull ivory. She was slender, almost serpentine; jet-black hair lay closely to her shapely head. And as I looked, and recognized her, she stood upright.

A trap had been opened; a section of floor had been lifted. She turned—and for the first time I saw her eyes. . . .

Her eyes—long, narrow, dark-lashed eyes—were emerald green! I had thought that there were no eyes in the world like these, except the eyes of Dr. Fu Manchu.

She made a gesture of triumph. She smiled as perhaps long ago Calypso smiled.

"Be patient! This is the only way—Come!"

The words reached me clearly through the broken window. Pulling her wrap over her bare shoulders, she beckoned and began to descend steps below the trap: I saw that she carried a flashlight.

Rudolf Adlon obeyed. The light below shone up into his dark, eager face as he stooped to follow.

And then came darkness.

RUDOLF ADLON, dictator of a great European nation, was going to his death!

I thought rapidly, trying to envisage the situation from what I believed would have been Nayland Smith's point of view.

Probably I could reach police headquarters in ten minutes. A call box was of no avail, owing to my ignorance of the language. So that this meant ten minutes wasted. Before the police arrived, Adlon might have disappeared, as Nayland Smith had disappeared. That the passage led to the Palazzo Mori I had good reason to suppose. But unless it had been planned to assassinate the chancellor in that deserted building and hide his body, where were they going?

My experience of the methods of the Si-Fan inclined me to believe that Adlon would be given a final opportunity to accept the council's orders. My decision was soon made. I would follow; and when I had found out where the woman was leading the dictator, return and bring a party large enough to surround the place.

The door I knew to be unfastened. I groped my way to where a dim oblong of light indicated the position of the trap. I saw stone steps. I descended cautiously. The place in which I found myself was an ancient stone passage, slimy and repellent. A vague moving light at the farther end was that of the flashlight carried by the woman.

Fixing my eyes on that guiding light, I proceeded. The light disappeared, but I discovered ascending steps. A spear in the darkness led me up to a door ajar. I heard a voice, and recognized it. It was the voice of Adlon.

"Where are you leading me, Mona Lisa?"

In the exquisite face of this ghoul who hunted human souls for Dr. Fu Manchu he had discovered a resemblance to that famous painting. The resemblance was not perceptible to me. . . .

The light faded out entirely, but a hollow ringing of footsteps assured me that I had farther to go. One of those doors that the police party had found closed was open! (The ancient lock had been wedged. It was fitted with a new, hidden lock.) And beyond that door Rudolf Adlon went to destruction.

Down five steps I groped, and knew that I was below water level again.

Far along a tunnel similar to that which led under the Rio Mori, I saw the two figures. The man's arm was around the woman, his head was close to hers.

One fact of importance I noted: this damp and noisome burrow ran parallel to the Grand Canal. I must be a long way from my starting point.

And now it had grown so black that I had no alternative but to use my torch. I used it cautiously, shining its ray directly before my feet. The floor was clammily repulsive, but I proceeded until I reached the steps. I switched off the torch.

A streak of light told me that a door had been left ajar at the top.

Gently I pushed it open—and found myself in an empty wine cellar. One unshaded electric light swung from the vaulted roof. An open stone stair of four steps led up to an arch.

I questioned the wisdom of further advance. But I fear the spirit of Nayland Smith deserted me, that hereditary madness ruled my next move; for I crept up, found a massive, nail-studded door open, and peered out into a carpeted passage!

Emerging from that subterranean chill, the change of atmosphere was remarkable. Rudolf Adlon's voice reached me: he spoke happily, passionately. Then, the speaker's tone rose to a high note—a cry . . . and ceased abruptly!

They had him—it was all over! Inspired by a furious indignation, I stole forward and peered around the edge of a half-opened door into a room beyond. It was a small room having parquet flooring of a peculiar pattern: a plain border of black wood some three feet wide, the center designed to represent a lotus in bloom. Its walls were paneled, and the place appeared to be empty until, venturing unwisely to protrude my head, I saw, watching me with a cold smile, the woman of death!

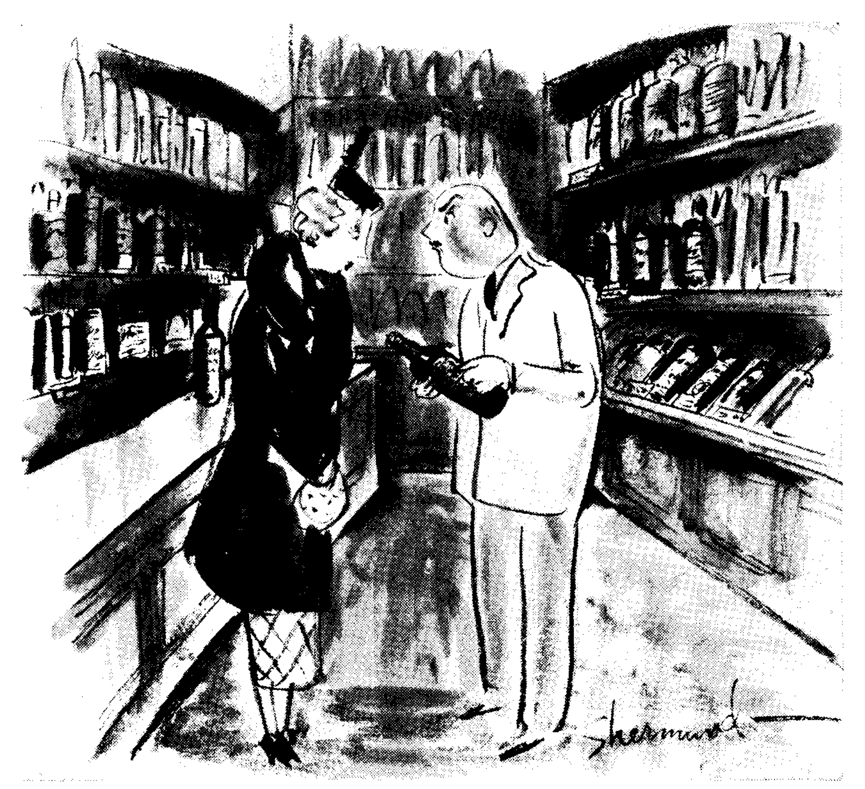
I SUPPOSE she was exceptionally beautiful, this creature who, according to Nayland Smith, should long since have been dust; but the aura surrounding her, my knowledge, now definite, of her murderous work, combined to make her a thing of horror.

She had discarded her wrap; it was draped over her arm. I saw a slenderly perfect figure, small delicately chiseled features. Hers was a beauty so imperious that it awakened a memory that presently came fully to life. She might have posed for that portrait of Queen Nefertiti found in the tomb of Tutankhamen. An Arab necklace of crudely stamped gold heightened the resemblance. I was to learn later of others who had detected this.

But it was her eyes, fixed immovably upon me, that awakened ancient superstitions. The strange word *zombi* throbbed in my brain; for those eyes, green as emeralds, were long and narrow, their gaze was hard to sustain . . . and they were like the eyes of Dr. Fu Manchu!

"Well"—she spoke calmly—"who are you, and why have you followed me?"

Conscious of my disheveled condition,



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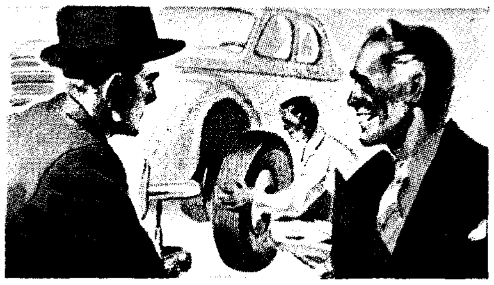

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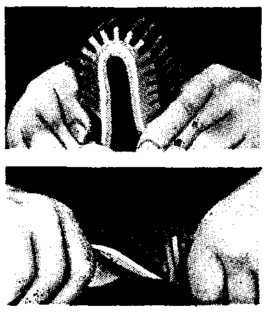

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of the fact that I had no backing, I hesitated.

"I followed you," I said at last, "because you had someone with you."

"You are wrong; I am alone."

I watched her, this suave, evil beauty. And for the first time I became aware of a heavy perfume resembling that of hawthorn.

"Where has he gone?"

"To whom do you refer?"

"To Rudolf Adlon."

She laughed. I saw her teeth gleam and thought of a vampire. It was the laugh I had heard down there in the cellars, deep, taunting.

"You dream, my friend—whoever you are—you dream."

"You know quite well who I am."

"Oh!" She raised delicate eyebrows mockingly. "You are famous then?"

What should I do? My instinct was to turn and run for it. Something told me that if I did so I should be trapped.

"If you were advised by me you would go back. You trespass in someone's house—I do not advise you to be found here."

"You advise me to go back?"

"Yes. It is kind of me."

The room was no more than twelve feet long. I could be upon her in three bounds. Better still—why had I forgotten it? I suppose, because she was a woman. . . .

In a flash I had her covered with my automatic.

She did not stir. There was something uncanny in her coolness, something that again reminded me of the dreadful Dr. Fu Manchu. Her lips, alone, quivered in that slight, contemptuous smile.

"Don't move your hands!" I said, and the urgency of my case put real menace into the words. "I know this is a desperate game—you know it, too. Step forward. I will return as you suggest, but you will go ahead of me."

"And suppose I refuse to step forward?"

"I shall come and fetch you!"

Still there was no sound, save that of our low-pitched voices; nothing to indicate the presence of another human being.

"You would be mad to attempt such a thing. My advice was sincere. You dare not shoot me unless also you propose to commit suicide, and I warn you that one step in my direction will mean your death."

I watched her intently—although, now, an attack from the rear was what I feared, having good reason to remember the efficiency of Fu Manchu's Thugs. Perhaps one of them was creeping up behind me. Yet I dared not glance aside.

"Go back! I shall not warn you again."

Whereupon, realizing that now or never I must force the issue, I leaped forward. . . . That heavy odor of hawthorn became suddenly acute—overpowering—and, stifling a scream, I knew, too late, what had happened.

The woman stood upon the black border, where I, too, had been standing. The whole of the center of the floor was simply an inverted "star trap."

It opened silently as I stepped upon it, and I fell from life into a sickly void of hawthorn blossom and oblivion. . . .

"GLAD to see that you are feeling yourself again, Kerrigan."

I stared about me in stupefaction. This of course was a grotesque dream induced by the drug that had made me unconscious—the drug that smelled like hawthorn blossom. For (a curious fact that even at this moment I appreciated) my memories were sharp cut, up to the very instant of my fall through that trap in the lotus floor. I knew that I had dropped into some place impregnated with poison gas of an unfamiliar kind. Now came this singularly vivid dream. . . .

A dungeon with a low, arched roof: the only light was that which came through a barred window in one of the stone walls; and in this place I sat upon a massive chair attached to the paved floor. My hands and arms were free, but my ankles were chained to the front legs of the chair by means of gyves evidently of great age, and also of great strength. On my left was a squat pillar some four feet in diameter, and in the shadows behind it I discerned a number of strange and terrifying implements: braziers, tongs and other equipment of a torture chamber.

Almost directly facing me and close beside the barred window, attached to a similar chair, sat Nayland Smith!

There came a low moaning sound, which rose and fell—rose and fell—and faded away. . . .

"I know you think you are dreaming, Kerrigan!" Smith's voice had lost none of its snap. "I thought so myself, until I found it impossible to wake up. But I assure you we are both here, and both awake."

Tentatively, I tried to move the chair; stooping, I touched the iron bands about my ankles; then I stared wanly across at my fellow captive. . . . I knew I was awake.

"Thank God you're alive, Smith!"

"Alive, as you say, but not, I fear, for long!"

He laughed. It was not a mirthful laugh. The sound of our voices in that horrible musty place was muted, toneless, as the voices of those who speak in a crypt.

"I left in rather a hurry, Kerrigan; I forgot my pipe. It's been damnable here, waiting for . . . whatever he intends to do to me. You will find that the chains are long enough to enable you to reach that recess on your right, where very courteously the designer of this apartment has placed certain toilet facilities for the use of one confined here during any considerable time. I am similarly equipped. A Thug of hideous aspect, whom I recognize as an old servant of Dr. Fu Manchu, has waited upon me excellently."

He indicated the remains of a meal on a ledge in the niche beside him.

"Knowing the doctor's penchant for experiments in toxicology, frankly, my appetite has not been good."

I stood up and moved cautiously forward, dragging the chains behind me.

"No, no!" Smith smiled grimly. "It is well thought out, Kerrigan. We cannot get within six feet of each other."

I stood there, at the full length of my tether, watching him where he sat.

"What I was about to ask is: do you happen to have any cigarettes?"

I clapped a hand to my pocket. My automatic, my clasp knife, these were gone—but not my cigarettes!

"Yes, the case is full."

"Do you mind tossing one across to me? I have a lighter."

I DID as he suggested, and he lighted a cigarette. Returning to the immovable chair, I followed his example; and as I drew the smoke between my lips I asked myself the question: Am I sane? Is it a fact that I and Nayland Smith are confined in a cell belonging to the Middle Ages?

That gruesome moaning arose again—and died away.

"What is it, Smith?"

"I don't know. I have been wondering for some time."

"You don't think it's some wretched—"

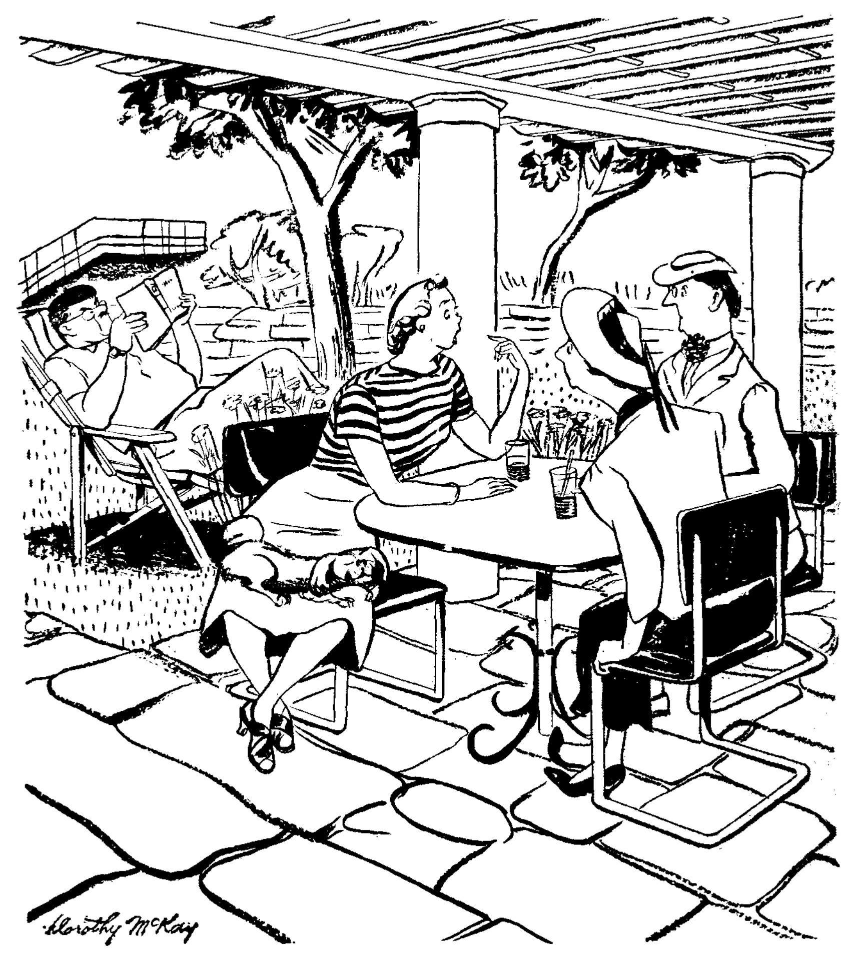
"It isn't a human sound, Kerrigan. It seems to be growing louder. . . . However—how did you fall into this?"

I told him—and I was perfectly frank. I told him of Ardatha's visit, of the sounds I had heard out on the canal side, of all that had followed right to the time I had fallen into the trap prepared for me.

"There would seem to be a point, Kerrigan, where courage becomes folly."

"What of yourself, Smith? I have yet to learn how *you* come to be here."

"Oddly enough, our stories are not



"My husband and I were divorced, but he came back to live on the settlement he made me" DOROTHY MC KAY

"JIM, YOU ALWAYS HAVE GOOD LUCK IN BUYING USED CARS. WHAT'S YOUR SECRET?"
"NO SECRET, TOM. I JUST STICK TO CARS BUILT BY HUDSON!"

"FOR 3 years Hudson has been making cars with many features the other boys are just claiming as 'new' in 1939. Take my car. I have as wide windshield vision as anybody. Three can ride in front with room to spare, and there's a whopper of a luggage compartment with spare tire inside. I had Hudson's 1939 Handy Shift installed at the steering wheel . . . although many Hudson models already have gear shifting at the wheel."

"All that in a USED car, eh?"

"Absolutely! And real *safety*, too. Hudson has always built the safest cars on the road. And it's the only car with Patented Double-Safe Hydraulics—finest Bendix Hydraulics with a mechanical emergency brake working automatically from the *same* foot pedal. There's an easy acting hand brake for parking, too. And for *extra* safety, I had Hudson's new Auto-Poise Control installed for a few dollars. Helps keep wheels straight, even when a tire blows. No other car has anything like it."

"That's important to me. I drive a lot in my business, you know."

"Well, you can't beat these cars for long life and low upkeep. The Hudson people put real quality where it counts, Tom. In gears and cylinder blocks . . . clutches and oiling systems. You get more *unused miles* . . . and more pleasure and safety every mile . . . in used cars built by Hudson!"

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dissimilar. As you know, I did not turn in when you left me, but I put out the lights and stared from the window. The room was not ideal in view of the peril in which I knew myself to be. But I noted with gratitude a moored gondola in which a stout policeman was seated, apparently watching my window. It occurred to me that the sitting-room windows were equally accessible, and quietly, for I assumed you had gone to bed, I went in to look.

"I found that one was wide open and as I moved across to close it I heard voices in your room. My first instinct was to dash in, but I waited for a moment because I detected a woman's voice. Then I realized what had happened. *Ardatha had paid you a secret visit!*

"Knowing your sentiments about this girl, I was by no means easy in my mind. However, I determined not to disturb you or to bring you into the matter in any way. But here was a chance not to be missed.

"Dropping out of the sitting-room window (which the man in the gondola could not see) I tripped and fell. The sound of my fall must have attracted your attention. I discovered a half-gate that shut me off from the courtyard directly below your room. I tried it very gently. It was not locked. Knowing that Ardatha must have approached from the other end, I crept past your window and concealed myself in a patch of shadow near the small bridge that crosses the canal at that point.

"When Ardatha came out (I recognized her from your description) I followed; and my experiences from this point are uncommonly like your own. She entered the old stone storehouse facing the Palazzo Mori; and I, too, performed that clammy journey through the tunnels. I lost her at the top of the steps leading out of the wine cellar. But having learned all I hoped to learn, I was about to return when something prompted me to look into the room with the lotus floor."

He paused.

"NOW, I want to make it quite clear, Kerrigan: I have no evidence to show that Ardatha suspected she was being followed. The presence of the woman whom I found in that room may have been accidental, but as I looked in I saw her. . . ."

"You saw whom?"

"The *zombi!* My theories regarding her identity were confirmed. I had been right. Failing the presence of Dr. Fu Manchu in the case, she could only be a spirit, a creature of another world. For, myself, I had seen her consigned to a horrible death. But woman or spirit, I knew now that she had to be silenced. I sprang forward to seize her—"

"I know!" I groaned.

"At that moment, Kerrigan, my usefulness to the world ended."

He stared down at his cigarette.

"You say you recognized her. Who is she?"

"She is Dr. Fu Manchu's daughter."

"What!"

"Unchanged from the first moment I set eyes upon her. She is a living miracle, a corpse moving amongst the living. But—here we are! And frankly, I confess here we deserve to be!"

He paused for a moment as if listening. But I could detect no sound save a faint drip-drip of water.

"Of course you realize, Smith," I said in a dull voice, "that Rudolf Adlon is in the hands of Dr. Fu Manchu?"

"I realize it fully. I may add that I doubt if he is alive."

A rattling of keys came, and the heavy door swung open. At the same moment a light set somewhere behind that squat pillar sprang up.

Dr. Fu Manchu came in. . . .

He wore a plain yellow robe having long sleeves, and upon his feet I saw thick-soled slippers. His phenomenal skull was hidden by a mandarin's cap, perhaps that which I had found in a hut on the Essex marshes. Seated on his left shoulder was a tiny, wizened marmoset. I thought that it peered at me inquisitively.

FU MANCHU crossed nearly to the center of the cell—he had a queer, catlike gait. There, standing midway between us, he looked long and searchingly, first at Nayland Smith and then at me. I tried to sustain the gaze of his half-closed eyes. I was mortified when *I found that I could not do it.*

"So you have decided to join me, Sir Denis?" He spoke softly and, raising one hand, caressed the marmoset. "At last the Si-Fan is to enjoy the benefit of your great ability."

Nayland Smith said nothing. He watched and listened.

"Later, I shall make arrangements for your transport to my temporary headquarters. I shall employ you to save civilization from the madmen who seek to ruin it."

The meaning of these strange words was not entirely clear to me, but I noted, and drew my own conclusions, that Dr. Fu Manchu seemed to have forgotten my presence.

"Tonight, a man who threatens the peace of the world will make a far-reaching decision. To me, his life or death are matters of no importance, but I am determined that there shall be peace; the assumption of the West that older races can benefit by your ridiculous culture must be corrected. Your culture!"

His voice sank contemptuously on a guttural note.

"What has it done? What have your airplanes—those toys of a childish people—accomplished? Beyond bringing every man's home into the firing line—nothing! Napoleon had no bombers, no high explosives, nor any other of your modern boons. He conquered a great part of Europe without them. Poor infants, who transfer your prayers from angels to airplanes!"

He ceased for a moment and the silence was broken by shrill chattering from the marmoset. With a tiny hand it patted the cheek of its master.

Dr. Fu Manchu glanced aside at the wizened little creature:

"You have met my marmoset before, Sir Denis, and I think I have mentioned that he is of great age. I shall not tell you his age, since you might be tempted to doubt my word, which I could not tolerate." There was mockery in his voice. "My earliest experiments in arresting senility were carried out on my faithful Peko. As you see, they were successful."

He removed the marmoset from his shoulder and couched it in a yellow fold covering his left arm. Nayland Smith's *face remained completely expressionless.* I counted the paces between the chair in which I sat and the spot upon which Dr. Fu Manchu stood.

He was just beyond my reach.

"You have genius, Sir Denis, but it is marred by a streak of that bulldog breed of which the British are so proud. In striving to bolster up the ridiculous pretensions of those who misdirect the West, you have inevitably found yourself opposed to me. Consider what it is that you would preserve; what contentment it has brought in its train. Look around at the happy homes of Europe and America, the laborers singing in your vineyards, the peace and prosperity your 'progress' has showered on mankind."

HIS voice rose. I detected a note of repressed but feverish excitement.

"But no matter. There will be ample time, in future, to direct your philosophy into more suitable channels. I will gratify your natural curiosity regarding my presence in the world, which continues even after my unpleasant experience at Niagara Falls. . . ."

Nayland Smith's hands closed tightly.

"You recovered the body of that brilliant maniac, Professor Morgenstahl, I understand, and also the wreckage of the motorboat. One of my most devoted servants was driving the boat. He was not killed as you supposed and his body lost: he was temporarily stunned in the struggle with Morgenstahl—whom I overcame, however. He recovered in time to deal with the emergency. He succeeded in running the boat against a rock near the head of a rapid. In this he was aided by a Very light contributed by an airman flying over us. This fellow of mine—a sea Dyak—is a magnificent surf swimmer. Carrying a line he swam from point to point and finally reached the Canadian shore."

Dr. Fu Manchu stroked the marmoset reflectively.

"Unaided by this line, and the strength of my servant, I doubt if I could have crossed to the bank. The crossing seriously exhausted me—and the boat became dislodged no more than a few seconds after I had taken the plunge. . . ."

Nayland Smith neither spoke nor moved. His hands remained clenched, his face expressionless.

"You have observed," Fu Manchu continued, "that my daughter is again acting in my interests. She is unaware, however, of her former identity: Fah lo Suee is dead. I have reincarnated her as Korêani, *an Oriental dancer whose* popularity is useful. This is her punishment. . . ."

The marmoset uttered a whistling sound: it was uncannily derisive.

"Later you will experience this form of amnesia, yourself. The ordeal by fire to which I once submitted Korêani in your presence was salutary; but the furnace contained no fuel. It was one that I had prepared for *you,* Sir Denis. I had designed it as a gateway to your new life in China."

MENTALLY I seemed to remain numb. Some of the Chinese doctor's statements I failed to follow. Others were all too horribly clear.

"I am satisfied to observe," he continued, "that my new anesthetic, a preparation of *Crataegus,* the common hawthorn, serves its purpose so admirably. Anesthesia is immediate and complete: there are no distressing aftersymptoms. I foresee that it will supplant my mimosa mixture, with which, Sir Denis, you have been familiar in the past."

Slowly he extended a gaunt hand in the direction of the torture room:

"Medieval devices designed to stimulate reluctant memories."

He stepped aside and took up a pair of long-handled tongs.

"Forceps used to tear sinews."

He spoke softly, then dropped those *instruments of agony;* the clang of their fall made my soul sick.

"Primitive and clumsy. China has done better. No doubt you recall the Seven Gates? However, these forms of question are no longer necessary. I can learn all that I wish to know by the mere exercise of that neglected implement, the human will. I recently discovered in this way that Ardatha—hitherto a stanch ally—is not to be trusted where Mr. Kerrigan is concerned."

I ceased to breathe as he spoke. . . .

"Accordingly I have taken steps to ensure her noninterference. . . . You are silent, Sir Denis?"

"Why should I speak?" Smith's voice was flatly unemotional. "I allowed myself to fall into a trap that a schoolboy would have distrusted. I have nothing to say."

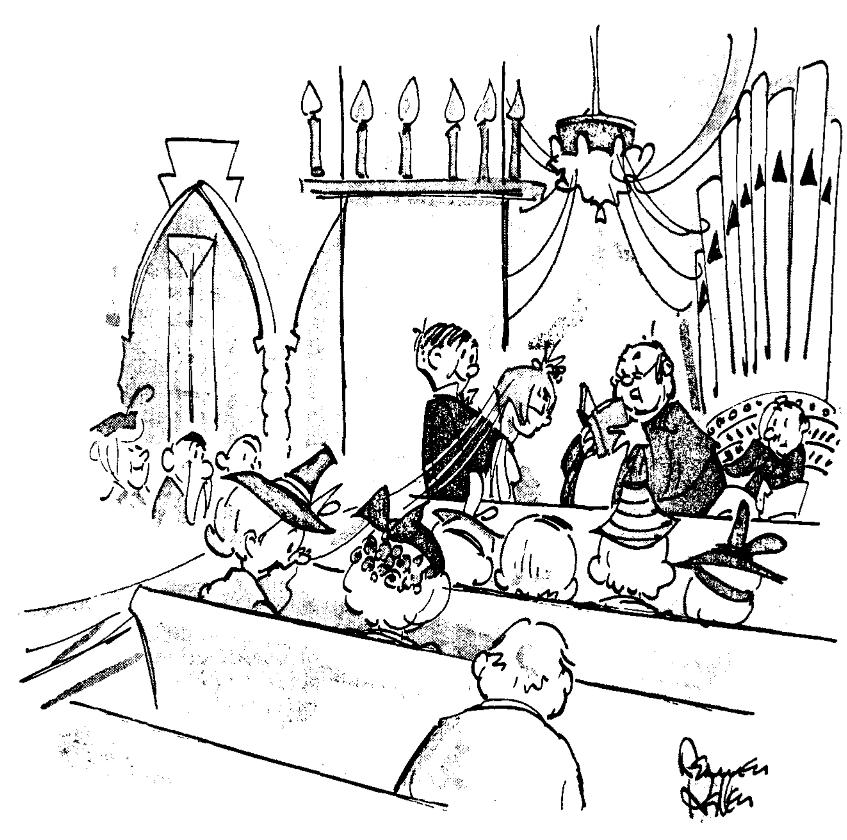
Dr. Fu Manchu turned as if to go.

"I look forward to further conversation in the future, Sir Denis, but now I must leave you. A matter of the gravest urgency demands my attention."

As he moved toward the door, the marmoset sprang from his arm to his shoulder, and turning its tiny head, gibed at us. . . . The light went out. . . . I heard the key turned in the lock—I heard those padding, catlike steps receding in the stone-paved passage.

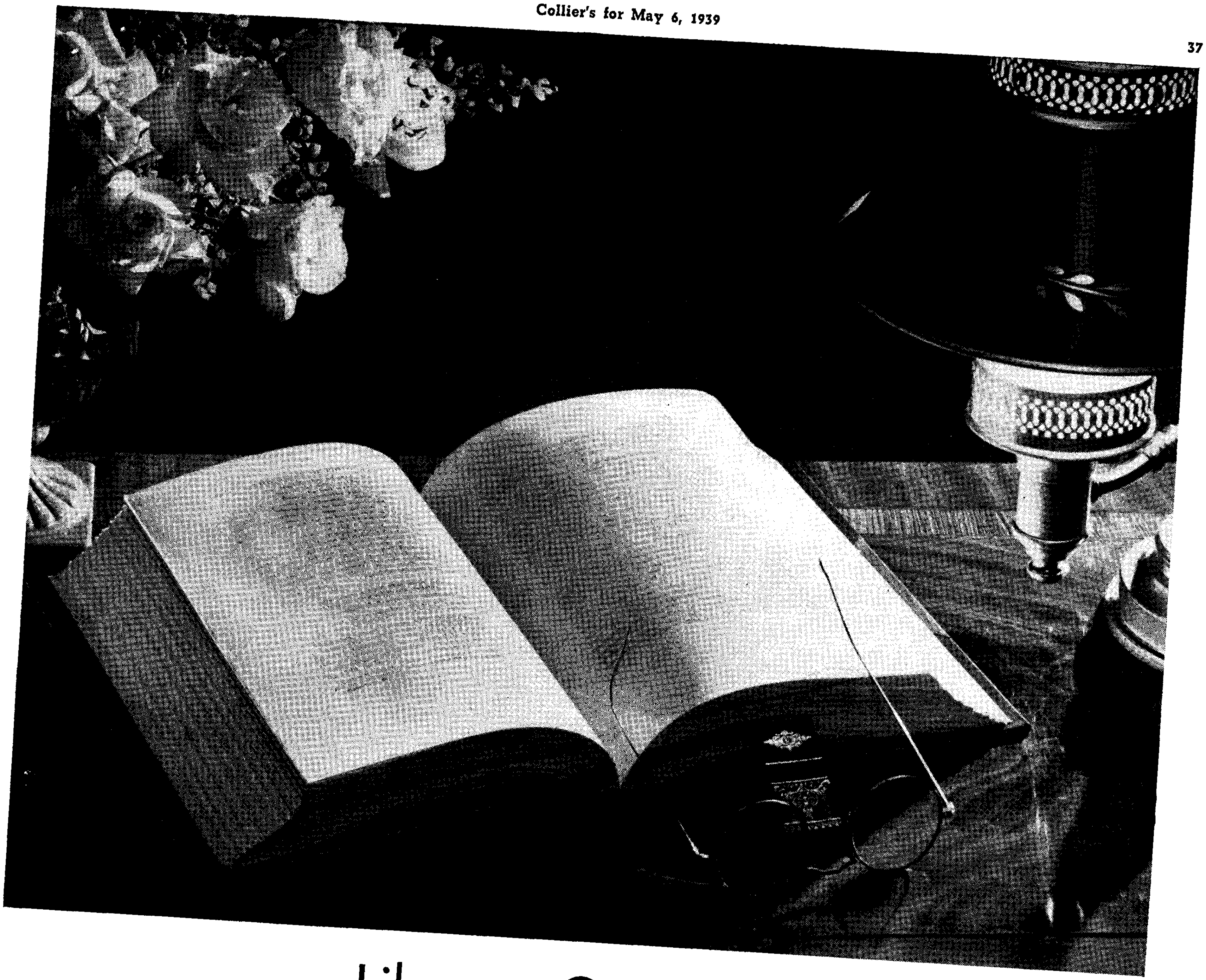
I was drenched in perspiration.

(To be continued next week)



"Mrs. Walsh is cleaning house for spring—she started with her daughter"

REAMER KELLER



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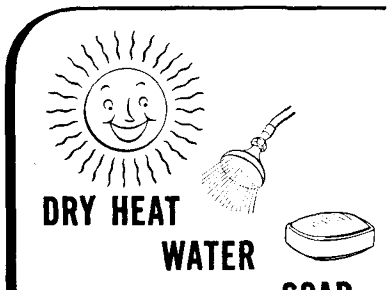

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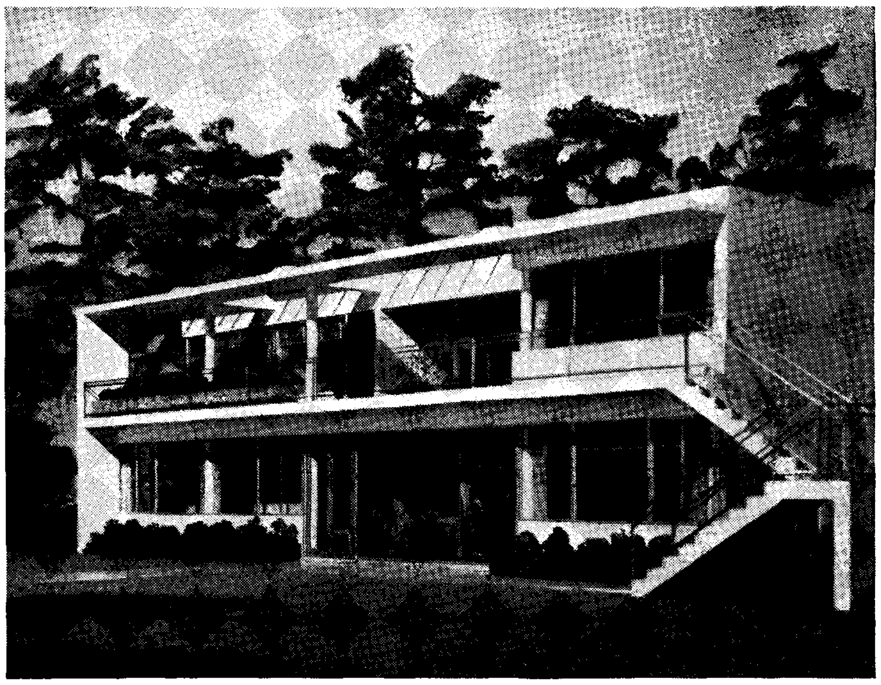


The garden side of the house, two long banks of windows facing southwest. Upstairs, left to right, two bedrooms, lounge with sliding glass doors, master bedroom. Downstairs, living area, conservatory, dining area. Overhanging terrace cuts off glare

House of Glass

Continued from page 17

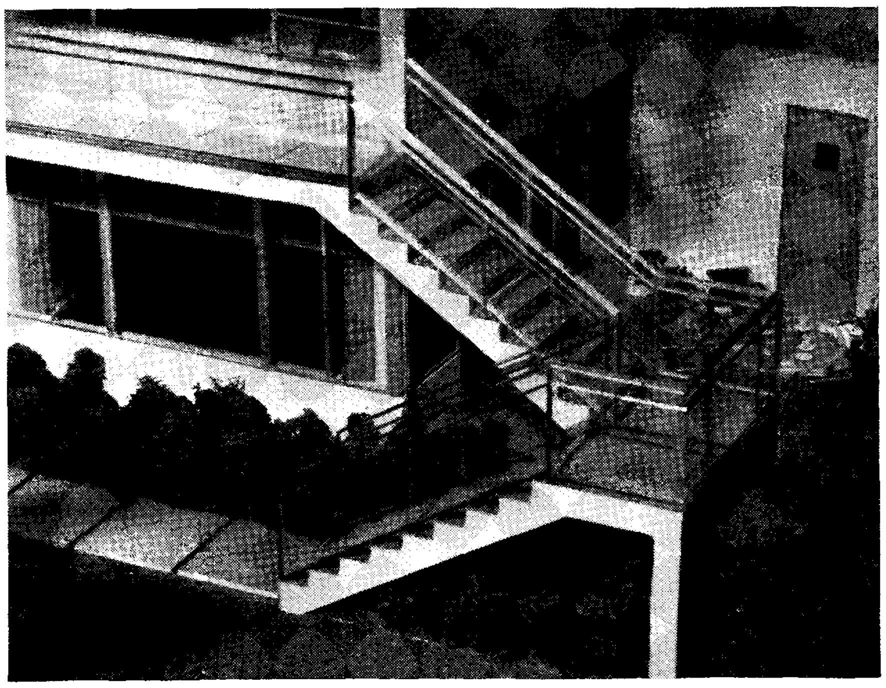
architects know the more you can see the better. So besides the banks of windows upstairs and down, they have provided a terrace across the second floor. And in order that not one inch of your view may be cut off, they have made its parapet of glass. This glass is herculite, tempered to four times the strength of plate glass, able to withstand seven or eight times the impact and to bend four times as far.

Sturdy glass turns up also in kitchen and bathrooms, in the form of sleek walls tiled with colored opaque structural glass, sanitary and easy to clean.

Vast exterior areas of glass turn your practical mind to the problem of heat loss. They've thought of that, too. And the answer is that glass block is a miracle of insulation against temperature change, with its sealed-in dead-air space, seventy-five per cent vacuumized. It is used almost to the exclusion of clear glass along the north side of the house. Clear glass fills the south side, tinted faintest flesh color in the living room to prevent glare. The direct rays of the summer sun are cut off by the overhanging second-floor terrace. In the winter the sun's slanting rays come in and actually help the furnace along.

Upstairs they've played another trick on the sun. There's a roof over part of the terrace, made of a specially processed glass that will absorb heat while it transmits light. So you could sit there getting plenty of light, and less than half the heat the sun is trying to pour down.

They seem to have thought of everything, and of the comfort and pleasures of everyone—except the housekeeper. We'd hate to have her polishing job.



From the second-floor terrace a stairway leads into the garden. Like the terrace, it has a balustrade of herculite glass, which is tempered to a toughness that will take plenty of punishment. It is transparent for beauty, an airy, light effect, and visibility

Derby Winner

Continued from page 21

and most of his food. She was his entire life. He slept next to her, nursed while she patiently munched her 5 A.M. breakfast, nibbled at the cracked oats in his own little feedbox, and ran through the glorious grass of the big pastures with her, playing, kicking, rolling or joining the farm's dozen other foals in a mad sprint across the fields.

Shortly after the first of October, in that first year of his life, they took Blue Field away from his mother. They half carried and half pushed him into a smaller stall at the end of the big stable and closed it off so that he could not see. He whinnied and called and in a childish rage kicked at the strong stall walls. Only a groom, who talked to him and rubbed his nose, came to him. It was a long, sad night for him. But in the morning he wolfed his mixture of crushed oats and bran and began to itch for the wild freedom of the pasture. He saw his mother only once or twice after that, and in a little while he would not have known her if she walked into his stall. Of course he never saw his father.

Blue Field's Kindergarten

He went to work the day after he was weaned, work that will never quite cease until a distant day when—if he is good enough—he will go back to the farm where he was born, to create others like himself.

Work at first was a strange and not unpleasant experience for Blue Field. A man in tweeds, with a quiet voice, and a boy who said nothing at all began coming into his stall in the early mornings, to rub him soothingly around his nose and ears and mouth and head. Sometimes the boy rubbed his back, and though it tickled and frightened him at first, the sensation at last wore off.

Then one day he had a bit in his mouth, strange and cold and hard against his soft skin. The man with the smooth voice had put it in, while gently rubbing him about the head. Blue Field tried to bite it, but it hurt to do that. He tried to shake it out, but it was held firmly in place.

One morning they led him into a little corral, and walked him around and around on a lead halter. He did that for days, tolerantly accepting it as some mad whim of the man with the soft voice. But after a while he knew what was expected of him. He knew that if he strayed out of the path of his circle of footsteps, the silent boy would rub uncomfortably against his ribs and push him back in line. Sometimes he wanted to run, but the man with the quiet voice wouldn't let him, and it made him so itchy with inaction that when at last they turned him loose in the pasture he would stampede the other foals and fight and bite his way up to the front of the pack.

In December of his first year of life there came a shocking experience. He took a train ride from Kentucky to the young owner's big yearling farm in New Jersey. With Blue Field rode half a dozen other hand-picked and well-proportioned youngsters.

Like every other thoroughbred in the country, Blue Field had a birthday on January 1, 1937. It was cold when they led the yearling off the baleful train. He was as spent as if he had run the entire distance, and soon he had colic. Instinctively he told his new handlers about his ache by pawing at the ground and looking back at his stomach. They fed him gently, and popped a big capsule of castor oil into his mouth when he wasn't looking.

When he was well again he began to put on weight. His coat flourished against the New Jersey winter and he began to depend more on what men fed him than on what he nibbled in the pasture. He gained heft and strength. And he went back to work, walking the endless circles, and the other simple chores of his life in Kentucky.

One day he felt a hand on his back as he walked. He shied and kicked. But the hand stayed there. The hand was heavier the next day. And heavier the next few days, and then it wasn't a hand at all. It was a saddle. Even that became bearable after a little while, but when the new quiet man and the new silent boy reached under his belly and tightened the saddle belts Blue Field balked. He pulled and tried to rear, but sharply through his new terror he knew that the more he fought the more the bit hurt him and the tighter the saddle straps pressed against him. Panting and unhappy, he suddenly stopped. The quiet man said soft words in his ear, and he resumed his walking.

There were no more shocks for him for a couple of days, but then one day—as he walked with his saddle—he felt a new and mystifying weight on him. He wheeled around and saw that the boy, who had walked at his side for all those days, now lay stomach-down across the saddle. Blue Field's unshod hoofs sank a little into the soft earth of the paddock, and he felt the play of the muscles in his shoulders and legs and back, answering the weight on his back. He was miserable, but the quiet man kept talking to him and leading him. It happened like that for several days, and he didn't even notice it one morning when the boy shifted himself and quickly sat upright in the saddle.

Ready for a Trial

Through August and September of 1937 he learned that when the boy pulled one rein and loosened the grip on the other, he was to turn. The tickle of the weight on his back left him. But his apprenticeship was not complete. He had been broken in such a passive way that he would never be a truculent post-actor. But there was slow and tedious work to be done on him. For a week along in the early fall the men he knew made a point of touching him around the lower legs and hoofs, before they led him to a small barn where an old man in a thick apron stood silently regarding him and the other yearlings that came to the little barn with him. The man picked up one of Blue Field's rear hoofs, pressed something hard against the bottom of it and Blue Field felt the thump of the hammer that drove in the first nail. But the man with the quiet voice and the boy had been doing something like that to him. And he knew he wouldn't be hurt.

By this time he was one of three remaining yearlings from the original herd of a dozen. Some, with bad conformation, had been left in Kentucky, to be sold to small operators or to be disposed of as saddle horses or hunters, or trained for jumping. Others, failing to impress the men at the New Jersey farm, were fattened up and shipped to Saratoga for the auction sale. Blue Field, one other big strapping colt, and a filly remained. And in the fall of their yearling year they had what is called their trial.

Vaguely, he knew something was up. There was a hustle around the stable that morning, and the sound of strange voices: the young owner, his mother and his girl and the young owner's big

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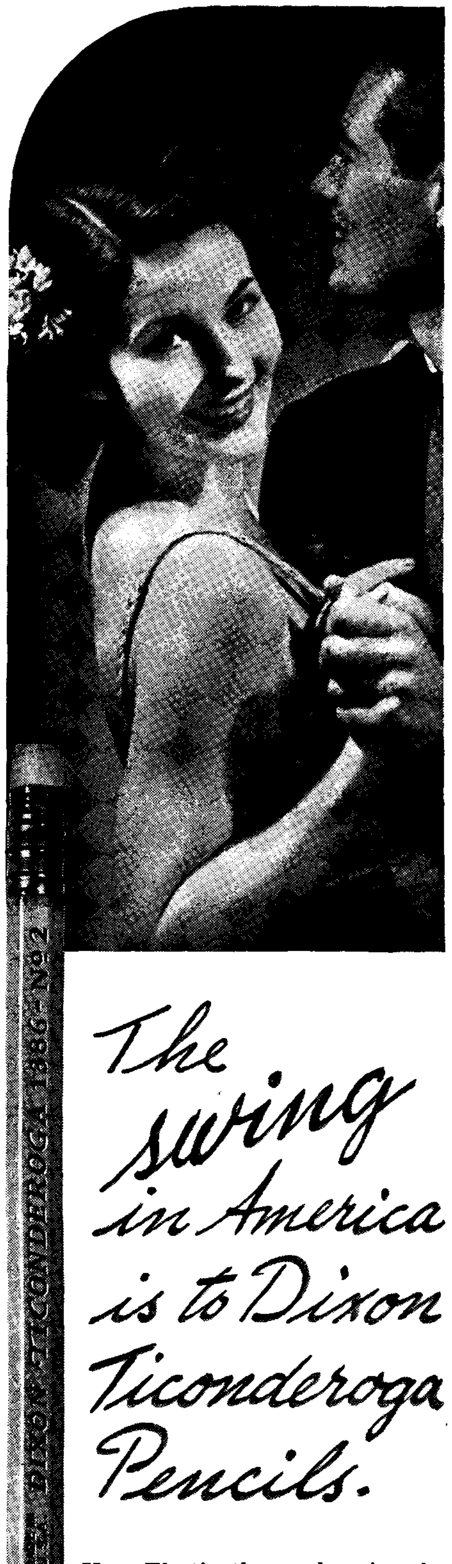
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trainer. There wasn't nearly enough for him to eat either, and not enough water, and he was still indignant over it when the boy steered him out on the track and began the process of warming him up.

They had done an easy lap or two and were approaching the point where the new people intently watched him when the boy on Blue Field's back eased up the pressure on the colt's mouth. Blue Field quickened his steps. The pressure eased a little more, and Blue Field, still uncertain, began to run. Then faster, and now with a sharp cry and a dig in the ribs the jockey urged him along. And Blue Field, full of new surges of mad joy, ran as fast as his legs would carry him, faster than he had ever run across the fields in Kentucky. This was doing the thing he wanted to do.

Regretfully, after a quarter of a mile, he felt the firm pressure of the bit again and he slowed down. Then another pressure, and he ran slower. Soon he was down to a trot. He jogged around the track once more and went back to his stable.

A More Rigorous Life

They did something new back there, too. Before that day, whenever he was thirsty, he would get water. There was none for him now, though he was hot and sore and winded, and ached for it. They put a blanket over him and walked him around until the clouds of steam stopped rising from him. Then he had a little water. Then a rubdown. And then anything he wanted, for the stop watches in the hands of the men along the rail had told them that he was fast. And their eyes had seen his perfect muscular action.

That was the first day he heard the name Blue Field. The strange new people came to see him after he had cooled out, and the young owner's mother, who named his horses, said that Blue Field would be fine for this one; for he was by Pasture out of Azure. But he never heard the name often enough to recognize it as his own. He was attentive only to his stable names: Red and Boy.

There were other tests that fall and early winter, and things to learn. He had to be broken of the habit of roaming all over the track on the straightaway. He needed several sharp whacks across the side of the head to make him stop snapping playfully at his two stablemates whenever they'd race one another. He had to overcome his fear of keeping close to the fence on the turns, but worst and hardest of all he had to learn how to start out of that great partitioned gadget known as the starting gate. At first he wouldn't even enter his slot, and once in there he wouldn't stay. So a boy led him back and forth through the gate for hours, until at last it was—to Blue Field's satisfaction—safe.

A few days after Blue Field became a two-year-old, on January 1, 1938, he went to the races. He and the other two were sent to Florida. His rations were cut. He was worked harder and longer on the track. His legs were carefully bandaged after his workouts. His weight dropped 60 pounds, down to about 875 pounds, and he felt lean and hard and full of life.

His first race was the Nursery Stakes, and it left such a mark on him that he never raced again that he did not experience the chills of that first public appearance. The horror of the noise, the enormity of the crowd, the sides of the starting gate that seemed to close in on him, the awful bell over his head at the start, the rough and ready bumping at the first turn, the dirt that stung his eyes until he could hardly see, the thunder of the hoofs in his ears, and the never-satisfied curiosity as to whether it was a game or a struggle for existence. He fought his way to the front in this one and was taking a commanding lead when he saw a little damp spot on the track just ahead and leaped thirty feet to clear it, a jump that nearly unseated the jock and lost the race.

So went his two-year-old life—Florida, a rest; Maryland, a rest; Belmont, a rest; Suffolk Downs, a rest; Saratoga, a rest; Belmont—losing weight, gaining weight, getting sick, feeling like a bull, listless performances and races that made the swarming mob in the stands howl for him.

He and the filly came to Belmont in October of last year for the biggest two-year-old event of them all, the Futurity. The other colt was dead. It stepped in a hole rounding a turn at Saratoga and never got up.

Blue Field trained superbly and was kept faithfully eligible by increasingly large payments to the Westchester Racing Association. The night before the race a four-year-old stablemate, 40 yards from Blue Field's stall, sneezed violently and sneezed again. In a shockingly small space of time, Blue Field—as susceptible as any thoroughbred—was full of the germs. His head suddenly ached, his nose ran, and his sneezes shook him from nose to rump. It might have killed him to run.

When he was well he went back to Kentucky with the older horses. There was to be no more racing for him in 1938, but each morning he was brought out on the track, warmed up, and sent through a brisk sprint that grew shorter and shorter each day. He was being "unwound." When the important process was done he was turned loose and did about as he pleased for a month. His coat grew shaggier. He gained nearly 200 pounds. He was getting bigger and stronger and more beautiful.

And just before the end of last year his young owner filled out an entry blank and sent a check for $25 to Matt Winn, at Churchill Downs, to enter Blue Field in the 1939 Kentucky Derby. About 125 others were entered by the time the list closed on February 15th of this year. That meant that 125 creditable three-year-olds remained out of the original 5,000 foals dropped in '36.

But 45 minutes before race time, when Winn calls for the $500 starting fee, there will be only about fifteen starters. Some of the original hopefuls will have gone lame, come down with fever or gone stale. Some have been killed or died of such things as lockjaw. Most of the fillies are burdened down by unrequited romance, for it is spring.

All horsemen hope to have an entry in the Derby for the rewards are handsome: $40,000, plus all the $500 starting fees and all the original $25 nomination fees, goes to the winner. The other prizes are standardized. Place purse is always $6,000; show, $3,000, and fourth, $1,000.

A King's Plaything

When the Derby entries closed this year, Blue Field was at Santa Anita, having the winter fat melted from him and the competitive fires within him stoked. He was shipped directly to Churchill Downs, trained like a super-champion of boxing, and guarded like a Japanese emperor. He felt the surging strength of lions in his legs and waves of pride, impatience, fear, stubbornness and keenness sweeping over him. . . .

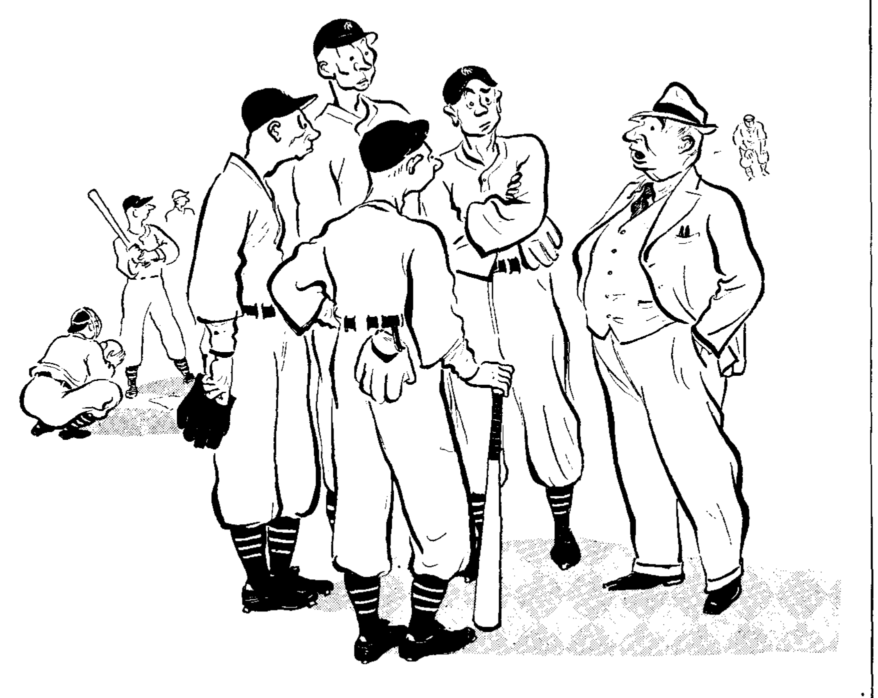
And after the triumph? The Grand Tour: The Preakness at Pimlico the next Saturday; Belmont Stakes at New York, early in June; the Massachusetts Handicap at Suffolk Downs, near Boston; then Chicago's Arlington Park, or Saratoga in upstate New York, or both; back to Belmont for the Realization or the Gold Cup, and maybe a final stop as a three-year-old at Bowie. If he holds up he will be loosely called a "great" horse, though veteran horsemen never use that adjective except when they speak of three or four outstanding horses of history. If he keeps winning there will be talk of his chances of breaking the records of Sun Beau and Seabiscuit.

And what of the others, equally well trained, who were beaten?

If they're not disgraced in the Derby they go on. They travel in good company, and make a fair proportion of the big events.

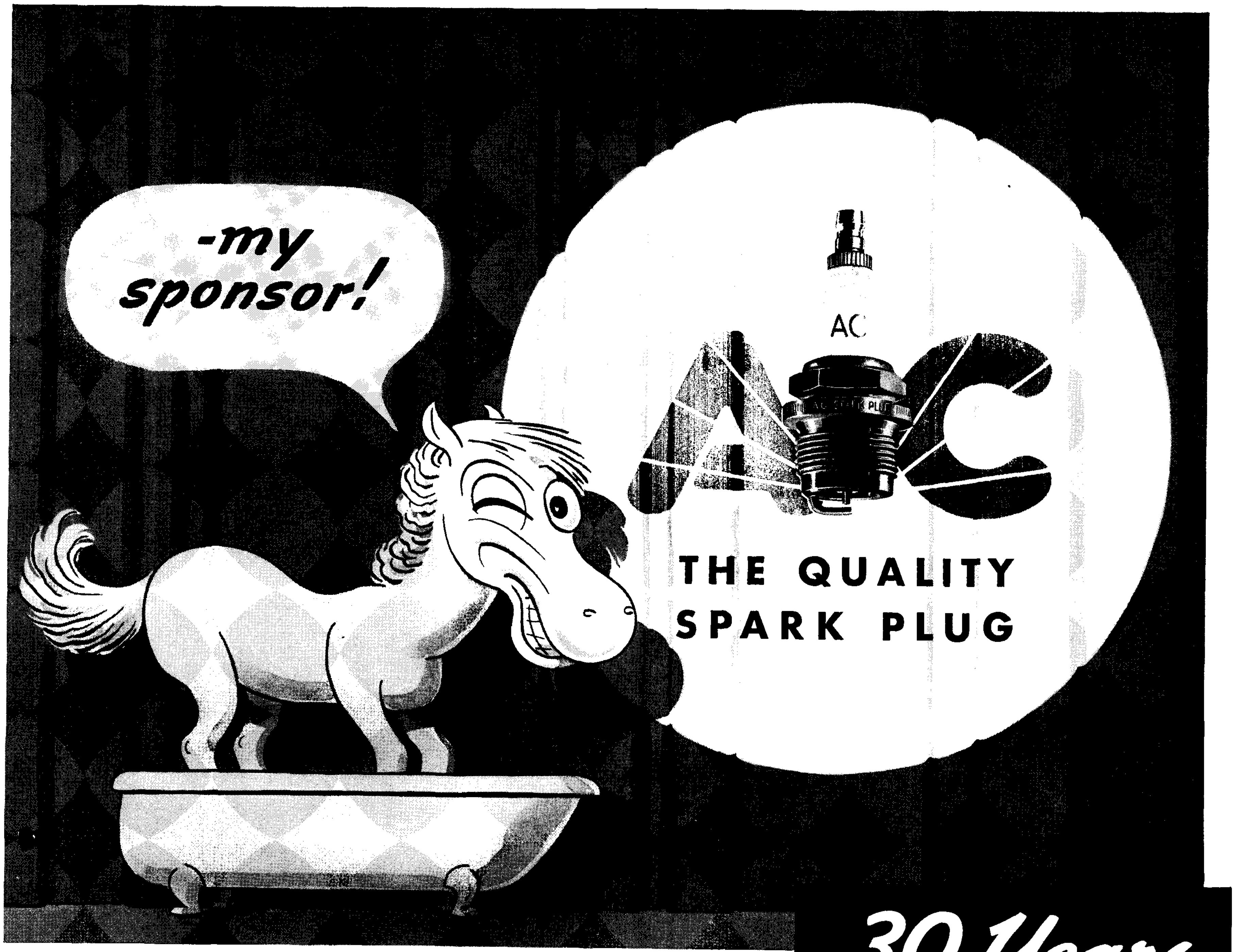
Those found wanting drop back to the cheap handicaps, and if they don't pay their way they may be tossed in a claiming race and become the property of a cheaper stable, sometimes not above tampering with them and the federal narcotic laws.

As Blue Field stands in the winner's circle after the 1939 Kentucky Derby he represents an investment of perhaps $20,000, a figure that would include the cost of his sire's service, his feeding and training bill of about $7 a day, his railroad and van fares, his entry fees and doctor's bills. That perhaps is why it is called the Sport of Kings, for only a king can afford to own and operate a Blue Field.



"It's going to be hard to tell you this, fellows, but try to understand. Last night the boss lost you to the Reds in a stud game"

CARL ROSE



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Today's cars are driven faster, and their engines run hotter and at higher compression, than was the case five years ago. Octane ratings of gasolines have been raised to meet these conditions. As a result, the spark plugs take much heavier punishment. So, the need for cleaning and gap adjusting is urgent, and arises more often.

Five years ago, AC recognized this need. Seventy thousand Registered AC Spark Plug Cleaning Stations were equipped with special AC machines to clean plugs. So that every car owner could benefit, the charge was made very low (5c a plug).

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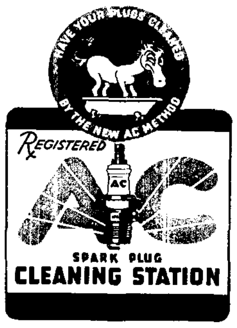

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Nearly three out of five of the cars now on the road were originally equipped with AC Spark Plugs. AC Spark Plugs are stocked and sold by more dealers than any other plugs. This 30-year achievement assures you that AC Spark Plugs will give you peak performance and full satisfaction.

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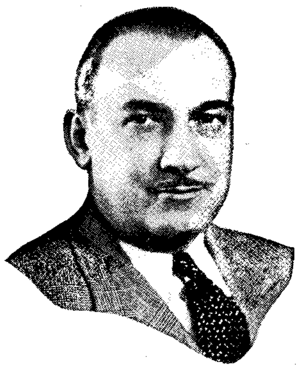
SHELL DEALERS WILL HELP

Cut STOP-and-GO 25%—traffic experts say it can be done. Join the SHARE-THE-ROAD Club.



"Discourteous, thoughtless driving practices are one of the major causes of our present-day 'stop-and-go.' A movement that will cure them will, in my opinion, reduce 'stop-and-go' by fully 25%."

President, Institute of Traffic Engineers

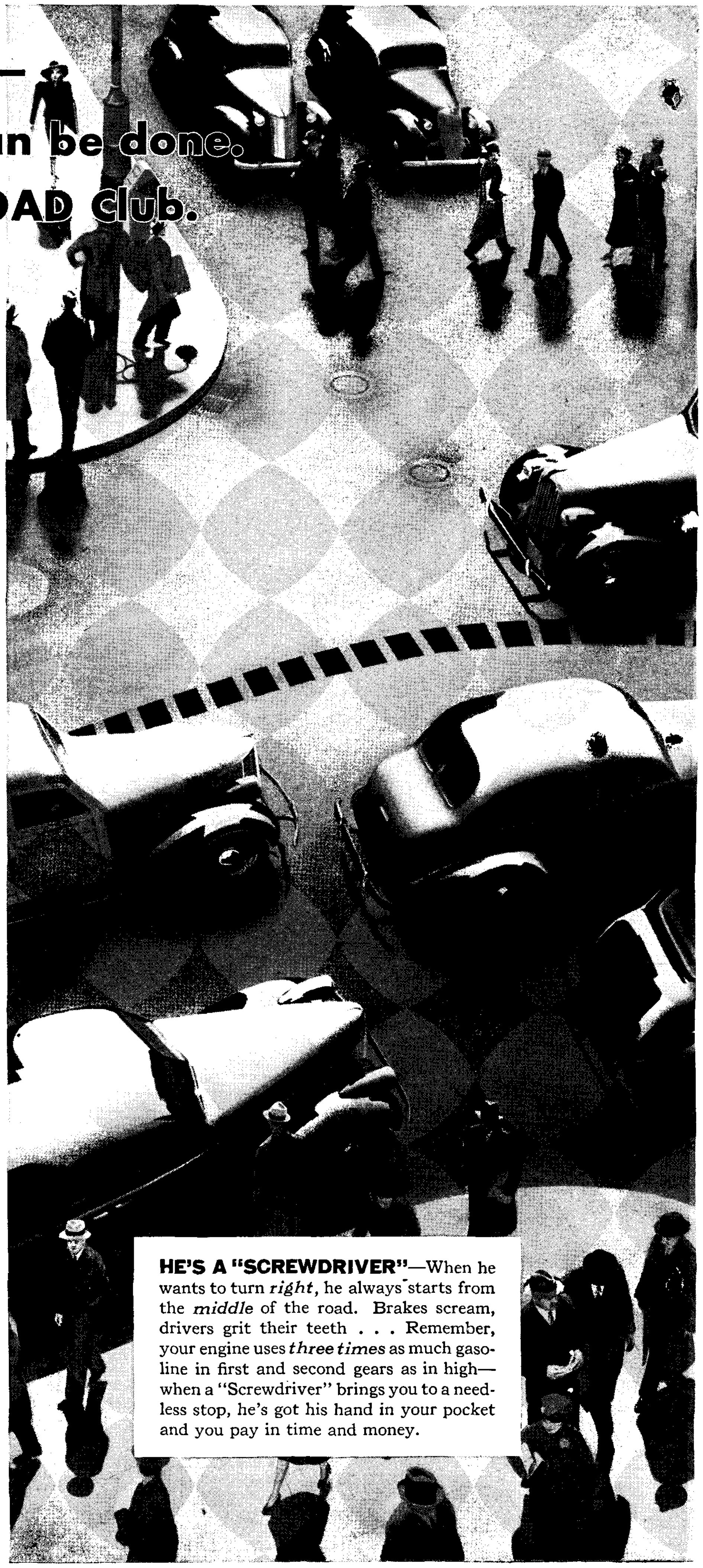
PUBLIC OPINION is EVERYWHERE, and it is POWERFUL. It was marshaled on the side of Safety—and traffic casualties are decreasing. Now it is being marshaled against needless Stop-and-Go driving—against "Screwdrivers" who cause it.

"Screwdrivers" must go! Hoot 'em off—toot 'em off—laugh 'em off the streets and highways! You'll be able to drive farther—with greater convenience and safety.

"Share the road" is the watchword. **Show your colors!** This nation-wide movement is the new weapon forged by Shell traffic and engineering research. First came Super-Shell, the gasoline specially refined to cut the excessive *cost* of Stop-and-Go. Now Shell dealers are organizing the crusade to cut the *amount* of Stop-and-Go—by 25%!

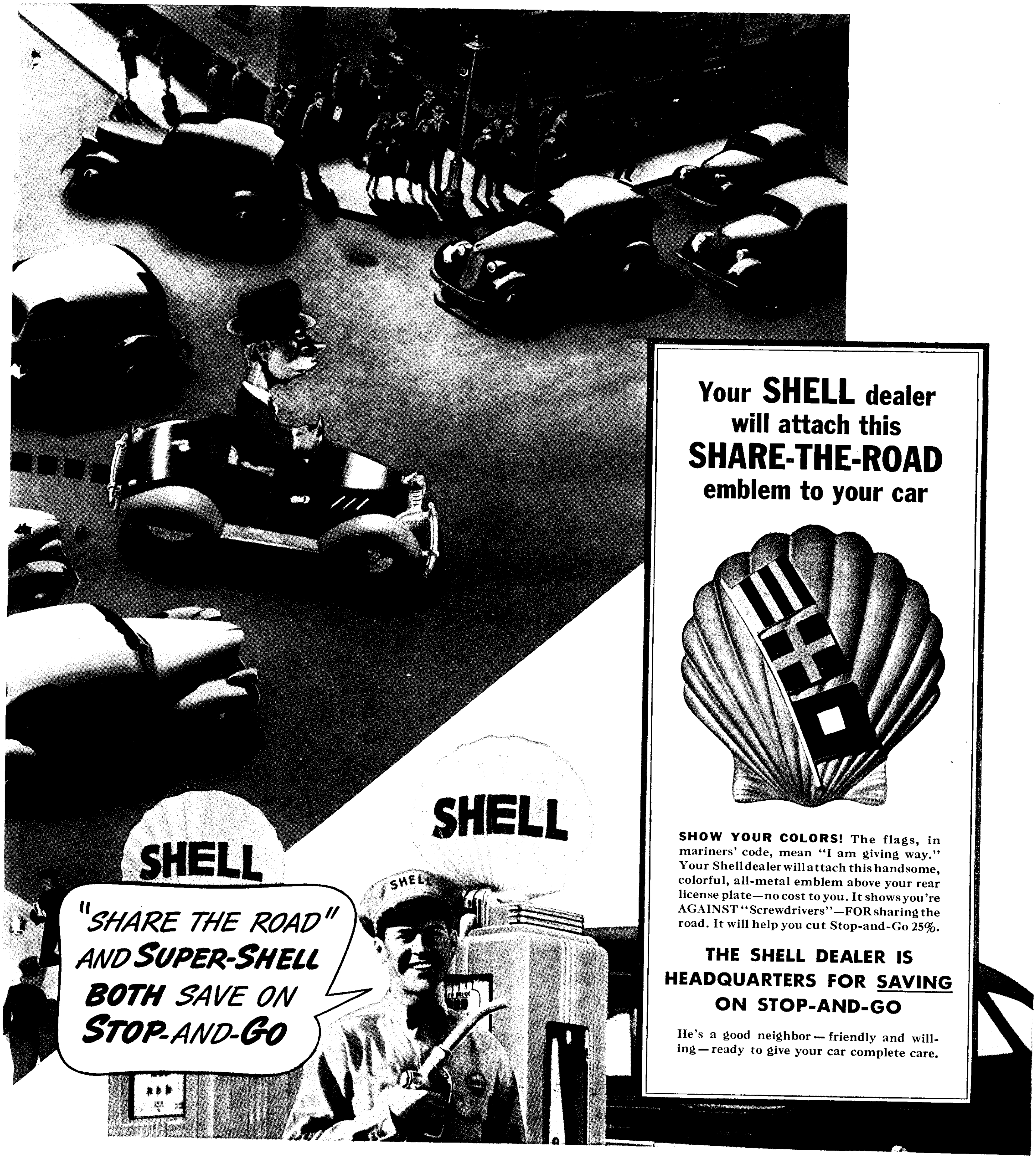
Your Shell dealer is SHARE-THE-ROAD Club headquarters for your community. Drive in! He will welcome you as a new member—attach the SHARE-THE-ROAD emblem to your car FREE—give you the booklet showing traffic boners pulled by "Screwdrivers."

Millions of motorists have already benefited—found a real saving—through the use of Super-Shell Gasoline. Now these and millions more will benefit through "SHARE THE ROAD"! Get your emblem! Show your colors! Join now!



HE'S A "SCREWDRIVER"—When he wants to turn *right*, he always starts from the *middle* of the road. Brakes scream, drivers grit their teeth . . . Remember, your engine uses *three times* as much gasoline in first and second gears as in high—when a "Screwdriver" brings you to a needless stop, he's got his hand in your pocket and you pay in time and money.

YOU WAR ON TRAFFIC BONERS!


SHELL
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SHELL
"SHARE THE ROAD" AND SUPER-SHELL BOTH SAVE ON STOP-AND-GO

Your SHELL dealer will attach this SHARE-THE-ROAD emblem to your car

SHOW YOUR COLORS! The flags, in mariners' code, mean "I am giving way." Your Shell dealer will attach this handsome, colorful, all-metal emblem above your rear license plate—no cost to you. It shows you're AGAINST "Screwdrivers"—FOR sharing the road. It will help you cut Stop-and-Go 25%.

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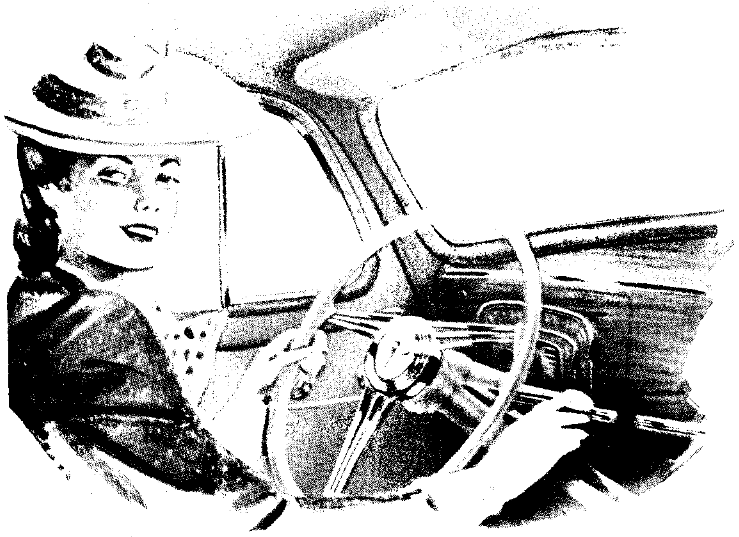
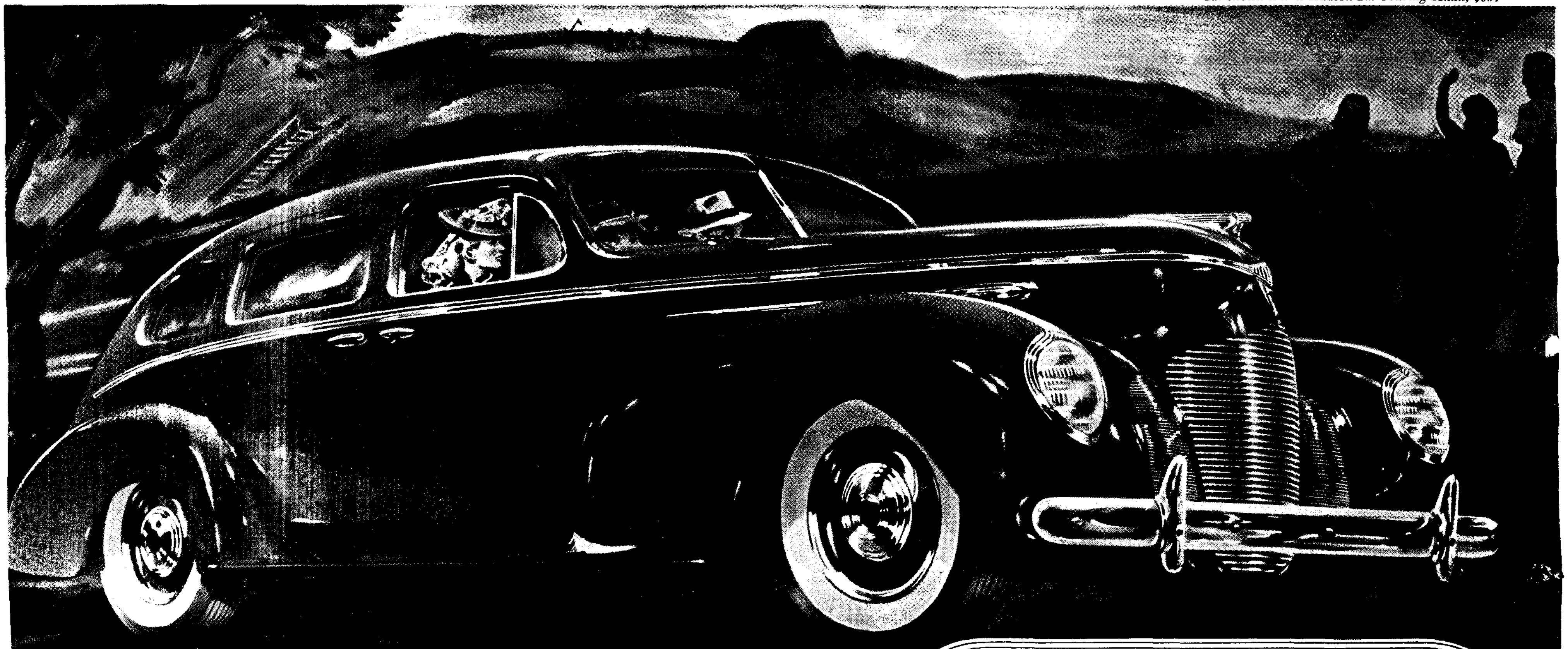
He's a good neighbor — friendly and willing — ready to give your car complete care.

A new world lies ahead of you THE DAY YOU CHANGE TO *Hudson*



"Here are two features I think are wonderful!
I shift gears right at the wheel; and I can lock my hood with a little lever inside the car!"

*Car shown is new Hudson Six Touring Sedan, $854**



OWNERS often write to tell us that driving a Hudson is one thrilling discovery after another. They find long roads shorter, steep hills flatter, every day of driving easier—in a Hudson. ℭ They learn that a Hudson, for all its size and power, is amazingly more economical than other cars they've owned. And in even the lowest priced Hudsons, they find more room all around than they can get elsewhere. ℭ They wonder why they were ever satisfied with less than the beauty of Hudson's new Salon Interiors—the unusual two-tone designs, the smart combinations of rich fabrics and gleaming chrome. ℭ But more than all, they prize the peace of mind that comes from *safety* they never knew before, and can't get today in any car but a Hudson. ℭ Discover all this for yourself. Drive a 1939 Hudson today.

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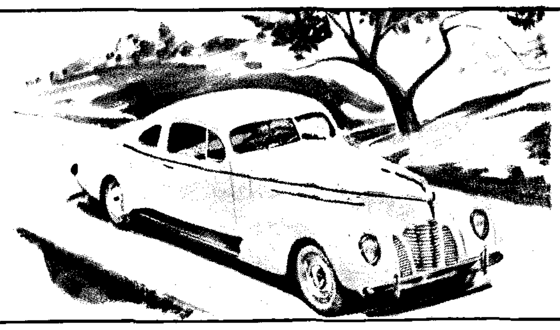

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In Every Popular Price Class, Even the *Lowest*, Hudson Gives You:

AMAZING ECONOMY of gasoline and oil. Owners report greater economy than any other car they ever owned. Top horsepower per pound of car weight, too—and smoothest power.

MORE ROOM all around, for both *passengers* and *luggage*—full 3-passenger comfort in every seat, even in the lowest priced Hudsons.

WORLD'S SAFEST STOPPING with Patented Double-Safe Hydraulics—finest Bendix Hydraulics with mechanical emergency brake working automatically from the *same* foot pedal. Easiest acting hand brake for parking.

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UNMATCHED COMFORT with seat cushions of Airfoam—a new material of wonderful softness. Standard in many models; available in all.

EASIER SHIFTING with new mechanical Handy Shift at the steering wheel; front floor clear of gear and brake levers. Standard in all passenger models.

ADDED SAFETY with new Dash-Locking Safety Hood—wind can't blow it open; and when your car is locked nobody can raise the hood.

Weather-Master Fresh Air and Heat Control available in all models at slight extra cost.

Drive America's Safest Car **HUDSON**

Warning—Slow Down!

Continued from page 19

various parts of the country. It was sponsored by the automobile industry itself—manufacturers and others who believed the time had come for them to assist more actively in cutting down the almost unbelievable toll of highway accidents. Partially because of their efforts, and partially because of the culmination of other efforts started earlier, 7,500 fewer persons were killed on American highways in 1938 than during 1937.

It was the first big, consistent reduction in highway accidents since autoists began honking for the road.

That tremendous reduction, culminating persistent effort and publicity, shows (just as Providence and Milwaukee, Iowa and Connecticut have been showing for several years) that it can be done.

Harmful Traffic Laws

But how? That's what the backward states and cities still want to know. That's what they've got to find out, too—and quickly—if we're going to lop off another eight or ten thousand unnecessary killings, with, say, a hundred thousand injuries and half a billion dollars' property loss, in 1939 or 1940.

Well, in Providence the groundwork goes back a good many years. But on that groundwork a wholehearted newspaper campaign enlisted popular support to a point that made rigid enforcement of safe-speed regulations possible. Down came the accidents.

Let's have a look at some of the things the relatively "safe" states have done, and then turn to some of the dark spots. At first the picture will seem confusing. We'll find no easy black-and-white contrasts, with the excellence of one whole state or system contrasted with the imperfections of another. Quite the opposite! Accidents are often numerous in regions where many steps that are excellent have already been taken. Good results are sometimes—in fact, usually—secured in spite of glaring inadequacies that still remain. In Providence, for example, accident investigation and reporting is a good way behind that of Detroit, where the accident rate is still twice as high. Rhode Island enforcement of speed laws is far more rigid and drastic than experiments in other states have shown is desirable. And so on.

But Rhode Island began issuing drivers' licenses fourteen years ago. With her "safe" neighbors, Connecticut and Massachusetts, she began arguing that unsafe drivers should not be allowed to handle high-speed automobiles—ton-heavy projectiles, "pleasure cars" when properly controlled, but instruments of death in the hands of reckless or unskilled operators.

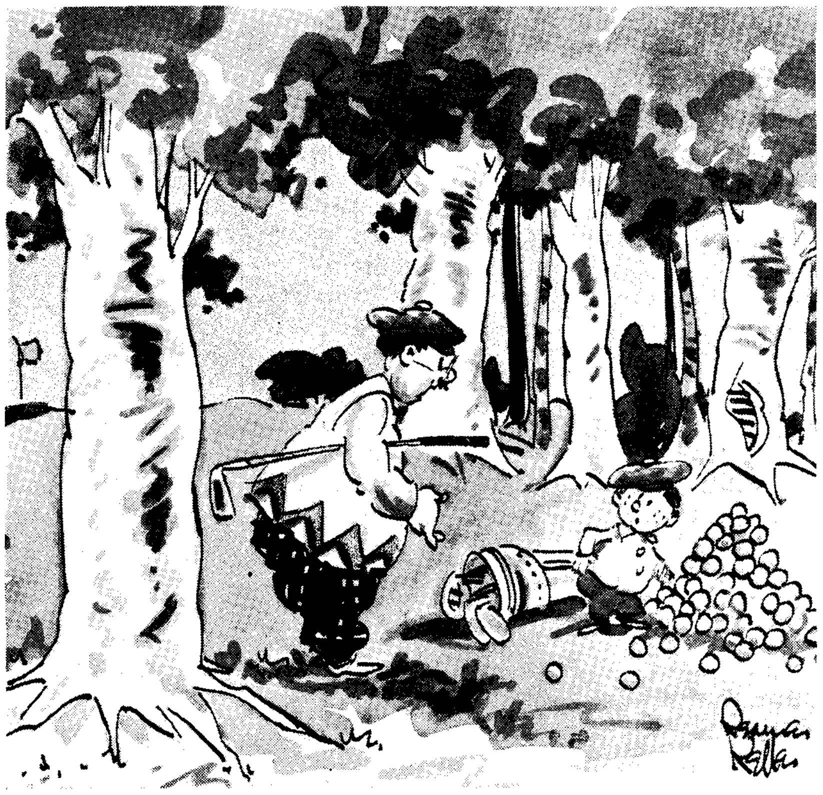
That was pioneer work. Pioneer? It seems obvious enough now. But wait until you finish reading this article.

Seven years ago Rhode Island started junior high-school automobile clubs. Twenty-two of them. Rhode Island now has more than 2,000 junior high-school students enrolled in these clubs, learning to be skilled, careful, sportsmanlike drivers—with graduation certificates that will entitle them to an operator's license without any further examination or question.

Gradually the whole state became "safety conscious."

"Traffic laws that cannot be enforced," Rhode Island has learned, "do more harm than good." On some of the highways, motor cops even take in the speed signs at night. "No use having 'em there when there's nobody around to see they're obeyed," they say. An extreme attitude, perhaps. But wait.

In Providence, when fatal accidents jumped up during 1937 the city speed law was twenty miles an hour. Too slow. It couldn't be enforced. So it was raised to twenty-five miles an hour. Still very low, even for a complicated-traffic city like Providence, but *with popular support* enforceable. And how! Traffic checks showed a drop in speed violators from one in twenty to only about one in a hundred. Popular opinion and the fear of having driver's license suspended if caught turned the trick.



"I don't want to appear ungrateful, young man, but you still haven't found my ball!" REAMER KELLER

In the field of safety engineering, Rhode Island has learned the tremendous importance of well-marked roads. Every mile of main highways in the state has a white center line, and eighty per cent of even the secondary highways have it also. The state's paint bill for highway markings tops $25,000 a year.

Besides this, along many miles of black highway there are wide shoulders of light, sandy soil. In part this may be just Rhode Island's good luck, but for motorists it is a great boon. It shows exactly where the outer edge of the pavement is. In a fog and, more important still at night, when the glare from approaching headlights makes it hard to see anything, this aid in locating the edge of the road is often invaluable. The fact that the road shoulders are wide, with little slope, enables slow-moving farm wagons to keep well out of the main traffic lanes.

Even minor details or markings have proved immensely valuable. Where there is a stop sign (and believe me, in Rhode Island they mean stop!) there is always a white line across your traffic lane to show you exactly *where* to stop.

Maybe that seems unimportant to you. There's not another state in the Union where the right places to stop are so clearly marked. Notice, in your own state, the next few "Main Highway—Stop" signs that you come to. Frequently they have to be placed so far back that, until you have passed them, you cannot see what there is in the way of cross traffic; after you have passed them you have to use your own judgment about where to stop. This makes many drivers feel that there is no longer any particular reason for stopping at all.

At one point where a stop sign was still being violated, it was moved into the center of the road. Violations dropped eighty-five per cent.

Other big accident-reduction states? In Michigan there is no "blanket" state speed limit. Yet last year Michigan reduced its highway accident rate thirty-three per cent. How? By what safety experts, like Mr. Sidney Williams of the National Safety Council, point out as one of the best samples of "general enforcement technique" in the entire country. More arrests are made, for example, for "improper overtaking and passing," than for speeding. (Oh, yes! Even where there is no state speed limit you can be pulled down for driving too fast for road conditions.) Michigan Public Safety Commissioner Oscar Olander has written a fine handbook of instructions for the state police, with the title, "Courtesy." Drivers' respect for law enforcement, in Michigan, has increased with the improvement in training and personnel of the state troopers.

A Fine Accident-Reporting System

In Colorado, where the accident rate was reduced eighteen per cent last year, I stopped to talk with troopers riding in a car marked "Highway Courtesy Patrol."

"What speed do you allow here?" I asked.

"Oh, we try to hold it to sixty, but we're not too strict if a man is driving carefully in other respects," was the answer. "Above sixty we usually stop 'em, and ask 'em to hold it down. But the point we emphasize is to drive safely."

Sixty still sounds like a lot of speed to many city folks in Eastern states, but it's commonplace in many other parts of the country.

New Jersey is another state that has

KNOthe

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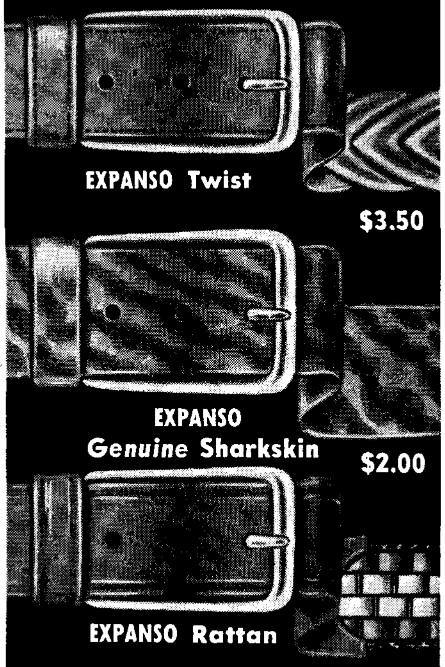
LEAD IN FASHION AS WELL AS IN COMFORT

THE BELT WITH THE BUCKLE THAT BREATHES



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done a fine job in the training of traffic officers, under the leadership of Arthur McGee, Commissioner of Motor Vehicles. *Officer-training* courses at Rutgers, the state university, have helped bring this about. New Jersey's accident-reduction rate last year was thirty-one per cent.

Connecticut has perhaps gone farther than any other state in developing a fine accident-reporting system. Every accident involving even a twenty-five-dollar damage total has to be reported by each of the motorists involved. They'd better report it, too! In addition, there is a detailed police report. This means three separate reports of even minor collisions between automobiles—one from each driver, and a more comprehensive one from the police. Besides this, newspapers are clipped for accounts of accidents that may not have been turned in. Last year Connecticut's traffic accidents dropped twenty-one per cent. Here again the Motor Vehicle Commissioner, Michael Connor, gets the credit.

From the accident data gradually accumulating at Connecticut's capital, particularly dangerous stretches of highway, bad corners, dangerous classes of drivers, dangerous classes of pedestrians, all begin to show up. Accidents to children are found to rise with the first days of warm weather, early in the spring. Speed accidents increase in the spring, a little later on, when sap and gasoline run faster. Pedestrian fatalities increase during the fall, when dusk shuts in earlier. Old people are found to be the most dangerous highway walkers; they grew up before such tremendous speed was possible, and can't seem to learn its implications. Nine Connecticut pedestrians out of every ten struck by motorcars have never driven an automobile themselves.

Watching the Danger Spots

On all this underlying accident data "selective enforcement" and "selective education" become possible.

"Selective enforcement" means putting patrolmen at danger spots during the hours at which accidents have been occurring. Last year Indians reduced its traffic deaths twenty per cent by fine selective enforcement.

Texas last year put selective enforcement into effect in 254 different counties. Highway deaths came down twenty-one per cent. Here's the way it worked:

On one highway stretch of 134 miles, leading out of Fort Worth, thirty-seven people were killed in a single year. It was used by cattle trucks, heading for the stockyards. The accidents usually occurred when the trucks were returning empty—and the drivers filled. A 24-hour police patrol on that stretch of highway reduced the number of deaths from thirty-seven to five. Four out of the five, incidentally, were drunk—and certainly can't get drunk again.

"Selective education" means getting safety instruction to the people who need it most, when they most need it. Signs, for example, at dangerous intersections for pedestrians: "Wait for the light. *Don't* stand in the street." Detroit has three cars equipped with public-address systems. Large spot maps showing exactly where pedestrian accidents occur, and when they occur, are keyed by time so that it is possible to assign these public-address cars, as well as additional patrolmen, to places where pedestrian accidents occur most frequently, at the time they are most likely to occur. Detroit dropped its traffic deaths last year by forty-one per cent. That meant a saving of 139 lives.

You're not quite so likely to hurry across the street from between two parked cars when a loud-speaker is warning you that this is a particularly dangerous block.

Ever since 1934 Massachusetts has been clipping away its accident rate. Last year Massachusetts, already a relatively safe state, reduced its accident rate another twenty per cent. That meant 159 fewer deaths than in 1937, which had already shown a reduction from 1936. Besides fewer deaths, it meant the avoidance of at least 1,000 serious injuries, and of a property loss that runs into millions.

A 25-Cent Driver's License

The Massachusetts Safety Council saw to it—among other things—that monthly safety bulletins were sent to the supervisors of 350 fleets of trucks, taxicabs and other commercial vehicles. Other bulletins were mailed to 1,400 school superintendents and teachers. Each month, during a long safety drive, the council contacted in all 3,575 persons directly interested in some phase of accident-reduction work, who were in a position to pass the information along to a total number of citizens running to hundreds of thousands.

Now let's turn to the other side, where accident rates are high instead of low, or rising instead of falling. As with the "safe" states, the picture is always mixed. Each state, like each city, has traffic problems that are all its own, and that differ from those found anywhere else. But you can draw your own conclusions.

"No, no, Butch! Just their money and jewelry!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Alabama, for example, with next to the highest 1938 death rate in the whole country, has fine, smooth, well-engineered main highways, crossing the state in all directions. Under Captain F. Potter-Smith, its highway patrol, like that of Michigan, is courteous and efficient. Also, like Michigan, there is no state speed limit. As in Michigan, cars travel at 50, 60, 70 and 75 miles an hour.

But now listen carefully: Many miles of Alabama's fine highways curve about among low hills. Mostly the shoulders are narrow. There are long bridges across swamps, with guardrails close at the side of the smooth, two-lane "slab." There are also mule teams, moving at a snail's pace. The fine roads and the lack of any set speed limit invite you to open 'er up; you may round a curve at fifty or better, and come spang on a Negro and his mule, hardly moving (no shoulders to drive on), with an oncoming car, also doing fifty or better, blocking the rest of the road.

Obviously, such a combination of conditions requires, for safety, expert drivers. You'd expect, naturally, that Alabama would have driver's license laws even stricter than Rhode Island. But a driver's license, in Alabama, can be had on the mere statement that you are of proper age and physical fitness, and do not habitually use drugs or alcohol to excess. No examination. *The license is not intended to show whether or not you know how to drive.* It costs fifty cents, if you own a car. Twenty-five cents if you don't. What a hole in the line that leaves for death to come through!

Florida, another of the high-accident states, requires no driver's license at all.

"You mean they let any child step into a car and drive it?" I asked a tire man in one small Florida town.

"Oh, they might be a little fussy in some of the cities," he assured me, "and stop anybody too much under sixteen years old, but I reckon out here in the country they wouldn't bother."

South Carolina, highest-accident state of all, puts little emphasis on center-line marking. At night, many miles of highway are almost exactly the color of the soil beside them, and with another car approaching it's often impossible to tell just how far out on the road you are.

"Aw, you-all know when you're on your own side of the road all right," a filling-station attendant assured me easily.

But highway police know different. For a wide truck, half a foot too far over the center of the road in the absence of a white line may mean all the difference between safety and a "sideswipe" of a sedan going seventy.

"It makes it harder to place the blame in accidents, too," the police point out. "Each fellow says he was on his own side of the road."

It costs from $15,000 to $40,000 a mile to build a modern two-lane highway and from $15 to $40 per mile to put a good stripe in the center of it. An additional expense of *one cent on every ten dollars*, one tenth of one per cent, to make the road merely twice as safe.

In highway engineering, California is ranked as one of the leading states, along with Illinois and Michigan. The great bridges across San Francisco Bay, and the fine new highways leading into Oakland, are among the high spots of safety engineering of the whole country. Yet California's accident rate is relatively high. All over the state, speed cops, county by county, clash with motorists. The state speed law is forty-five miles an hour; the fine roads in many places can safely take more. Traffic lights in Los Angeles and San Francisco are hard to see: Los Angeles has the highest auto-death rate of any big city in the country—more than five times as high as Milwaukee.

Highway 101, between San Francisco and Los Angeles, is for long stretches a fine, wide, three-lane highway. Yet, impossible as it may seem in the light of what is now known about highway safety, at many places the three-lane marking is carried steadily along *over hills and around curves.* This is the equivalent of a legal invitation to use the center lane for a head-on collison.

In some amazement I spoke of this marking at the Southern California Automobile Club, one of the most powerful and influential organizations of its kind in America.

"Oh, that!" I was assured comfortingly. "That's all been attended to. It's going to be changed."

There didn't seem to be any worry about how many more people were going to be killed, because of that marking, before the change was made.

An Unnecessary Lag

In Virginia, between Washington and Richmond, one finds the same conditions: a fine three-lane highway, with cars traveling sixty or more, marked the same way over hilltops and around curves. Since Virginia is starting some excellent work in accident reporting, let's hope it won't be long before they, too, catch up with this particular death maker.

In fact, the most encouraging thing about our traffic killings is that so much is already being done about them. Last year all but three states improved their accident figures, in at least some small degree. Next year the reduction may carry still further. "Safe" states are getting safer, and "dangerous" states are beginning to wake up, and catch up. But there's still a tremendous, unnecessary lag between the leaders and the tailenders. There are still too many of those "holes in the line." There are still thousands of unnecessary highway deaths, hundreds of thousands of unnecessary injuries.

Accident reduction will go forward a whole lot faster, the safety experts say, when all states:

1. Follow the leaders in setting up accident investigation bureaus.
2. Follow the leaders in establishing bureaus for engineering research, to find out at once (among other things) what other states have learned, instead of waiting until the knowledge finally trickles through.
3. Insist on adequate examinations before licensing drivers.
4. Set up the basis for long-range improvement by establishing driver-instruction courses in high schools.
5. Attack immediate accident problems by emphasizing:
   - (a) Selective engineering (removing at once the most important and most inexpensively remedied danger spots).
   - (b) Selective enforcement (applying the law at the spots and to the drivers most in need of it).
   - (c) Selective education (getting accident information to the classes of people who need it most).

These things require leadership. But —after all, isn't that what the state officers, from the governor down, are for?

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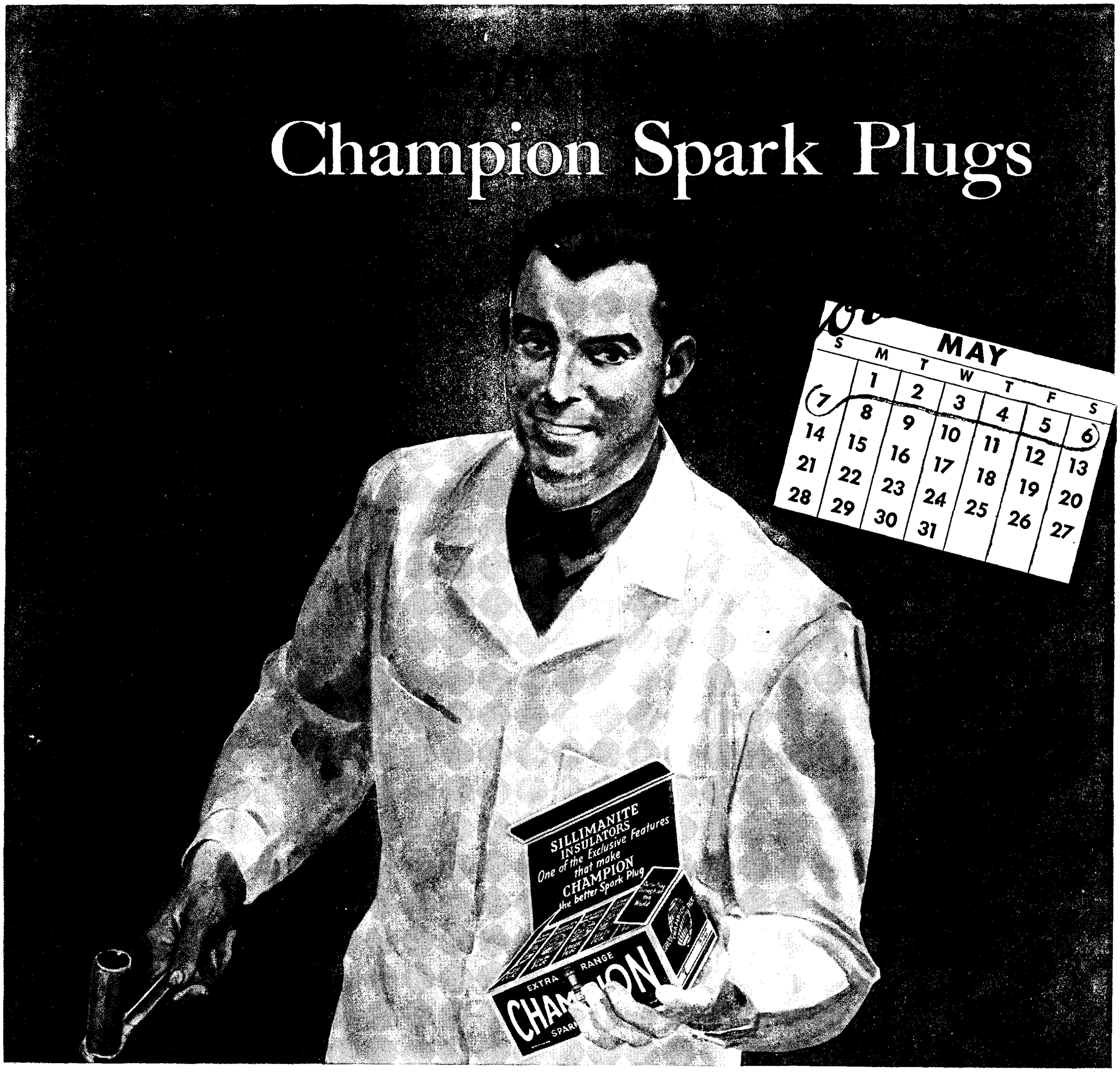
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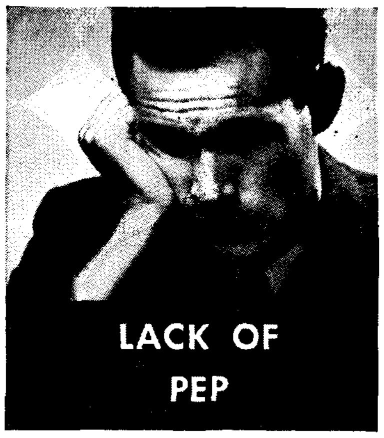
These three common ills may often come from a shortage of vitamins



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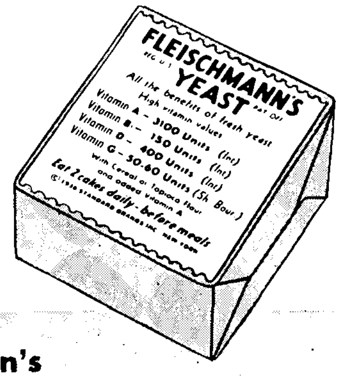

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The White King

Continued from page 15

first blast like rats. Then where are we? Even if we keep him out, how do we get to the village of Balbalan? Cassino knows the channel by heart. Do you? There's three trade schooners rotting in the mud spits right now because those crackers thought they were so smart. You leave this to me, Frankie. There's only one tide a day at Balbalan, so he's got to wait till daybreak anyway. And he'll be over to see us soon enough. You wait and see."

Frankie Metaxin was silent, digesting all of that as he peered across dark water to where the Raven gently swung her trucks in a clouded sky. Presently they saw Turangi leave her deck and the war prau fell away from the brig's dark hull. Flegmar Voodray leaned idly with his elbows on the taffrail, chuckling.

"What did I tell you, Frankie? Here he comes."

Frankie only grunted as the Raven's jolly boat took the water cleanly with Bob Cassino in the stern sheets and four Java boys on the thwarts. They swung across the water smartly, the finest boat crew out of the flashiest brig in the East. Cassino seemed exceptionally tall and exceptionally lean, silhouetted against the dark rim of the land with the Raven's lower gear sharp-limned at his back. But there was moonlight on his head now, just touching his cheek and slipping along his chest with the roll and scend of the boat. The four oars backed, then feathered, at a quiet word from that man; and she hung just off the Bintang's stern, rising and falling. Captain Voodray smiled down mirthlessly.

"Fine night, Cassino; ain't it now?" he said. "Though I do think the monsoon'll be howling again by the dirty look of them clouds aloft. What's your opinion, Captain Bob?"

CASSINO looked at him unwinking, surging gently with the motion of his boat. "Those brown people inside are my friends, Voodray," he called up quietly. "They are facing starvation. Their paddy fields, their breadfruit trees, even their fishing is ruined. They've got to be helped till the monsoon breaks."

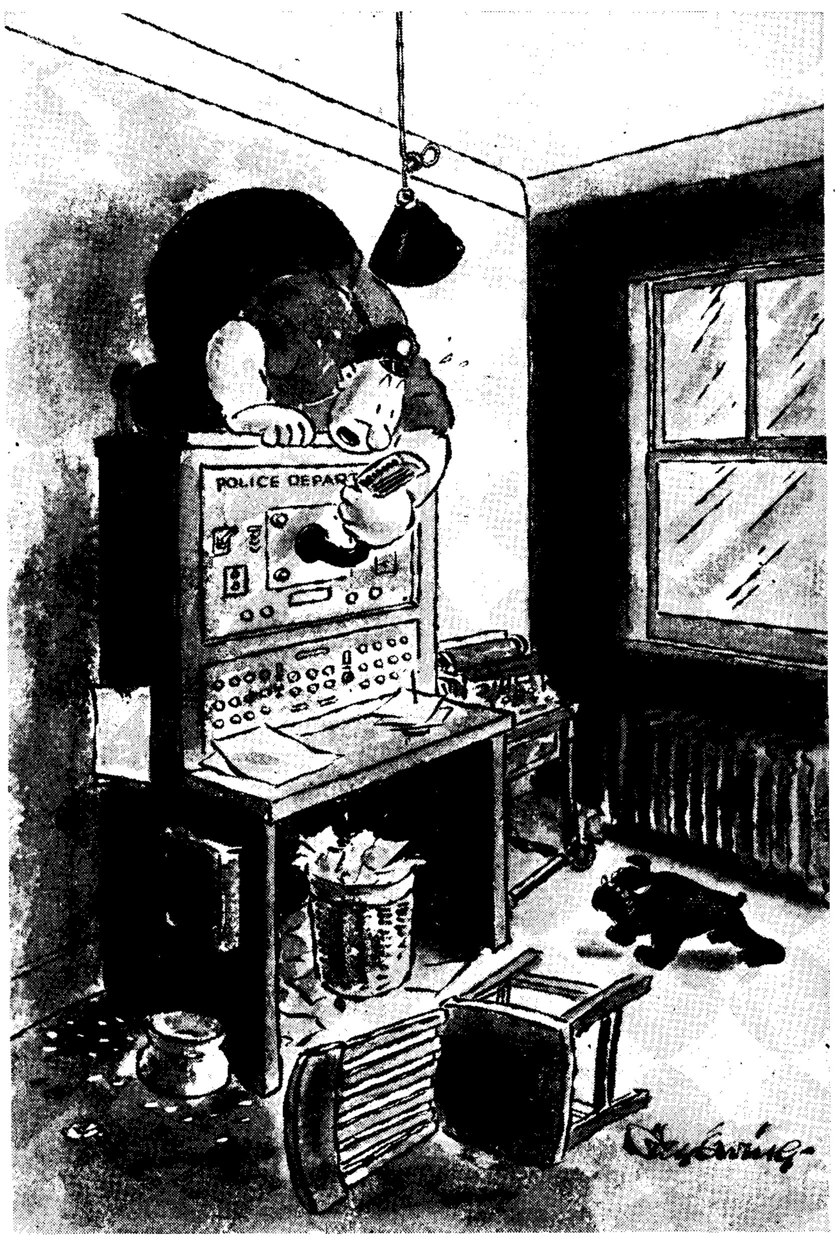
"Of course! That's why we're here. To help them. Me and Frankie Metaxin. We're kindhearted, too. Didn't Turangi tell you? All he's got to do is sign a little paper we got ready. All legal as lead, with a big gold seal and—"

"And sell out his trade forever on your slave terms!"

"Now that's just being sentimental, Captain Bob. You've made a rich fortune of it long enough. . . . Or would they rather starve?"

"They won't!"

Flegmar Voodray shrugged. "That's



"Calling all cars! Calling all cars!"

JAY IRVING

the way it is, Cassino. We got here first. Our rice ain't prime Chinese stuff like yours. But it's first-rate eating for starving Kanak's. We stay here till he signs—or his tribe starves."

"Voodray, you're a fool!" The white man in the small boat announced this flatly. "You can't get through to the village and you know it. That channel—"

"We think maybe Turangi would show us the way—when he gets hungry enough."

"They'd massacre you once you got inside. They remember your tricks!"

"We thought of that, too. Don't forget we been anchored here two days. They been out in canoes. We been trading a little rice. Not much, you understand," he added quickly with an icy grin. "And we took nothing but rifles in exchange. I guess we got most of 'em by now. Cute; hey? Our deck guns here can handle all the spears they can throw. You're done, Cassino! I been waiting for this for years! You've taken a fortune out of these islands. It's time someone cut you down!"

The stillness was suddenly full of the moan of wind, the slap of the sea, with the heady jungle odor very strong. When the voice from the boat reached the Bintang's deck again it sounded flat and hard. "The tide runs tomorrow daybreak," Bob Cassino warned. "If your hawser isn't clear of the channel by then, I shall blast you clear with my cannon."

Flegmar Voodray came erect. "You wouldn't want Riti smack in the line of fire? Would you now?" There was no answer but the steady click-clack of sweeps in the thole pins. Voodray raised his voice, shouting: "Old Turangi didn't tell you they got sickness in there: did he now? No; I guess not. The jungle's full of fever! Cute old dodger, that Kanak'. Fine pal for a white man. He didn't tell you they were dropping like flies inside? What a shame! You ought to know!"

There was still no answer. The small boat receded swiftly before a trail of phosphorescence, one white-clad shape swaying bareheaded against the moon's bright light. But that last barb of Voodray's had an astonishing effect on Frankie Metaxin. It brought swift wild fear into his eyes. He caught Flegmar savagely by the arm. "Fever?" he exploded. "I don't want none of—"

"There you go, Frankie." Voodray's paunch bounced with mirth. "There you go again. You don't understand about—"

"I understand enough about fever!"

CAPTAIN VOODRAY'S laugh broke through this time—a cold acid blast. "There ain't none!" he managed at last. "But he don't know that; does he?" He dropped heavily into his bamboo chair, picking up the square bottle of Gumbo John's gin. With this in one hand and the tumbler in the other, he looked up. "Someone's got to show us the channel into Balbalan. The Malays won't. Good enough. So Bob Cassino will. Himself! He's much too purehearted, Frankie, to stay out here with famine and fever both raging inside. Not him! He'll sacrifice the whole show if he thinks they need him bad enough. He's like that. Sentimental. I know! He'll go roaring through tomorrow dawn. You wait and see!" The bottle tinkled against glass. "And we follow." Voodray finished with finality.

Frankie's teeth gleamed white. "The Raven don't carry no stern gun, neither!"

"My, you're smart," Flegmar murmured, depositing the bottle on the deck.

"We got steam: we can maneuver inside! He'd have to swing the brig's head by boats to get his quarter-deck swivel guns around. By the time he did we—"

Flegmar closed one eye above the tumbler's rim. "You're getting positively brilliant, Frankie."

"We got him now at last!" Frankie spun on his heel excitedly, taking a turn of the Bintang's poop. Coming back, he stopped short, flinging up one skinny arm. "He's putting his yawl in the water!"

"Sure."

"It's Riti McKale!"

"Of course." The fleshy skipper murmured this from his sprawled posture in the chair. "They love them Malays. Well, they ought to, the fortune it's made for 'em. . . . She's taking medicine in."

"You gonna let her through, Flegmar?"

"Certainly! Why'd you think I told him there was fever in there? Get 'em apart! Once we train our guns on him inside and a rifle pointed at Riti's heart, he'll tell Turangi to sign our little chit, all right!" He stood up, wandering to the rail. The Raven's yawl was cutting a swath of glittering phosphorescence in the Java Sea off Balbalan. "Round in close, Riti, my pet!" he shouted down at the swiftly moving patch of sail. "You'll clear our channel hawser neat that way. . . . My regards to the Rajah Turangi!"

The girl did not turn her head. But he saw her plainly, moonlight and shadow ranging along her loveliness. Following her, his small eyes flamed and he passed the tip of his tongue across his lips. Once he had Cassino cut away, there were things he could tell that girl!

FLEGMAR VOODRAY had the right of it. The jungled shore was still black with night when the Raven's bow piece roared warning. The solid shot dropped just off the Bintang's bow, spouting water. And the brig was making canvas clear to her royal yards. In pale gray light before daybreak she towered to the sky with her black-tipped yards as she slowly gathered way. The Malays were crying at the ropes; then Bob Cassino's roaring voice hailed out of twilight:

"Let go that hawser, Voodray! I have good gunners here!"

Flegmar's mirthless smile twitched his cheeks as he waved his arms toward the fo'c'sle head for the frightened Chinese bosun to release the line. Things were going fine, he thought. This was the luck he'd been waiting for these many years! Greedily he watched that tall figure on the Raven's poop. The brig burbled along, all grace and symmetry, rumoring her speed, her sea poise with that functional beauty that was hers. The leeches of her courses hummed as she ghosted past through dissolving night. Flegmar waited till she showed her counter and the clean run of her wake. Then he sprang for the little pilothouse and roared down the speaking tube to the engine room:

"Steam on that capstan, Frankie! He's ours! It worked!"

That's why full blinding daylight found the Bintang weaving her way up the treacherous river's flood between green steaming mangrove walls, with the Raven's upper yards in sight beyond the forward reach. Voodray noted carefully each bearing and channel mark: a cluster of royal palms here, a gigantic banyan straddling the crumbling river bank there. He grinned at the bare skeletons of three schooners who had been less fortunate than he, rotting in the shoal mud with monkeys chattering on their broken spars. And in a clean long stretch of river, with the village of Balbalan looming at last in the distance, he bore up close to Cassino's brig and bellowed triumphant laughter at that man with steely eyes at the Raven's taffrail.

"We got our guns trained on you, Cassino. You're so high and mighty, *Rajah Putih*," he shouted ironically, "you don't carry no stern ordnance at all. So we got you dead to rights! That bow piece

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Frankie's standing by is a twelve-pounder. He couldn't miss you at this range if he tried. Remember that! And don't try to manhandle your swivels aft—or we open fire at once!"

Cassino came slowly erect. "You make good capital out of famine and fever, Voodray!"

"As for the fever—there ain't none! I just thought maybe you'd be reasonable once we got you two apart. Now you listen to me, Cassino! Riti McKale's on that jetty. Frankie Metaxin is a first-rate rifle shot and he don't like women at all. Me, I do. I wouldn't want her harmed. So you do as we say! Understand? You've washed enough gold from this stinking hole. It's our turn now!"

Cassino's face was grim. "Go on," he said.

"You tell Riti to stay where she is or Frankie blasts away. And you keep your brig's stern our way! Then you tell Turangi to sign our chit. Exclusive trading privilege for Frankie and me. And no one else! Bird skins, teakwood, gutta-percha, and all. On our terms. Then he can have rice. Otherwise the whole tribe can starve and be damned! And we'll stay here till he does sign. Remember that! With our bow gun pointed at your water line!"

THERE was a moment of silence. Cassino eyed the land grimly. He saw Riti McKale, erect in the open, with Frankie Metaxin's rifle pointed her way. And he knew Frankie would use it, too. So he slowly turned toward the Bintang's unlovely bows again. "You win, Voodray," he called across dully. "When do we discharge our rice for these poor beggars here?"

"When Turangi signs!"

"Come ashore with your paper, then. Turangi will sign."

On the fo'c'sle head Frankie Metaxin showed his teeth. Cassino turned. "Turangi!" he called toward the land.

The big Malay came swaying into sunlight, his women at his back. "*Ada, Tuan.* I do as you say, *Rajah Putih.*"

The old fellow was swaying. Flegmar Voodray didn't notice that till he stepped to the muddy shore from his boat, a pistol in one hand and the paper that meant a fortune in trade in the other. He stepped forward eagerly, his little eyes glowing at the nearness of Riti McKale. "Now there's a sensible girl. *You* won't lose by this, I promise you," he assured her. "You're too smart to hang to a man who's through. Cassino's all washed up. I'll show you how to take a fortune out of these Kanak's. Drive 'em! Good solid trade and no sentimental nonsense at all. You and me, Riti! I got my eye right now on a three-mast ship. Like a yacht, my pet! With a suite of cabin rooms in solid teak. Just for you!"

"*You wouldn't look so well, Voodray,*" the girl murmured, her dark eyes flashing, "with a welt on your other cheek, too."

"Spirit, by gad! Splendid, my pet!"

"The paper," she said coldly. "You will have to hold it yourself. Turangi is very weak."

"The devil he is! He was strong as an ox last night."

"That's how it strikes. Sudden. Quick. It's awful! There are twenty down with it already."

"Strikes?" Voodray frowned. "Down with what?"

"Well, look at him. See for yourself. Bloodshot eyes. Dizzy. Can barely stand. Look at those poor devils on the jetty." She raised her voice, calling their names: "Muranda, Durani!"

The two Malays struggled feebly to their feet, staggering toward her and swaying like drunken men. One of them collapsed abruptly at Voodray's feet. Flegmar looked down. The Malay's mouth was flecked with white foam. Voodray's eyes flew wide, staring. Then he looked up at Turangi's face. It was paste-colored: the rajah's limbs were trembling. He heard Riti's voice faintly, as from a very great distance, fear stirring deep within him.

"The paper!" she was urging. "Let him make his mark quickly so we can take care of our sick. There is no time to waste!"

Voodray backed away. "Blackwater fever!" he gasped.

Riti McKale shook her head. "No," she said, loudly. "It's worse than that, I'm afraid. Cholera! Asiatic cholera."

Flegmar's head snapped up as if from a violent physical blow. Wild hysterical fright took complete possession of him. "Cholera!" he repeated hoarsely. Then he spun around on his heel in panic. "Frankie!" he roared. "They got cholera here! The place is a pest hole! It's Asiatic cholera!"

On the Bintang's fo'c'sle head Frankie Metaxin's face went pale. He tried to cry something out, but his jaws just opened loosely and closed again without a sound. Flegmar Voodray was racing back to his boat. He launched it feverishly, snarling at the Chinese boatmen. He sprang to the Bintang's deck before the boat was fairly clear of the bulwark on the lifting falls, charging in wild panic for the little pilothouse.

"Steam, Frankie!" he was bellowing. "Let's get to hell out of here! It's Asiatic cholera, I tell you!"

The Bintang churned the water to muddy foam. . . .

When twilight fell swiftly on the island of Balbalan, Cassino was still on the poop of the brig, moored to the landing jetty. And Riti McKale was at his side under the Raven's awning, with the Rajah Turangi stretched at his ease in the captain's rattan chair, contentedly chewing his betel nut. They were unloading rice from the brig's main hatch, and the Malays were singing at that work. Cook fires winked all along the shore.

"HE WILL never live this down when the crackers hear of it at Gumbo John's," Riti McKale said in her slightly husky voice. "Never!"

"It's his own fault, really. He gave me the idea himself. Telling me there was sickness here. It's what he's frightened of most, I guessed. Seems I was right. You did a job of it, Riti!"

"It had to look real, Bob. Twenty-five grains of quinine will make the stoutest Malay stagger around, drunk and dizzy and half deaf. They aren't used to it, you know."

"No."

"But they'll be all right soon enough."

"That black boy with the foam on his lips, Riti. You gave it to Durani pretty strong. He—"

The girl's laughter bubbled again. "I had nothing to do with that foam. But it helped. Turangi did that himself."

"Turangi?"

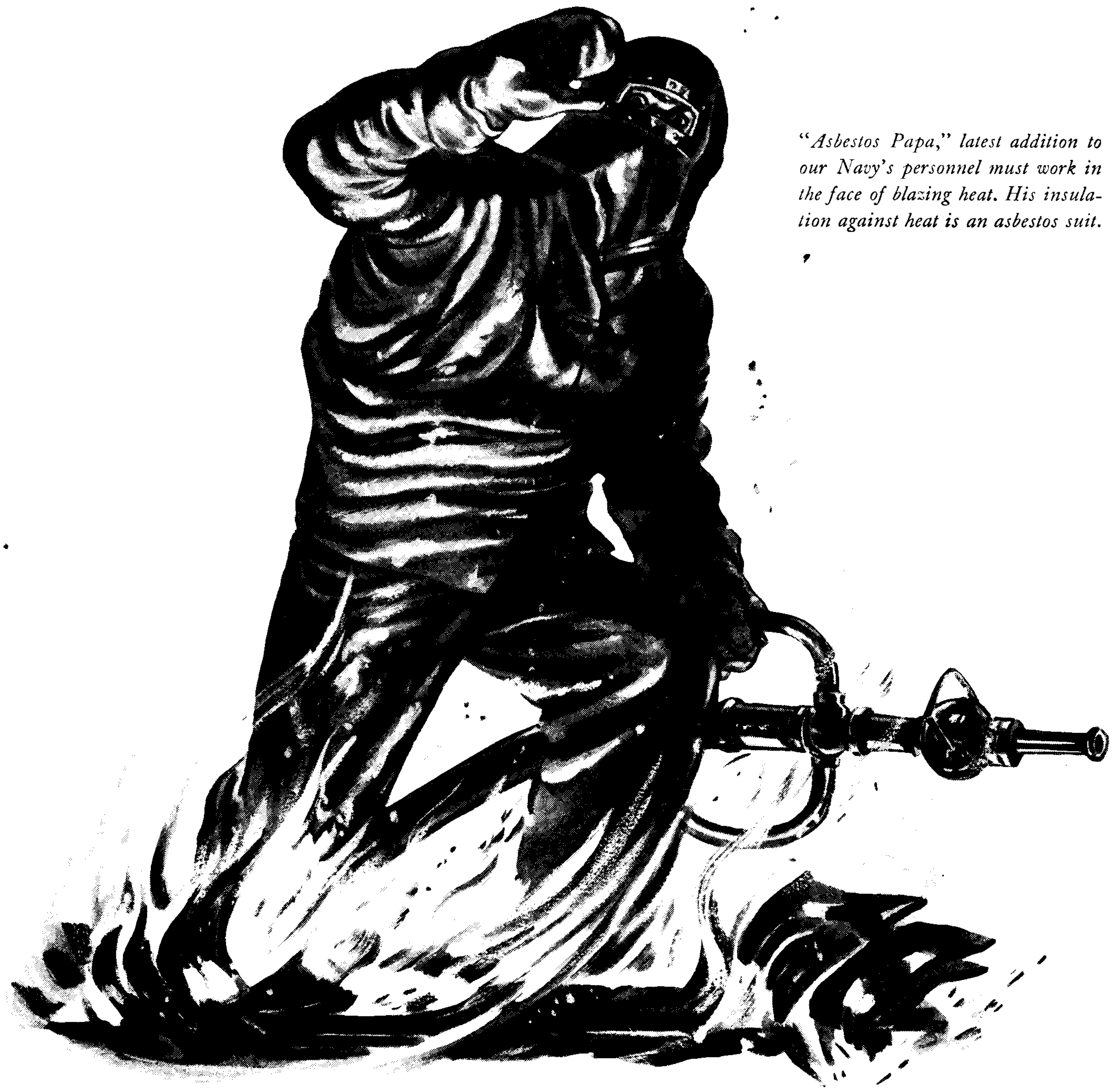
"Yes. He made the poor devil chew *on half a bar of your trade soap, Bob.*"

"What!"

"Fact. Because Durani spoke falsely about his friend. He said he didn't think the *Rajah Putih* would come to Balbalan in time. Well, you did. So Durani ate the soap."

Behind them, Turangi grunted emphatically and nodded his big white head, his betel-stained teeth agleam. Captain Bob Cassino looked at Riti McKale and his eyes lit up at what he saw. "One day," he murmured quietly, "we'll clear these islands of scoundrels like Voodray and Frankie and all his rotten crew. Then our day will come, Riti. It will be a fine day for us. For you—and me."

"I am sure of it, Bob," the girl agreed quietly, slipping her hand into his.



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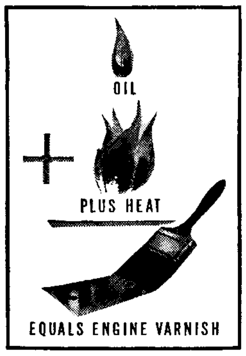

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Born for Blues

Continued from page 11

terrier that's solid black instead of brindle and white, your dog is barred from the show ring. If your English bulldog or Pekingese has a "Dudley" or flesh-colored nose, rather than a black one, he's disqualified from competition. If the ears of your fox terrier stand up straight, or if your chow has a red, instead of blue-black tongue, you'd best give up all thoughts of making him a champion, because these are disqualifying faults.

No one can tell you more about dog-show rules and regulations than George F. Foley, who, in his thirty-five years as a dog-show superintendent, has conducted more shows than anyone else. He can tell you about cases of faking, or "fixing" a dog so as to change its appearance. Judges and kennel-club officials enforce the rules so strictly today, however, that few persons attempt it, and still fewer get away with it. It's perfectly all right to use white chalk to clean a white dog, but colored chalks are taboo because they may change the dog's original color. It's permissible to use lotions on a chow's or poodle's coat, but it's not all right to use belladonna in a spaniel's eyes to enlarge the pupils. Tattooing a pink nose, or applying black grease to a dog's nose, are violations. Breaking a terrier's tail, and allowing it to heal so that it stands up straight instead of curling over the back, Foley says, is of course against the rules.

How to Show Your Dog

If your dog is registered, and if you think he measures up favorably to the written standard of his breed, the only way to satisfy yourself on the matter is to show him. Each breed has a standard that describes the theoretical "perfect" specimen and guides judges in making their decisions. If you come away from your first show with a blue ribbon you're bound to enter your dog in the next one, for once the fever gets you you're in the game to stay.

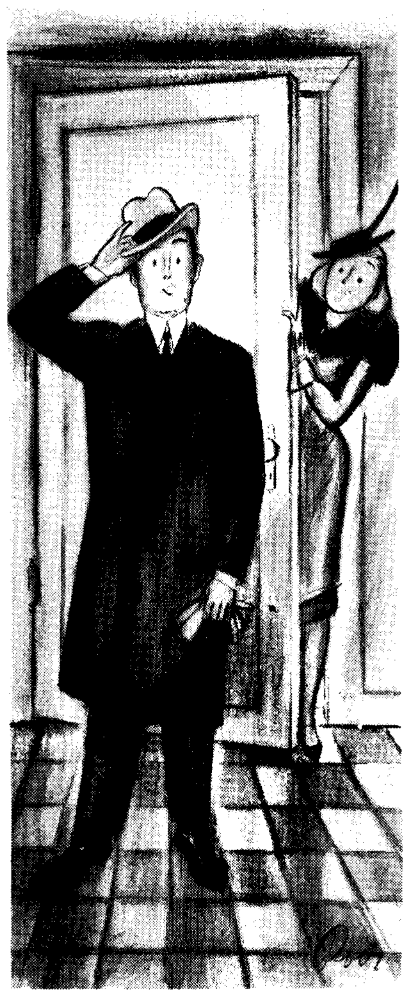
When you fill out an entry blank to a show, you state your dog's breed, color, sex, name and registration number. You also include date and place of birth, names of dam and sire and the name of the person who bred him. Then you decide in which class of his breed you'll enter him. If he's less than a year old he's eligible for the puppy class. If he never has won a first prize, he may be entered in the novice class. The American-bred class is for dogs born and bred in this country, champions excepted. The limit class is for dogs that have not won six first prizes in this class, and again champions are excluded. The open class is the real free-for-all. Champions and imported dogs are eligible. All classes are divided according to sex, so that a novice male will compete only against other novice males.

Your dog will not only be trying for ribbons, trophies and prize money, but for championship points as well. If he wins his class, he'll compete against the winners of the other male classes. If he beats them all, he'll be awarded from one to five championship points. The number of points is determined by the number of dogs in all the classes, and the scale of points varies for different breeds.

When your dog has fifteen points to his credit, he's a champion, provided he has won under at least three different judges and that two of his winning shows have been three-point affairs or better.

Whether you make your dog a champion or not, you'll have a lot of fun trying. And whether you attend one or a dozen shows, sooner or later you'll come into contact with George Foley, whose occupation is to run dog shows for other people. He found himself in the business back in 1904 when a Philadelphia kennel club asked him to arrange the details of a show that was to be held at a county fair. He received a hundred dollars for the job, but today it costs a kennel club anywhere from $1,500 to $25,000 to have Foley run its show.

Last year the Foley Dog Show Organization, Inc., of which George Foley is president, conducted one hundred and five dog shows in this country and Canada. It did a gross business of one million dollars. It owns enough trucks and equipment to run three shows on one day, enough benches to accommodate three thousand dogs. The next big show on Foley's schedule is the annual outdoor show of the Morris & Essex Kennel Club at Madison, New Jersey, on May 27th. Last year's show was the largest one-day show ever held anywhere.



"Wipe my silly grin off your face!"

I. ROIR

Foley shows have benched thousands of dogs and he's never been bitten. That doesn't prevent him from carrying heavy liability insurance for every show he runs, though. Occasionally an adult is bitten at a show, but seldom is a child molested, even by high-strung dogs of uncertain dispositions. You can rarely collect from Foley, because you cannot prove negligence on his part if you invite trouble by poking your fingers at every dog in the show.

Temperamental judges are one of Foley's headaches. A German expert once was invited to come to America to judge Doberman pinschers at the Westminster show. He accepted. The German took one look at the dogs in the Doberman class and proceeded to shoo then out of the ring, shouting, "*Raus mit ihnen! Raus!*"

This was something new in the show ring. Foley quickly had an interpreter explain to the judge that he was supposed to award four prizes in each class, but the expert stuck to his guns. None of the dogs was worth an award, he shouted. In the next class he gave out first and second ribbons, but no third or fourth. In some of the larger classes, though, the judge who had traveled 4,000 miles condescended to award all four prizes.

When a kennel club decides to hold a show, it names the time and place and draws up its list of judges. It will probably select one or more professional judges, each of whom will judge several breeds, for which he'll receive from one hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars and expenses. Its list also will include several amateur judges, who will judge a few breeds and in some cases only one.

Foley's organization supplies just about everything needed at the show except the dogs. It prints and mails the entry blanks and handles the publicity. While the entries are coming in, Foley's clerical staff is preparing the show's official catalogue for publication. When the last entry is received, the book goes to press.

Three other men in his organization, his brother, Howard F. Foley, George K. Blakely and Edmund J. Rafferty, also hold superintendents' licenses, so that one may conduct a show in Miami while another is running one in Toronto. Foley usually has a pretty good idea of the number of dogs expected at a show, and knows that certain breeds will have the heaviest entries.

Dogs Are Big Business

"Today the smaller breeds are the most popular, mainly because of the depression and the large number of people living in small apartments," Foley explains. "Years ago the larger breeds were all the rage, but now we're seeing the miniature models of large breeds become more popular every day. The miniature schnauzer, miniature poodle and Shetland sheep dog, which is a small edition of the collie, are gaining popularity. The cocker spaniel, Boston terrier and other terrier breeds are being bred smaller today than they were several years ago."

Dogs are so popular today that the various businesses that have sprung up to take care of them involve real money, as these figures of Foley's will prove:

"Right now, the total property value of all the dogs, kennel buildings and dog-supply plants and factories in this country is two hundred million dollars. Dog owners pay twenty-five millions in dog taxes every year. There are forty thousand American dog breeders, each of whom breeds at least one litter of pups a year. Fifty million dollars' worth of dog food is sold annually and, believe it or not, thirty thousand persons depend entirely on dogs for their livelihood."

When the last dog leaves a show, Foley wraps up the judges' books, containing all the official awards, and has them delivered to the office of the A.K.C. in New York. When the all-day ordeal of listening to the barking of almost four thousand dogs at the Morris & Essex show is over, Foley will return to his home in Philadelphia for some rest and quiet.

He won't be able to get the rest, though, until he has taken his Irish terrier, Mr. McCarthy, out for a walk.

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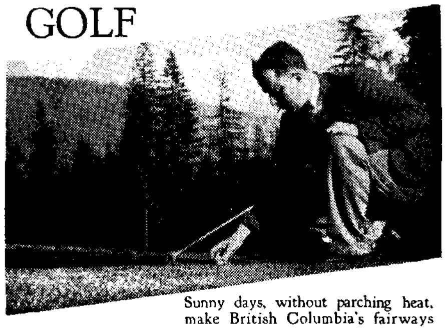

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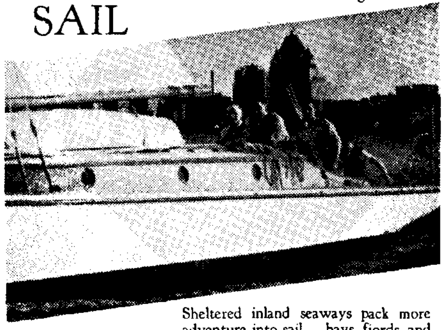

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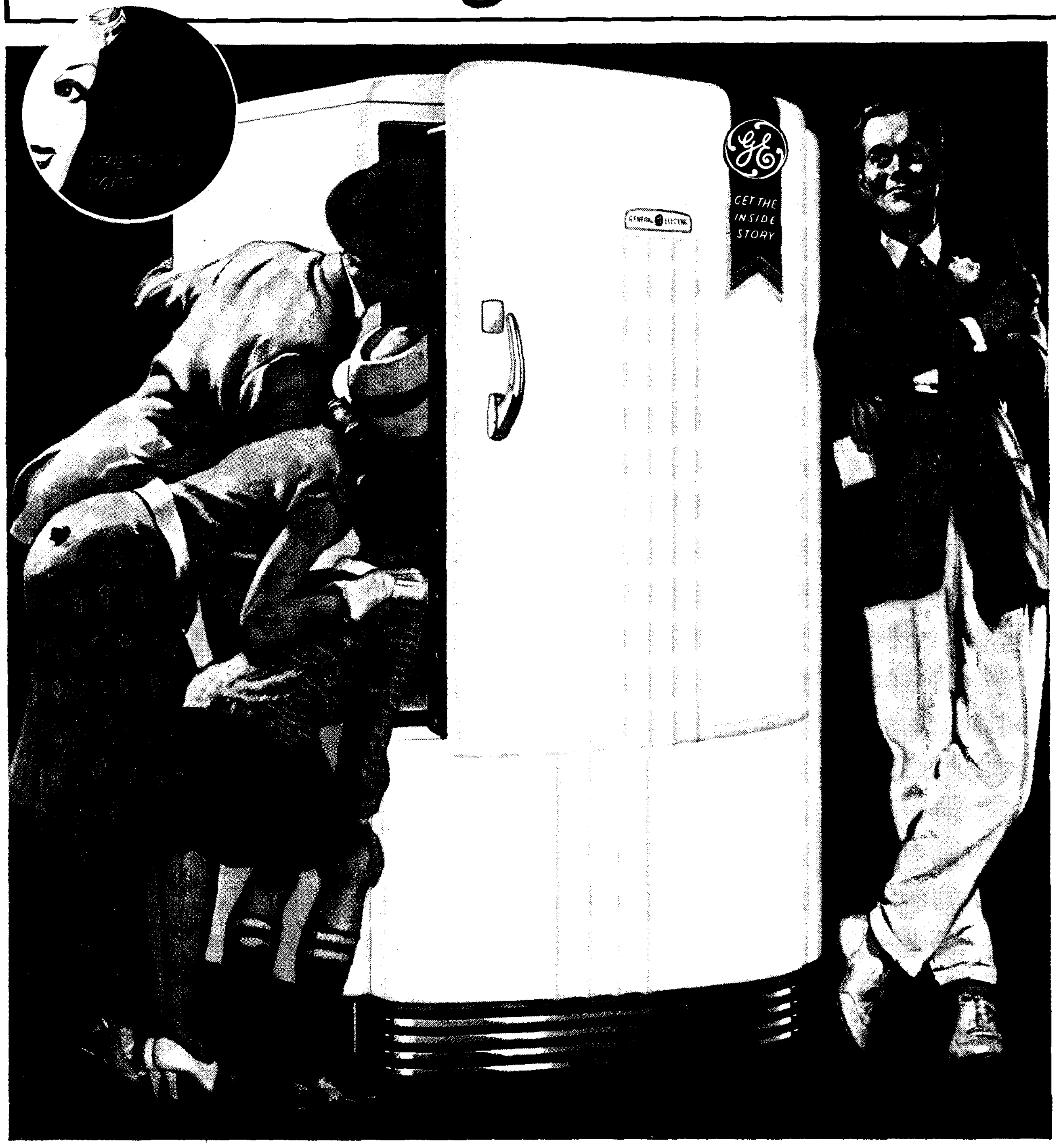

"See G-E!" That's the hot tip among refrigerator buyers this year. The 1939 General Electric is jam-packed with new value, new conveniences, new features—and today's prices are the lowest in G-E history! First with the sealed mechanism, all-steel cabinet, stainless steel super-freezer and other notable contributions to better refrigeration at less cost, General Electric now gives you

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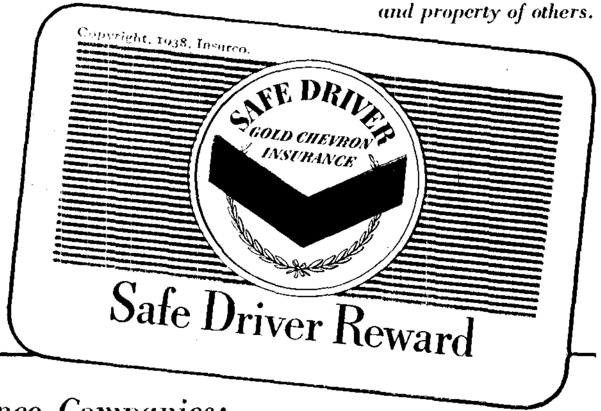

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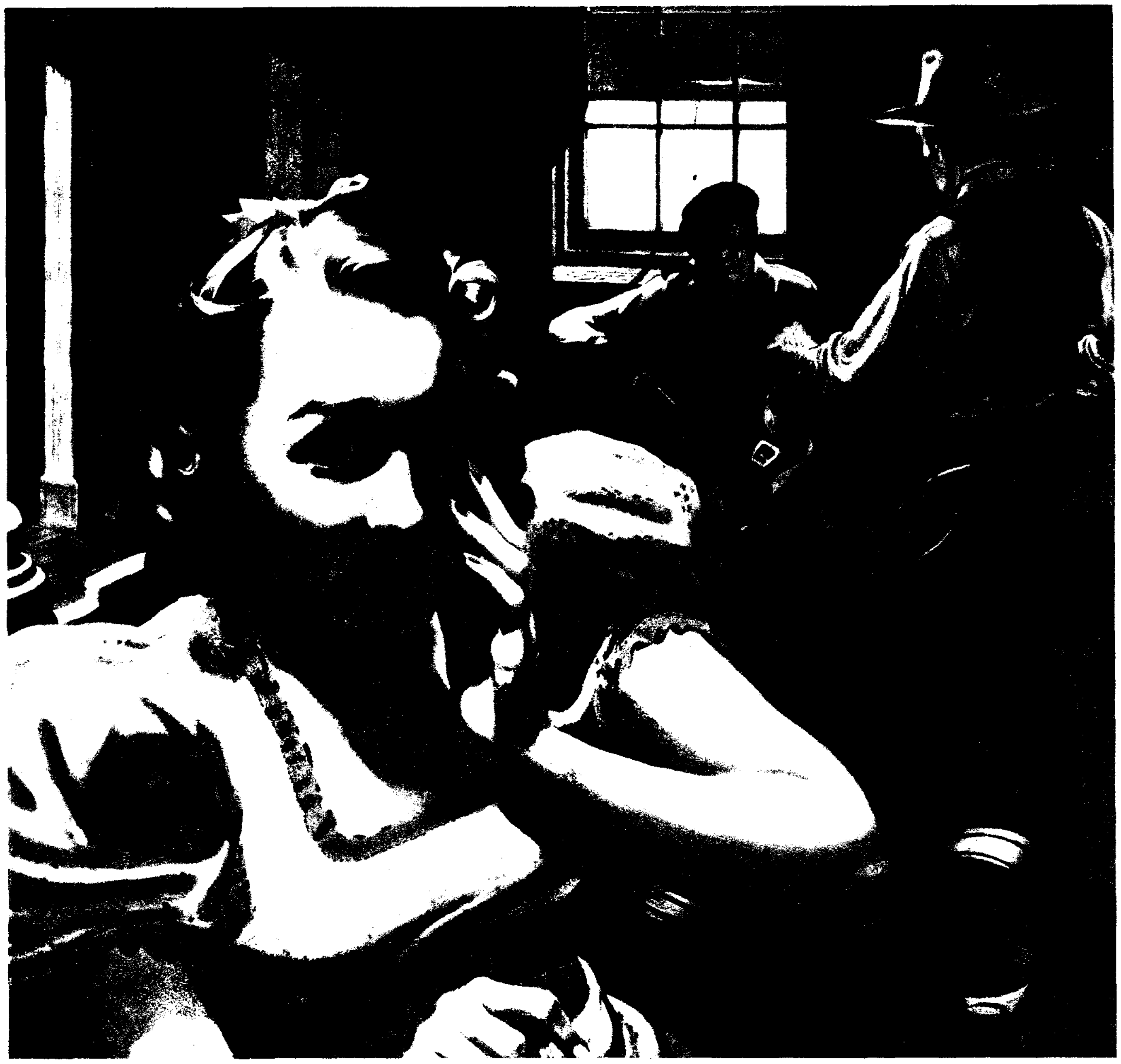
Fight at Painted Rock

By Alan Le May

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

A man may lose many things—and still win a woman's heart



"I'll lend you this here gun," the marshal said. "Other day, you said you wanted a chance. Here it is"

GAR LACEY once rode with Billy the Kid for about four days, and it made such an impression on him that he imitated the Kid all the rest of his short life. He did a good job of it; some thought his later gunplay was smokier than the Kid's own.

When Gar was killed, at the age of twenty-two, he had filed seventeen notches on his gun, conscientiously not counting the little colored boy he killed by mistake at Alamagordas, or the old lady who ill-advisedly tried to sell tortillas in the line of fire at Las Cruces. Some of the notches were for fighting men who were plenty tough, and all of the notches were honest—except one.

Gar himself never knew that one of the notches tallied a man who was still alive. If he had known it he would have felt humiliated. Probably he would have gone out and shot a Mexican or somebody, to bring the tally up to scratch.

The phony notch was for a cowboy by the name of Tommy Roddy whom Gar Lacey fought in Painted Rock. He should have been dead; he had every reason to be dead; a score had seen him shot, not once but many times, and had seen him fall. It was not Gar Lacey's fault that this one simply would not die.

There were other things about that fight that Gar Lacey never knew. He knew nothing about the gun-fighting marshal of Painted Rock, a man who might have had a chance against Gar, as Tommy Roddy certainly did not; yet who sent Tommy Roddy in against him, and himself stayed away. And especially Gar would have been surprised to hear that this fight was over a girl whom he had never seen nor heard of.

Except for her, the shoot-out wouldn't have amounted to much, as shoot-outs went, for Tommy Roddy had made no name as a gun fighter. He hadn't made a name as anything. He wasn't even the sort of youngster who belonged in Painted Rock at all.

Painted Rock consisted mainly of one rickety street of false-fronted bars, and blamed its existence on a cattle trail that gathered herds from a vast thin land. It was surrounded on four sides and part of the top by a lot of highly colored scenery, of a kind very hard on horses' feet. The inhabitants didn't appreciate the scenery very much. They would have liked a few more different flavors of beans, a few more good-looking women, and some grub without any sand in it, in trade for several hundred square miles of assorted views.

TOMMY RODDY looked very much like any trail-town loafer with a saddle and no horse. Until he played his mouth organ you couldn't tell him from the others. But when he sat on his back and made the mouth organ sing and cry, you knew he was a long way from where he belonged.

What usually came out of the mouth organ was pure river country. If you were from the river it took you back there so plain that you forgot where you were. You could hear Negro voices in the mouth-organ reeds, the dancing bare feet of darkies slapping on the planks, and the rough-throated moan of boat whistles far downstream. The baked smell of the desert turned into the smell of lazy running water, cotton bales, and catfish frying; and the dust of distant herds became the river mists, walking on smooth water at twilight. Until at last you could see the brown Mississippi, a mile wide and brimming, swinging down the long bends between its plantations and its woods.

Tommy Roddy had wandered westward through a hundred cow camps for no better reason than a legion like him could have given; there were plenty more like Tommy Roddy on the Western trails. Finally he had wandered into Painted Rock, and there, having set eyes on Nancy Plain, had failed to wander on.

Nancy Plain lived with her brother, Judd, who also had wandered into Painted Rock, not so very long before, and stayed on because he had promoted himself into a pretty good thing as town marshal. Except that Nancy was there, Tommy Roddy had no earthly business in Painted Rock. There wasn't anything there for him to do. As his money dribbled away he took to swamping bars for drinks or a meal, no better off than any other saddle bum waiting for a herd to come through and pick him up. Only Tommy Roddy let the herds drift on through without him.

Marshal Judd Plain could have helped him get something if he had been of a mind to, but he wasn't of a mind to.

Between those two men there was less than ten years difference in age, for Judd could hardly have reached thirty; yet one of them seemed young and the other old. Judd Plain had a great solidity, like pie for breakfast, or a pair of bricks. It was in his shoulders, which were a little warped but very strong, and in the set of his heels, which planted themselves as if he were liable to take root any time now. And especially it was in his eyes, old beyond his years. It made him a good marshal, one who seldom had to draw a gun.

Just about every night during that blazing hot summer Tommy Roddy was to be found gone to roost on the gallery of the Plains' little house, out toward the end of Painted Rock's single street. He made no special play at Nancy. How could he? Except for his saddle, he didn't have a thing.

BUT along about the time of evening when the cub coyotes would begin tuning up out in the sand hills, Tommy Roddy would be warming up the mouth organ on the Plain gallery. Both tune-ups sounded about alike to Judd Plain, who objected to Roddy making noises like that at his sister, but hardly knew what to do about it.

For Tommy Roddy could make the mouth organ talk on topics other than the Mississippi River. He could make it sing about exiled, homesick youngsters wandering over endless badlands in search of something they could not name. He could make it sing about a man finding what he was looking for, and knowing it when he saw it, even though he had never known what it was before; and then not knowing what to do about it, because he had empty pockets and empty hands. That mouth organ could break your heart with the realization that it wasn't ever going to do you any good to move on any more, while at the same time you couldn't bear to stay where you were.

And sometimes the mouth organ talked much plainer than that, so that Nancy blushed under cover of the dark, strangely disturbed by the pulse of the reeds; and her brother would shift his shoulders restlessly, resentful, but not knowing how to stop this thing.

Judd Plain wanted his sister to send Tommy packing. "This Roddy guy is worse useless," he complained, "than window shades on a horse. He's worse useless than a nightshirt on a hog. Nance, stick a road brand on this maverick. Spank him one with a pad of cactus, and let's have him on his way!"

"How can I do that? He hasn't ever said anything to me."

"He better hadn't, too."

So the summer ran along, with the Mississippi magic of the mouth organ moaning out its soul, until often Nancy couldn't sleep and didn't want to; and all three of them knew that something would have to break.

Tommy Roddy knew the break all right, when it came.

It was dusk, and Tommy Roddy had moved in on the Plain gallery, slow-going, casual, apologetic, as he always looked; and the mouth organ was beginning to tune up.

"You ain't wearing no gun, I see," the marshal said.

Tommy Roddy shook his head with a slow, absent motion, not stopping the wail of his mouth organ; then let it drift from his lips long enough to say, "I've got no dispute on with anybody; not that I know."

Judd Plain, marshal of Painted Rock, stood up and went into the house, spurless boots clomping. He was gone several minutes. When he came out on the low gallery again he had in his hands a gun belt not his own.

Tommy Roddy was sitting on the small of his back on the gallery floor, his propped-up knees crossed and his shoulders braced against the house wall.

"I'll lend you this here gun," the marshal said, holding out the holster to Tommy Roddy. "Other day, you said you wanted a chance. Here it is. I'm giving you one."

JUDD PLAIN'S voice was flat and level. No hidden meanings showed in his still face, nor in his hard and steady eyes. But contempt was there, though it was hidden. Tommy knew it, and Judd Plain knew he knew it; and the girl sitting in the shadows understood them both.

Tommy became so still that he didn't even put the mouth organ down. He just sat there as if he were suddenly turned to wood, except for his eyes. His eyes rolled upward with a slow inquiry to the figure of the marshal, standing over him in the dusk.

Judd tossed a shiny piece of nickelplate into Tommy Roddy's lap.

"That's a deputy badge. Stick it on your shirt. This here's the key to the Home for Disorderly."

He threw a great foolish piece of ironwork on the floor beside Tommy. It thundered down like a crowbar falling—a rusty ancient key to a lock you could have picked with a horseshoe.

"There's a kid cowboy raising hell in Dunfree's place," the marshal said. "You go on down. Go down there and pick up this drunk kid, and sling him in the trap."

Tommy Roddy said thoughtfully, "Kind of a slim boy, with yaller hair?"

"Oh, you saw him already?"

"Yes; I saw him as I come by Dunfree's."

"That's the one."

Tommy didn't move right away. After a moment or two he put the mouth organ back to his lips, and played a few more bars. But there was no more rhythm to it, and the wail trailed off into silence.

"Go pick him up," Judd Plain said again. "You asked for a chance, didn't you? What are you waiting for?"

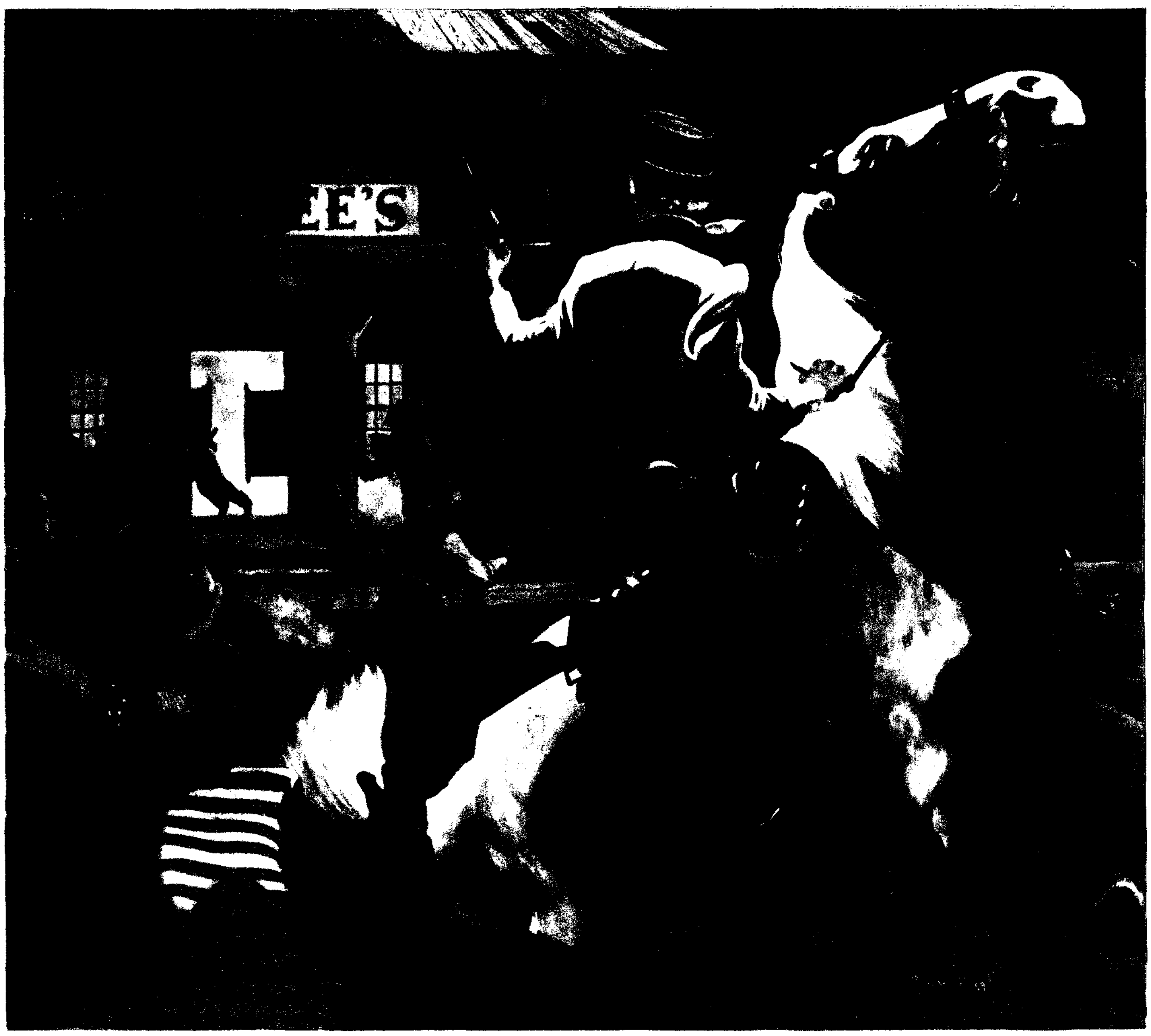
Tommy Roddy was looking at Nancy, through the thickening dusk; but she would not meet his eyes. She knew he wanted her to say something. Anything would have been better than nothing at all. She could have said, "Do it, Tommy," or "Don't you do it"—anything. But she didn't speak, nor look at him.

Tommy Roddy wiped the mouth organ on his sleeve and put it in his pocket. He pinned the plated badge on his shirt; it shone very bright and new, even in the twilight, against the washworn flannel. He stood up and took the gun belt in his hands.

Nothing was readable in his face as he buckled on the leather. Only, his hands were very slow—too slow, too careful, as if his fingers were hindered by the fading of the light. When he had stepped off the gallery he turned back to Nancy.

He said, "I—" and fumbled. "I—" At last he just said, "Well, so long," and turned away.

Nancy said, "Good luck, Tommy," very low, so low that perhaps he didn't hear her. Or perhaps he didn't answer because in her hushed tone there was pity of a kind that neither Tommy Roddy nor any man in Painted Rock that night would have liked to take. He went down the boardwalk toward the riotous heart of the raw one-streeted town.



The kid fired twice more, cracking the steel to his pony as he did so

"Yellow," Judd Plain said in that flat, steady tone of his, with its east-Texas slur. "Yellow to the bones."

Nancy said, "There never was a sweeter man. You can't imagine Tommy Roddy ever doing a mean thing, or a cheap thing, or a small one."

"That don't count."

THE girl got up and went inside. The marshal took the rocker she had left, and sat smoking with the slack, idle hands of a man entirely at rest.

Tommy Roddy walked on down along the hitch rails where the lines of ponies stood; past the bleak-faced bars with their small-paned, bright-lighted windows. There was plenty of noise going on in most of them; but in Dunfree's place, though there were plenty of customers, the crowd was quiet. A slim blond youngster with thick-lidded eyes was at the head of the bar. He was beginning to sway on his elbows, but his eyes were active under their heavy lids.

Experience had taught the customers the signs. The kid was waiting for a ruckus, and would have it before he was through. They stayed to see it, though no one as yet wanted to take part in it exactly.

NOBODY paid any attention to Tommy Roddy as he came in, looking slow, casual, and apologetic, as usual. There was a little clear space that by common consent had been left along the bar next to the blond kid, and Tommy slid into this.

After a moment Tommy Roddy said, "Look. Look. I've got to take you in."

The kid at the bar looked blank, surprised. "What did you say?" And Roddy told him again.

The cowboy stared at Roddy, and after a moment he began to smile. It was a thin-lipped smile, but lively and happy. "Well," he said, "why don't you do it?"

Unhurried, he turned to the bar, and tossed his whisky down. Roddy just waited. He acted as if he didn't know how to go about this job, or what to do.

Then suddenly the kid at the bar snapped around to face Roddy, and his gun was in his hand, though nobody had seen him draw. He still looked pleased, but the thin-lipped smile was gone from his face.

"You get the hell out of here," he said.

Tommy Roddy answered, "I just can't do it, Gar."

Until that moment no one in the bar had recognized Gar Lacey. Probably only one or two of the quick ones recognized him now. But later, when they learned who the blond kid was, they remembered that Tommy Roddy had stood there and called him by name.

"I just can't," Tommy Roddy said again. And he jerked his gun.

One gun roared, and it wasn't Roddy's. Tommy Roddy slumped forward and went down. His unfired gun rattled free against the footrail, and his face struck the floor undefended.

The kid at the bar kept his gun in his hand. "One more whisky," he said, and the popeyed bartender slopped full the glass.

The kid was suddenly sober now, and very cool. The place was so quiet that the men along the wall could hear one another breathe.

In that sudden quiet the fallen man began to move. Tommy Roddy tried to get his legs under him, but he could not. He got hold of his gun again, though. He turned on one elbow, and raised the iron.

Without any change in his face the kid at the bar fired twice more. Some of the watchers winced a little, each in his own way. They didn't so much mind gunplay, but it went against them to see the lead pour into a downed man. They figured afterward that those two shots broke Roddy's right arm and right shoulder, but by the way he collapsed they thought at the moment that he was killed.

The kid cowboy drank his whisky, and he eyed the fallen man curiously as his quick fingers reloaded the fired chambers of his gun. Then he stepped around

Roddy, and backed out onto the walk.

The cowmen who had flattened against the wall relaxed a little, and a couple of them were swearing softly to themselves. Then something happened in there that their eyes couldn't believe.

Tommy Roddy was getting up.

He got to his knees, groping crazily, and his left hand got hold of his gun once more. There were bubbles at his lips, but somehow he pitched to his feet. Almost at the door he stumbled and went to his knees; but the side of the door caught him, and once more his gun came up.

The kid who had shot him was swinging onto his pony, out there. They heard him cuss as Roddy's gun spoke at last. The kid fired twice more, cracking the steel to his pony as he fired. His last shot, got off as the pony jumped, went wild through the window, and broke a whisky jug. It was the only one that missed. And Tommy Roddy was down again, this time to stay.

Instantly, as soon as the gun-fighting kid was definitely pouring hoof thunder down the street, the crowd that had backed up against the wall closed in around the fallen man. Doc Chance, who always lit out at a high lope, probe in hand, at the sound of gunfire, came forcing his way in, shouting futilely for them to stand back.

There was some confusion of voices, and hauling this way and that, as they tried to decide where Tommy Roddy should be taken. But now Judd Plain came shouldering through. The marshal was not looking up to himself. It was the first time any of them had seen him look scared, let alone bewildered. At his orders they carried Tommy to Judd's own house.

Then, as half the town milled around in front of Judd Plain's house to talk it over, the true name of the gun-fighting blond kid spread through the crowd: "Gar Lacey! That was Gar Lacey!" In five minutes everyone in Painted Rock knew that Tommy Roddy had walked in against one of the deadliest cases of gun lightning then abroad in the West. Gar Lacey! The fastest man in town would have wanted no part of him.

When the word reached Judd Plain he turned gray and sick. He started to say, "If I'd known that—if—" But there was nothing he could say, even to himself.

NANCY PLAIN went in then to where Doc was finishing his work, though Doc Chance had ordered her out of there. Tommy lay quiet, his eyes dull in a bloodless face; but Nancy was flustered and incoherent:

"Tommy, I brought in your mouth organ. It—it fell in the street."

"I missed him," Tommy said vaguely. His eyes wandered. "I could see him plain, and I failed."

"Tommy, Tommy," Nancy said, "you didn't fail! You had no chance! Do you know who that was? That was Gar Lacey! Gar Lacey—do you understand?"

Tommy did not speak; but Doc Chance said, "Well, he knows it. He knew it all the time."

"He—he knew Gar Lacey—and yet he—"

"Heck, Tommy even called him by name, there at the bar."

Nancy stared at him. "But—but—Judd thought—" Suddenly her face went blank and stricken. The mouth organ fell from her hands; it teetered for a moment on the edge of the cot where Tommy Roddy lay, then clattered to the floor. "Then he thinks that Judd—he thinks that we—Tommy, look at me! We didn't know! It isn't true!"

Tommy Roddy looked at her squarely, yet without seeming to see her; then, deliberately, he turned his face to the wall.

Nancy went back to her brother. "Judd, he knew! He knew it was Gar Lacey all the time!"

The marshal was still looking dazed, but his eyes snapped hard to her face. "Huh-uh. He wouldn't've gone into it if—wait. Maybe he would, at that. Yes, I guess he would, to judge by what he went on and done."

"Judd, he thinks *you knew!* He thinks we both knew, and just sent him in, knowing!"

Judd slowly considered that. "No," he decided. "No. He couldn't think that. Nobody could think that. Why, that would've been common murder."

Nancy's words were quick and contemptuous: "He thinks we counted on him to quit. He thinks we did it to show him up and be rid of him. We gave him a choice of being shown up or killed—as clear as that!"

"Well," her brother said slowly, "I reckon that's just about what we done. But don't you go blaming me! You knew I aimed to show him up, even if we didn't know it was Gar. And you just set there and never hollered. You're as much to blame as me!"

"I'm not blaming you. I'm hating myself. I'm hating myself as I never knew I could hate anything." Her voice was small and blurred. "I'll make it up to him. I'll spend my whole life making it up to him, if only—"

DOC CHANCE, who had joined them in time to hear the last of that, said, "Heck, I never see such a lucky stiff. Why is it some jiggers go through life hounded with luck, and the rest of us just have to grind along with collections like they is?"

"You mean he isn't killed?"

"I don't know how come there's no way to demolish him, but seemingly there ain't. He'll come up a-rarin'—he's going to be all right."

"He'll never forgive me," Nancy whispered. "He'll never forgive me, so long as he lives. He—he turned his face to the wall, so he wouldn't have to look at me. What's that?"

A queer, thin quaver of sound was coming from the room where Tommy Roddy lay.

"Why," Judd Plain said, "that sure sounds like—yes, sir, it is! Nancy, that unstoppable feller has gone back to mooing through that mouth organ again already! Of all the eternal damnation things I ever see, this beats—"

"Somebody ought to take that thing away from him," Doc said. "He's got no business blowing through that. Somebody ought to—"

Clear and plain, plainer than words could be, the mouth organ was calling Nancy back. Nancy's head came up, her eyes suddenly bright. "You leave it to me! I'll fix him!" They stood back, and let her take over.

Yet, when she went to him, it was Tommy who did most of the talking, little breath as he had. "I heard all that," he told her. "I did think you knew it was Gar. But I didn't ever believe you wanted me killed. You know what I thought? I thought you believed I could take him, Nancy."

One wavering hand got the mouth organ to his lips again; but she took it away from him.

"Look," he said. "Look. I *can* take him. I can trail him down, and this time I'll beat him. I can get him for you, Nancy, if you want."

"What in the world would I want with a dead gunman?" Nancy was crying a little. She was mighty sick of Painted Rock, just then. Running through her head was a lazy confusion of tunes that were full of river mists, the chant of Negro deck hands, and the smell of fresh-ginned cotton. "Hush, now," she told Tommy. "I'll tell you later what it is I want."

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The Border Trumpet

Continued from page 20

width; its walls were smooth faces reaching five hundred feet up. Above them the sky was a glitter of distant stars.

Sergeant McSween murmured: "The Mexican said 'twould be at the first open spot. 'Tis not far ahead, sor."

They went on. Benteen said, over his shoulder, "Close up." This was the heart of night, this dense two-o'clock hour that blindfolded a man with the thickness of its shadows. Ahead of them a fire's red eye showed dully; the smell of burnt wood and of cloth and coffee was strong. Benteen called forward:

"Hello, wagons."

The call rolled over the small clearing and re-echoed against the canyon walls. The smell of powder still clung to the air. When Benteen moved forward again Castleton pulled out his holster flap and lifted the revolver; he came abreast of Benteen. Both of them rode toward the solitary eye of fire. Benteen murmured, "McSween," and dismounted, stumbling at his first forward step. Castleton saw his shadow sink against the earth and he heard Benteen's grumbling curse. "This is one of them—dead as sin."

Troopers moved around the clearing. Going forward, Castleton brought up against some kind of a solid box dumped from the wagon train. Supplies had been scattered around. Heat from the recent fire moved against his face and, closer to the single red eye of light, he touched the still hot metal of a wagon tire.

McSween's voice came from the far side of the clearing. "Nawthing over here, Lieutenant."

BENTEEN waded the warm ashes of the burnt wagons, exploring the area thoroughly. He returned to the dead man and struck a sulphur match. It was a Mexican, face upward and his arms flung out. The match struck an orange glitter across Benteen's long jaw line.

McSween said, deeper in the canyon: "The mules are in a bunch. The damned savages led 'em here and kilt 'em."

Benteen said: "One dead. The other three got away in the dark. They were very lucky. McSween, leave five men here. We'll send an ambulance out in the morning to pick up this fellow."

"Benteen," said Castleton, "it is two hours until daylight. I should like permission to stay here and pick up the tracks of the Indians. It will save a good deal of time."

"This," said Benteen, "happened sometime after dusk. Six hours ago. By now the Indians are forty miles away."

"Do I have your permission?" insisted Castleton.

"No," said Benteen.

Castleton stamped back to his horse. Benteen said, "McSween—" and quit. A voice—a woman's voice—came coolly from a corner of the night. "Will you take me to Camp Grant, Lieutenant?"

Benteen muttered an astonished, "In God's good name," and ran rapidly toward the source of that sound. "Where are you?" He lighted another match, throwing its first flare out from him against the suddenly rising figure of a girl in a gray dress. She had been lying on the ground, motionless through all this, controlled by some sort of caution that had kept her from speaking until the last moment. She had a round, dark face. Her black hair showed the streaking of dust. Her lips were tight together but he saw no fear visible. He caught her arm.

"That Mexican said nothing of a woman in this wagon."

"No," she said.

"Were you in the wagon?"

"Yes."

"How did you escape the Indians?"

She said: "I crawled out and ran. There was three thousand dollars in gold in that wagon, Lieutenant. They got it."

"Antone?"

She didn't answer.

BEYOND sunup Eleanor Warren stood in the doorway of the commanding officer's house and watched the detail come across the bed of Arivaipa Creek. Men gathered from the four corners of the post and Major Warren, emerging from the house, said "Godfrey's bells, a woman!" The detail halted. Benteen left his saddle and gave the woman an arm to the ground. She stood a moment in the powerful sunlight, looking around the quadrangle with a calm indifference—and afterward put her attention on Benteen. She was around twenty-five, Eleanor judged, with a strong body showing through the tight dress material and a smooth, dark skin and deep black hair pulled severely away from a middle part. It was her eyes that attracted Eleanor's attention. They were shadowed and obscure and reserved—as if the hardness of the land lay in them and would let nothing through. But she kept watching Benteen, this robust girl with the dust-stained dress; and Eleanor, sharp in her observations, witnessed the way Benteen looked down and found her interesting.

Benteen said to Warren: "One man, a Mexican, is dead, sir. The others got away. The wagons were burned and the mules killed. I found this lady. I left a detail there."

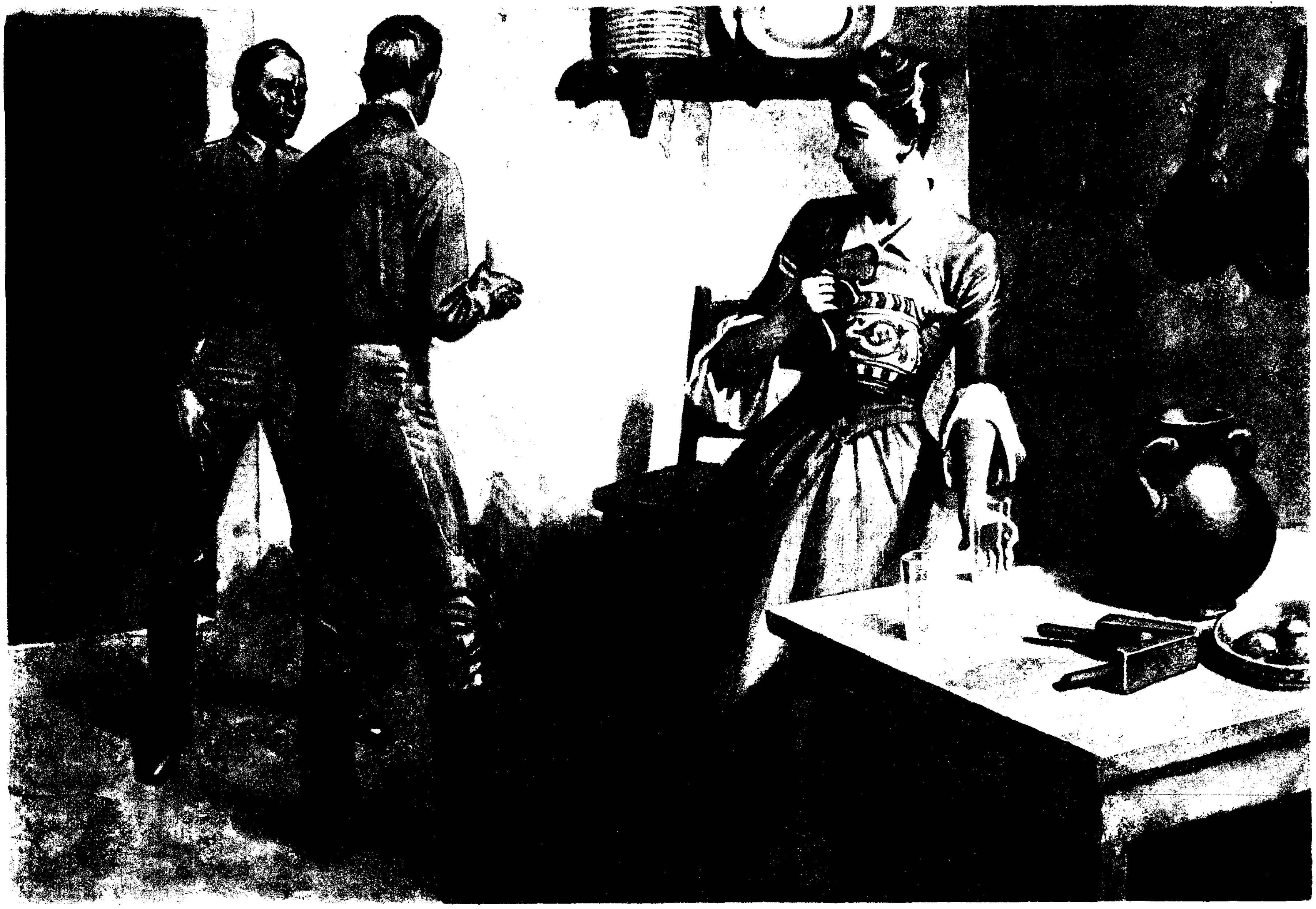
Warren spoke to Howell Ford. "Take an ambulance and ten men out there, Mr. Ford."

Benteen brought the girl to the ramada. He said to her, "I do not know your name."

She seemed to think about the question a moment; and afterward shrugged, as though it didn't matter. "Lily Marr."

"This is Miss Warren. This is Major Warren."

Eleanor took the girl's arm and led



At once the room was too small for these two big men. Of Castleton's resenting dislike there was no question at all

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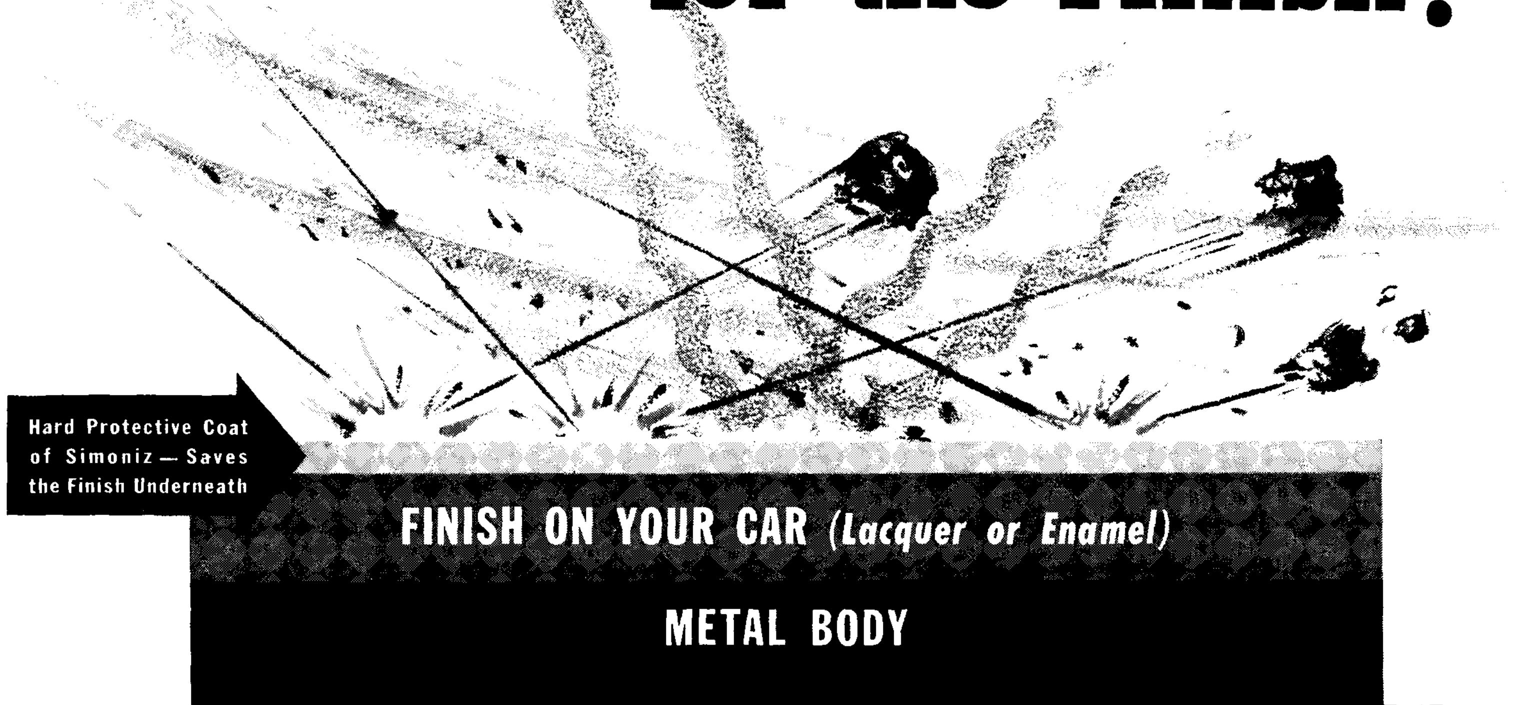
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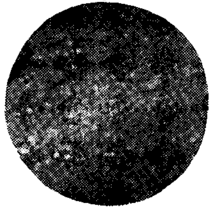

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her into the commanding officer's quarters, Warren and Benteen following. There was a difference between the two women—the difference of poise, of this Lily Marr's close-mouthed silence against Eleanor Warren's light and pleasant voice.

"You will want to clean up and rest. Probably you're starved. Was it very terrible?"

"No," said Lily Marr. "It wasn't that bad. Nothing's bad, if you don't think about it."

"How can you help thinking about it?" said Eleanor Warren in an astonished voice.

The girl considered Eleanor, her eyes watchful, her expression still reserved. "You can help anything."

Benteen said: "The Mexican who brought in the alarm last night didn't mention a woman being in the wagon."

Lily Marr lifted her shoulders and let them fall. "He didn't know I was on it. Nobody knew except Summerton. I crawled into the wagon at Tucson and hid underneath the tarpaulin. Summerton thought it safer. When the attack came it was pretty dark. The men walked out into the night, keeping up their fire. That gave me a chance to run. It didn't last long."

Major Warren said: "How did you happen to be along?"

THE girl, as before, considered the question over a considerable interval. Her answer was dry and brief: "I was going up to Summerton's ranch to be cook and housekeeper."

Eleanor Warren said: "Don't answer any more questions, Lily. These men are too curious. I shall get Cowen to make up breakfast for you." She went into the kitchen. Major Warren walked out of the room, saying: "Meet me at the office, Mr. Benteen."

Benteen put his back against the casing of the dobe's door. His head was dropped and his eyes held this girl's face with a considering attention. She stood in the middle of the room, meeting his glance. Her lips faintly parted and some of her gravity gently went away; suddenly she came over to him and looked up with a warm expression in her eyes. "Lieutenant," she murmured, "could I stay here a while?"

"Yes," he said. "Was it Antone, last night?"

She let him wait for his answer, until Eleanor's returning steps sounded beyond the kitchen door. Then she came quite near him, her voice dropped: "It wasn't Antone. It wasn't Indians. Indians don't care anything for gold."

Coming into the room, Eleanor Warren saw them this close together, with the girl's head tipped up and an expression on her face easy to define. Benteen drawled: "Thanks," and left the room, ducking his head to avoid the top of the doorway.

He found Major Warren and the other officers gathered at post headquarters. Manuel Dura and Al Hazel, two of the post guides, were in the room. Al Hazel squatted on the floor, drawing a quick map across the rammed earth with the point of a stick. He was a middle-aged man with a heavy clipped beard and a pair of eyes, never fully opened, that went restlessly from point to point. He wore a faded black serge suit, a loose vest and a narrow-brimmed black hat; and he had a reputation as the best scout in Arizona.

"You go up the creek to here. Pools of water standin' in the rocks and some grass for horses. You go north by a little west, between the Pinals and the Apache Mountains, cross the Salt here and make a dead point on the Sierra Anchas. That's Antone's favorite country."

Benteen settled on his heels and watched the map grow. Phil Castleton said: "Antone was in the Pinals night before last. How could he get from there to Summerton's wagons so fast? My belief is that if we follow his tracks away from those wagons we'll discover him back in the Galiuros now."

The group let that remark go unanswered for the moment. Al Hazel lifted his head and gave Castleton a blank, polite survey. "It may be," he said softly. "And it may not be. An Injun's tracks don't mean nothin'. Where he was don't mean nothin' and where he will be don't mean nothin'. Only one thing means anything regardin' Apaches —which is where he is when you see him."

"Those tracks lead somewhere," insisted Castleton.

Al Hazel said: "I never got to the end of a breeze by followin' it, and I never caught an Apache by chasin' his tracks back from the spot he made his raid."

"Well, then," suggested Castleton, "how do you find them?"

Hazel rose from his haunches. He reached for his knife and plug tobacco and sheared off a comfortable chew. The snap of the knife blade, when he closed it, was sharp in the silence. "Maybe I talk too much," he suggested with a smoothness that fooled nobody. "Guess I better just listen." But his dislike for Castleton's question was apparent.

Captain Harrison said: "It might have been some of the Chiricahuas up from the south, not Antone."

"Possibly," agreed Major Warren. "But the fact remains that Antone's the source of most of these raids and the cause of most Apache disaffection in this district. I conceive it my chief duty to bring him in, or kill him off. We cannot hope to move as lightly or as fast as he does; but we can hope to maneuver him eventually into a bad position, and then close in.

"I hope somehow, during this time, to capture some of his people and gain information that will betray him. One other thing. When we set traps we must also expect to have traps set for us. That is the constant danger. We are dealing with the craftiest fighters in the world. These are the things I want you all to remember. So far this has been a schooling period. The men are toughened up, our horses are in good shape. Now we shall go to work."

CASTLETON stepped from the corner of the room. He said in his quick, suppressed voice: "Major, I should like permission to take a detail out on the trail from the Summerton wagons."

"Your turn will come," said Warren. "Mr. Benteen, take out a detail of twenty men with rations for three days. Hazel goes with you. You are to cut Antone's trail and follow."

Benteen said: "If the major will let me, I'd like to let that trail go and try another. I learned something of Antone's habits on the last chase."

Major Warren studied Benteen through a considerable silence. "You have my permission," he finally decided. "What is your plan?"

"Up Arivaipa Creek and over to the Gila, circling the Mescals. If Antone has gone into those hills we should cut his sign. I should also like to start tonight, well after dark."

"Agreed," said Major Warren, and left the room.

Benteen walked out with Al Hazel. Al Hazel pushed his hat well forward to shield his eyes from the bitter flash of the sun. "Lieutenant, whut was that woman's name you picked up?"

"Lily Marr."

"Just so," murmured Al Hazel, and sauntered off.

Sunlight burned against the earth, catching up the thin and bitter flashes of mica particles in the soil, and heat dropped over the post.

At noon Lieutenant George Mixler brought his detail down Arivaipa Creek and reported. He was a heavy young man whose naturally cheerful face was overcast by worry; after he had welcomed Eleanor he went straight toward his own dobe quarters. From her position under the ramada of the commanding officer's house, Eleanor heard him speak to Harriet, and heard Harriet's voice rise and dissolve into crying.

The day droned on, the terrific summer's heat pressing down on a parade bare of life. Eleanor soaked her hands and face in tepid water and, unquenchably curious in spite of the weather, followed the walk around the quadrangle, past headquarters, post bakery, guardhouse and sutler's store and down along the line of the men's barrack. Back of the commissary she saw troopers beneath the open shed of the blacksmith shop. Tom Benteen, stripped to his waist, had the hind foot of a horse between his legs, fitting a shoe. When she came nearer she heard him explaining to the troopers; and she paused to hear him talk: "Set it up tight, make your clinch clean. We'll take a few extra shoes along. I want no crippled horses on the trip."

When he came around she saw the pull of heat on his face. He took his shirt from the ground and put it on; he walked forward, removing his hat; and there was, again, the nearness of a smile behind his eyes, and the same strong curiosity.

She said: "Come along. We've got some Sonora lemons."

She wanted him to talk, curious as to the way he might break the strangeness between them, but he had a kind of indifference that covered him. All he said just then was a matter-of-fact "It is a damned kind thought," and that oath was as natural and inoffensive as anything could be.

HE FOLLOWED her into the dobe's kitchen, and went back to the porch basin to wash up while she squeezed the lemons and pulverized the coarse sugar lumps. He brought in the ollas hanging to the porch rafters and poured the tepid water into the glasses. He sat on the edge of the table, lifting his glass to her. "To you," he said, and drank with the lusty, audible relish of a thirsty man.

"It would be good to have some ice," she said.

"The trick of getting along in this weather," he told her, "is to let nothing bother you. Watch the Indians, or the Mexicans. They bend but they never break."

He was thoroughly relaxed, his muscles loose, his legs sprawled. There was no strain in him, no haste or worry. She said: "That's the way you are, but you didn't learn it from the Mexicans. You were born that way."

"Eleanor," he said, "you're a smart girl."

"No," she said, "I was raised among men."

She refilled his glass and sat in a corner chair, more and more interested in him. The room held a deep shade and no sound stirred the post. Even in the half-light her auburn hair held a shine. Her long lips were gently set, showing gravity, showing will. Her shoulders were square and definite against the chair's back; they were strong. In the lengthening silence she was aware of his continuing, careful attention. In many ways he was an odd man, sharper with his eyes than other men, more attentive to details than other men. There was deception to him—the deception of a swift mind lying behind seeming indifference. She had lived in the army long enough to know that in all men there was a liberal streak of vanity and false pride, making them easy targets for flattery; these things were in Benteen, because he was a man, yet she had the feeling that it would be harder to reach him through flattery, because of the irony in his eyes—an irony that controlled his judgment of himself as well as of other people. It was a definite impression she had.

She spoke on impulse: "Tom, would you do me a favor? Next time you play poker please ask Phil to join you."

IT WAS always dangerous to interfere with the likes and dislikes of men, yet she had a feeling that between herself and Benteen was a quick understanding. In some ways they were the same kind of people, both able to stand apart and watch the world run by. She distinctly felt this about him. He had lowered his head. His long forefinger gently rubbed the rim of the glass. He said: "Of course," but the lack of interest in his voice told her more than he intended.

She said: "What is it?"

He raised his head. "What?"

"No," she said. "Nothing. It would have been a foolish question."

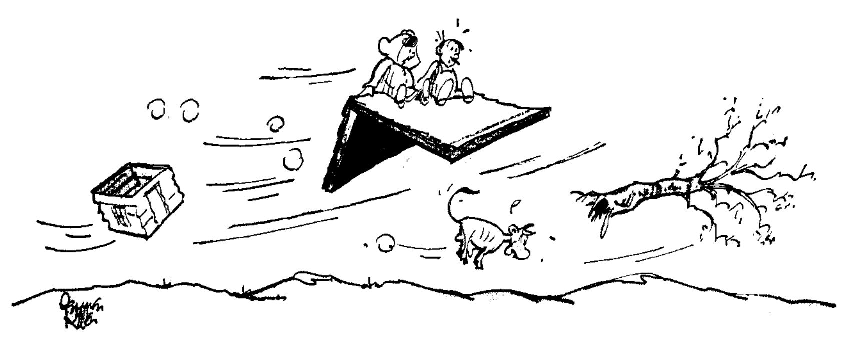
He shook his head. "Useless, maybe. But not foolish. Some questions have no good answers. That's one of them." He stood up and came on until she saw the flaky grayness of his eyes and the entire gravity in them. Inside him, deep away, some change occurred, swift and violent enough for her to feel the wash of its force. She realized that he was trying to tell her something in his own reticent way: "You can change the color of your dress, or the way you do your hair. You cannot change the kind of a woman you are and you can't change a man into something you want him to be. Don't try, Eleanor."

She murmured: "How do you know that?"

"I tried it once."

"You sound very old," she observed: and her woman's curiosity grew greater and greater.

He could smile. It was a long, sound smile that showed the white surfaces of his teeth. "I got into the first battle of Bull Run at fourteen and went clear through to Appomattox. Two things bring a man along pretty fast, if he's the



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kind to learn at all—war and women."

She was a practical girl who had seen too many soldiers not to know them. So she said: "When was the first woman, Tom?"

"The first and last," he corrected. "At twenty-one. She was an unreconstructed rebel in New Orleans. If you ever go into the deep South, Eleanor, never let the magnolias and the summer twilight fool you."

She had an instant guess. "That's why you transferred, isn't it? To get away from her. Is she married now?"

"I don't know."

"I think," said Eleanor, watching him, "she regretted that as much as you still do. It would be like a woman."

He said: "Do I show any regret?"

Phil Castleton's voice crossed from the front doorway: "Eleanor." He came on to the kitchen. The sight of Benteen brought him up and he stood with his shoulders pulled straight—a betraying expression on his face; and at once the room was too small for these two big men. Of Castleton's resenting dislike there was no question at all, but though Eleanor watched Benteen with a genuine concern, she could make out no visible reaction.

She broke the difficult silence by pouring Castleton a glass of lemonade. "Warm, but wet, Phil."

He took the glass and said, "Thanks," but didn't immediately drink. His manner was pretty clear; he wanted Benteen out of the kitchen.

Benteen said: "Where's that girl?"

"Sleeping," Eleanor answered. "Did you want to see her?"

"Maybe," put in Castleton, "she could add something to what she told you last night."

"What would that be?" inquired Benteen soft and idle.

Castleton said briefly: "She did her whispering to you, not to me. My observation is you have good luck with stray characters and broken-down Indians."

Benteen swung around, facing Castleton; and this hot room held storm and trouble. Benteen said: "The term stray character scarcely applies to the lady, Mr. Castleton."

Castleton colored. His brief laugh concealed nothing of the swift anger in him. "I do not know her. Pending better knowledge, I withdraw the remark."

Benteen looked at Eleanor. "Thanks for the drink," he said and left the room.

Castleton said: "If this is your day for open house, Eleanor, shouldn't you invite more than one man?"

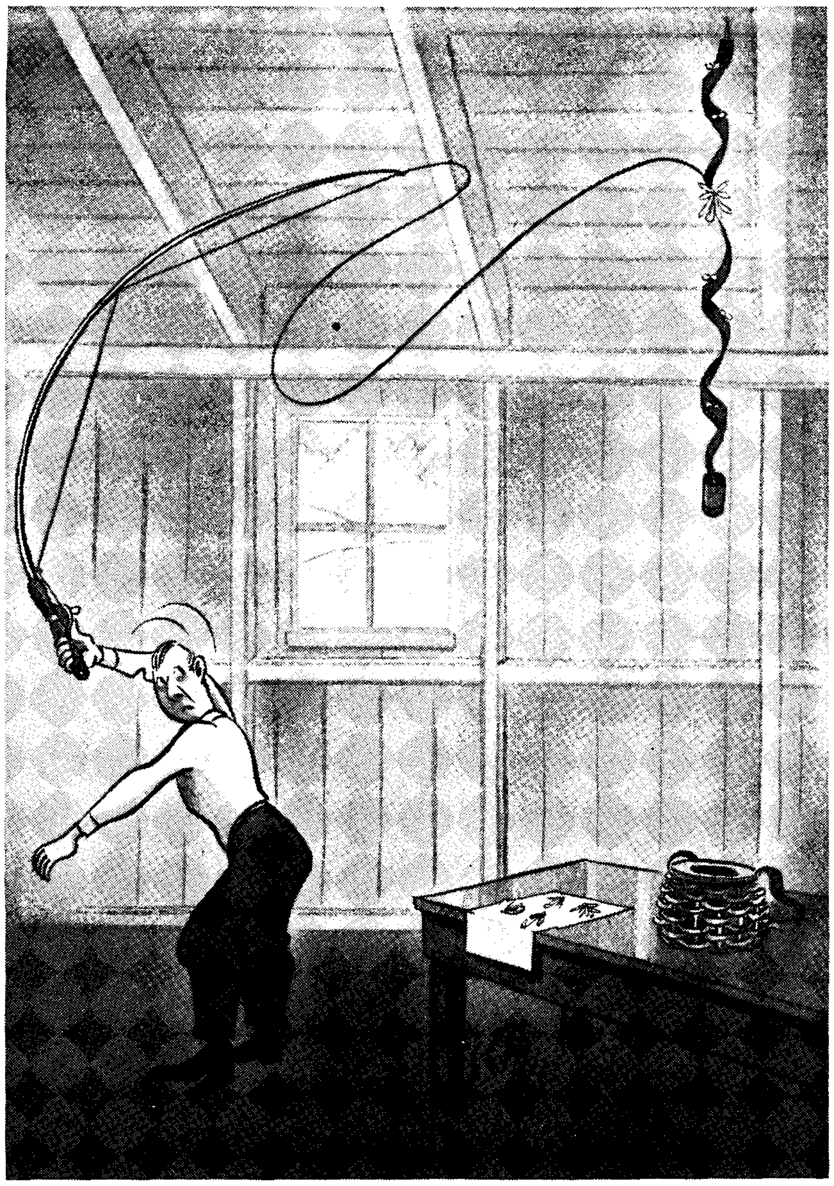
She spoke gently: "That's a foolish remark, Phil."

"A man in love is apt to be a fool," he said and lifted his glass. He was smiling again. "To you." But his eyes, above the rim of the glass, were round and hot with real anger.

SERGEANT McSWEEN called: "The detail will leave at tattoo and ye'd better be takin' some rest meanwhile. The lieutenant Benteen is a man that likes to march."

Sunlight glowed through the drawn burlap curtains of the barrack room. In this hot semidark the men of K and I troops took their siestas on the close-placed cots. Harry Jackson lay shirtless against the straw ticking and felt sweat accumulate beneath him. On the wall at the foot of the bed hung his saber, blouse and forage cap. A bright sliver of light struck in at the corner of the window curtain. Just above the window in a crevice of the dobe wall a tarantula hung in a motionless fur-black ball, half as large as Harry Jackson's fist.

Voices rolled idle and fatigued through the half-gloom. From the corner of his eyes Harry Jackson saw Van Rhyn seated like a tailor on his bed, bending over a book. Van Rhyn was an old man, close to forty, with a long, shrunken face and a bony frame that no amount of food could fill. Like the rest of the crowd he was stripped to the waist. A small gold locket and chain swung against his flat chest. Van Rhyn was a peculiar man who always kept his fingernails clean and his boots shined and sometimes he used words that none of the rest of the troopers quite understood. It all made a mystery to young Harry Jackson, who was twenty-one.


ADOLPH SCHUS

The bunks of I Troop ended with Van Rhyn; beyond was K Troop's half of the barrack. Down there the men of K were arguing about religion, and pleased with the knowledge it was not their turn to go out on detail tonight. Big Mitch Canreen walked to the window, pushing the burlap aside to squint through the barrel of his carbine. "Anyway, boys," he said, "we'll be hopin' you sleep well on the rocks. When you reach the Injuns bring me back a load of baked mescal."

Sergeant McSween never let a man's insult go unanswered. " 'Tis the least to say we'll see Injuns. In I Troop we pick no daisies by the wayside. Did I hear any of ye talkin' about the bloody savages ye've shot?"

Corporal Oldbuck answered that one: "Well, Benteen's got the luck for that—which I will admit. Castleton ain't."

"Castleton," said another man. "I—"

But McSween stopped the comment before it came. "I'll hear no comparison as to officers."

Mitch Canreen spoke from the far end of K's line, "We'll take care of your duties, boys," and laughed a long, flat laugh.

Young Harry Jackson lay quite still, his legs pushed beyond the foot of his bed. His lips closed and he turned the palms of his hands over, pushing them against the bed. His heart quickened its beating; his throat dryly clacked when he swallowed.

McSween shot back his question: "Whut would ye mean by that?"

"Nothin' for you, Sarge," called Canreen. "But maybe another one of your lads will know." He was laughing again. Head half-turned, Harry Jackson watched Canreen stroll forward. Canreen was a heavy, wicked Irishman; even in the half-light Harry Jackson saw the blackness of the man's eyebrows and the solid roll of his lips. Canreen was a bruiser and had had his brutal fights; it showed on the scars of his face.

"If it meant anything to me," said McSween tartly, "I'd clip your ears."

"Sure, Sarge, but you wouldn't know anything about love, hey?"

THE drowsy talk fell away and Harry Jackson, flat on his bedtick, knew why. Even in this stifling heat a coolness rolled down his arms, and the pit of his stomach tightened on emptiness and he felt an old, sick fear. McSween rolled around in his bunk and his words came out softly for Harry Jackson alone: "Ye'd better try to lick him now, son, or he'll make the rest of your hitch a hell of a wan. There's no livin' with the ape if he believes he's got ye scared."

Canreen came on toward the I Troop side. He stopped by the window, turning until the ball-shaped tarantula hovered one foot above his black head. His mouth kept changing, it kept loosening and tightening; he had small eyes deep in his head. Both hands were behind him. He said: "Canreen will take care of it. The old soldier will show I Troop rookies, hey?" He was at the foot of Harry Jackson's bed. He turned half away and brought his arms to the front, swinging a broomstick across the bottom of Jackson's boots. The sound flattened against the dead air and hot pain shot up Jackson's legs and made him roll from the bed. Canreen's laughter went wildly along the room but when Harry Jackson came down the length of the bed and faced him he saw the glitter of evil in Canreen's eyes. Young Harry Jackson stood with his blistered feet apart, his arms idle and as loose as water. There was no strength in him at all.

Canreen said: "She'll never miss you, Harry. I'll spend a night there myself—"

HE WAS still afraid, this young Harry Jackson; deadly afraid of the beating he was certain to take. But Canreen had spoken a thing that turned Harry Jackson inside out, and the fear was less terrible because of it. Jackson pulled up his head, knowing he could never whip that heavy brute of a man, and then saw his saber hanging by the window. He flung out his arm, seized the saber's hilt and pulled it free of its scabbard, and made one wild, outward slash that grazed the surface of Canreen's chest and left a faint red track there.

Canreen yelled at the top of his voice. "Hey—!" and dodged backward. Men sprang up from the cots. McSween called: "None of that, boy! None of that!" Harry Jackson didn't hear it. The fear and the jealousy in him was a flame that burned at his lungs. Canreen paced backward, momentarily out of range of the swinging saber; he let go with his hard cursing, and turned and seized Van Rhyn's saber from the wall. Suddenly all the men in this barrack were crying in full throat: "All right, boy—all right—lick the hell out of him! Knock him down!"

McSween shouted, "Stop that—ye want somebody to hang for murder?"

Canreen stopped and waited, his shoulders drawn together and his round, cropped head lowered. Young Harry Jackson, turned still and half-blind, saw the red gleam in Canreen's eyes and the meaty roll of Canreen's lips. Van Rhyn's whisper came to him:

"Finish what you start, Harry."

It was this soft phrase that drove young Harry Jackson forward so precipitately that Canreen was caught off guard. The point of Jackson's saber caught and drove down Canreen's weapon. Canreen jumped back and brought his saber sweeping forward; when it struck the hilt of Jackson's saber a solid spasm rushed up Jackson's arm, as though it had been broken. All Harry Jackson saw was the shape of Canreen's round head and the dim blur of Canreen's bare chest; everything else was gray and formless and the cry of voices was only a confused tone. He rushed on, striking at Canreen in lunging, crosswise, full-armed slashes. Canreen yelled, "Hey!" and gave ground, and the sound of steel on steel went clanging through the barracks.

Young Harry Jackson saw the point of Canreen's blade streak past his eyes and felt wetness suddenly along his lips. He heard his own breathing come deep and croupy from his lungs; he kept pushing on, wanting to kill Canreen, trying to kill Canreen. He saw Canreen's saber go crosswise and, sweeping in, he hit Canreen with the flat of his blade on the side of the face. Canreen dropped, knees and hips and shoulders collapsing at once; he lay on the floor and rolled from side to side, raising his boots to shield his stomach. Young Harry Jackson beat Canreen across the knees, hearing Canreen cry, and afterward he was caught from behind and dragged back and flung completely

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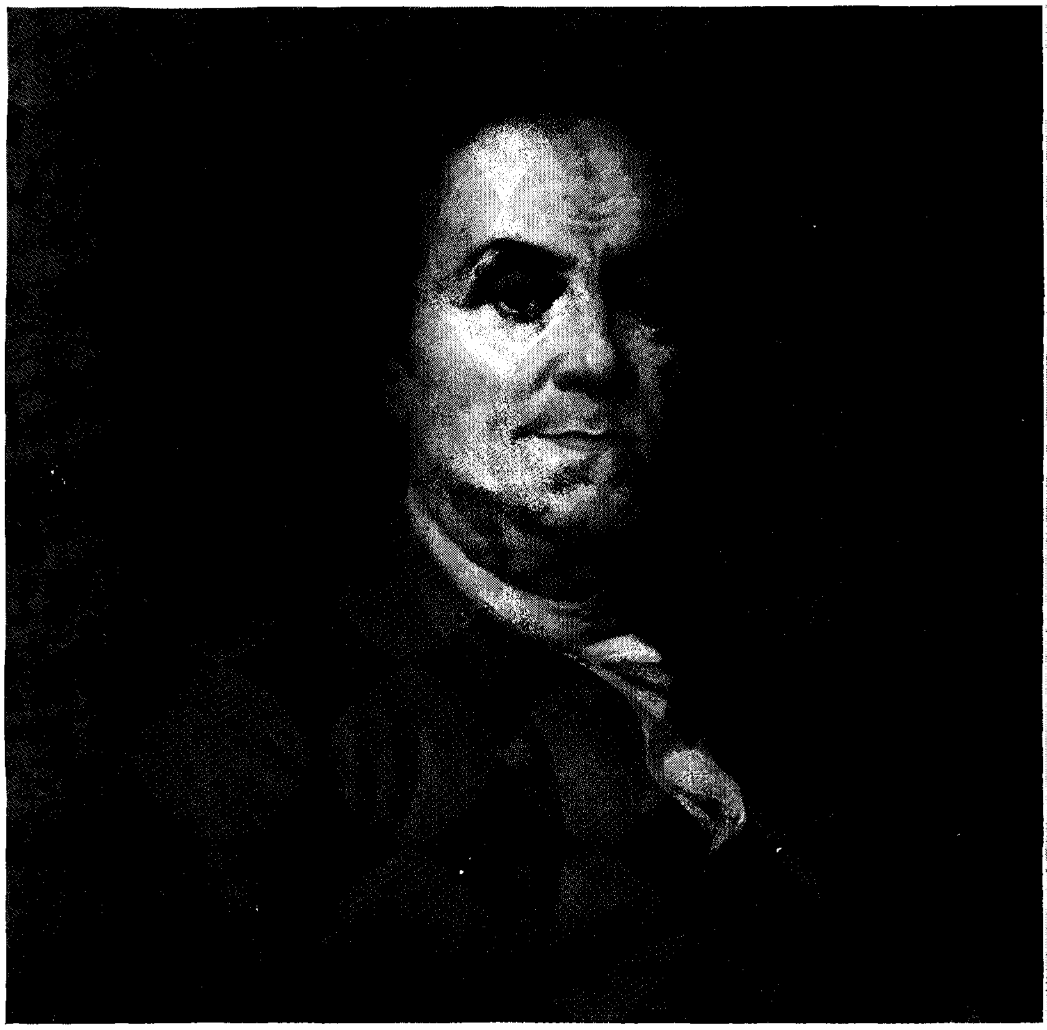

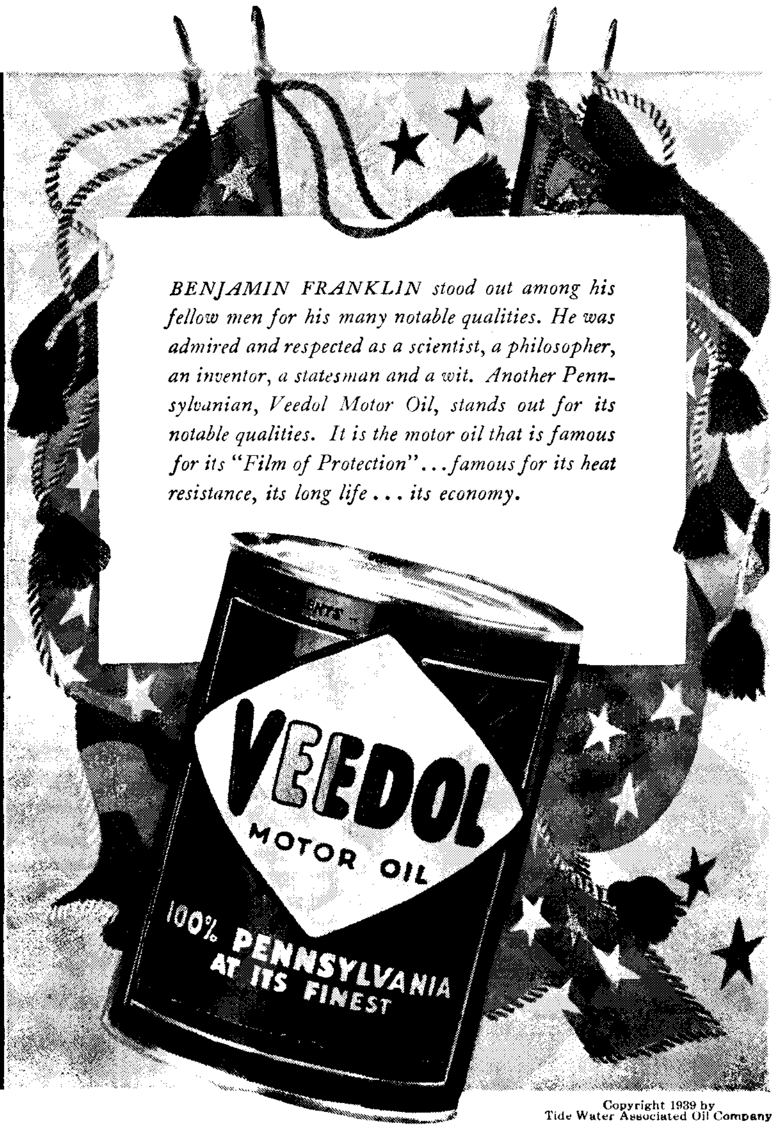

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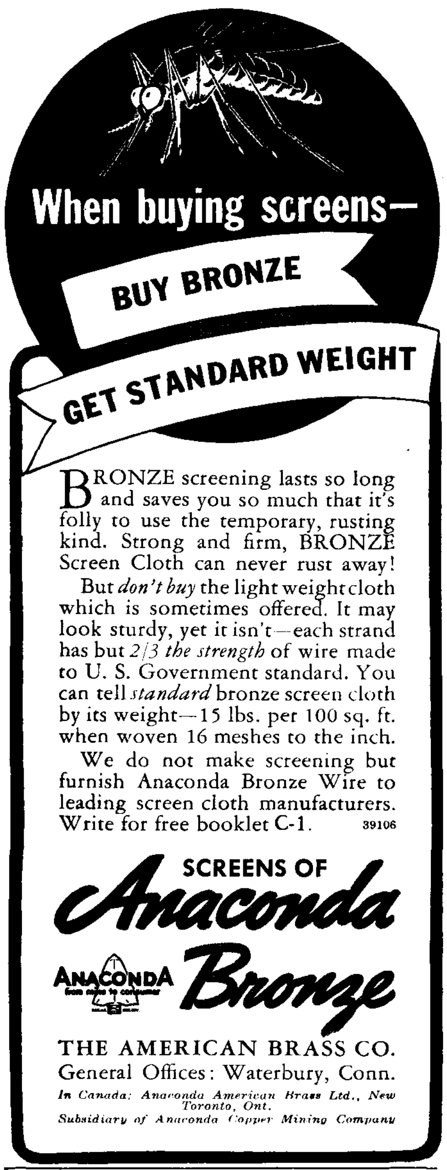
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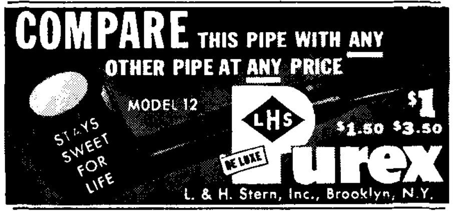
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around, across one of the beds. McSween seized the saber. McSween was saying in a calm voice: "It is enough, lad."

Somebody yelled: "Attention!"

Silence came to the room. McSween reached down to the cot and dragged Harry Jackson to his feet as Lieutenant Benteen swung into the barracks. "McSween," he said, "what's this?"

McSween's voice was even and polite—the voice of the old soldier turned smart by years of service: "A bit of an accident, sor. Canreen tripped on his saber, and it batted him across the head, strangelike. An odd accident, sor. I nivver saw the like of it before."

Young Harry Jackson backed against the rear wall of the barrack room so that he might have its support for his quivering legs. The heat was about to suffocate him. He could not drag in enough air and the sound of this gasping effort told Benteen the whole story. Benteen saw the boy's red-purple face and spoke quickly: "Lie down. Van Rhyn, get a bucket of water. Hurry it up—the boy's about to have a heat stroke. Did he trip on his saber too, McSween?"

"He was runnin' in the sun, sor. I've warned him many a time against it."

Canreen pulled himself from the floor. He put both arms against the wall and dropped his head against them. Blood dripped steadily from his nose. McSween pushed Harry Jackson to the bed and Van Rhyn came back with a bucket of water. Nothing was said. Benteen watched Canreen a moment, and turned his attention to Jackson. Jackson's heart moved the skin of his chest; its straining labor was loud enough for Benteen to hear. McSween murmured: "Would the lieutenant be wantin' something?"

He met Benteen's eyes and his own leather countenance was wise and grave, with the far lurk of amusement; these two men understood each other and played the game according to the rules. Benteen said: "You had better put Canreen's saber somewhere out of reach, McSween," and left the barracks.

Sergeant Hanna came from the shadows at the end of the room. "Canreen, get to hell back to your bunk. If it had been Castleton ye'd be walkin' post for a month."

Young Harry Jackson lay flat on his bed, feeling the warm wetness of the water Van Rhyn slowly poured over him. Van Rhyn's face was a blur in a mealy grayness that surrounded everything. Jackson kept reaching deeper for wind, feeling starved and choked for want of it, feeling the rack of his heart. His knees shook and all his muscles were trembling. McSween's face vaguely appeared; and then Van Rhyn's face dropped near and he saw the older man's reserved, odd eyes pretty clearly.

"Good boy. Never run from anything, or you'll be running all your life. Better be dead than that. I'm telling you, son. I know."

But Harry Jackson, in the strange dimness of his mind, was thinking: "I've got to watch out for Canreen. He'll try to kill me."

THE ambulance detail returned near three o'clock with the dead Mexican. At five Major Warren stood over the grave in the post cemetery and spoke the brief funeral service: "Man that is born of woman—" There was no further ceremony. In the last burning sunlight the officers and small funeral detail turned back to the parade, Lily Marr and Eleanor Warren accompanying them. Mess call sounded in the first blue shadows of evening; then suddenly and completely full dark fell across the mountains, across the narrow valley of the San Pedro, and once again the outline of the Santa Catalinas was a black ragged-edged mass against the glittering shine of the high stars. A new moon, tipped over on one of its horns, made a lightless arc on the low horizon. Heat pulsed along the earth, thick-scented with dust and sage.

McSween called through the thin lamplight of the barracks: "We pull out at tattoo." Standing in the dense shadows by the corral wall, Harry Jackson heard the echo of the sergeant's voice, and the clatter of the eight-o'clock guard relief coming up to number five post near the edge of Arivaipa Creek. The relief halted and number five's Irish brogue cut the stillness: "Halt—who comes there?"

"Corporal of the guard."

This was the moment, while the guard stood at the far end of his beat, that Harry Jackson circled the corral, slipped into the dry creek bed and crossed it, thus putting himself beyond the lines. Fifteen minutes later, he drew up at the first of the little scatter of dobe houses forming the Valley ranch, and knocked on a latched door.

There was a delay and, to Harry Jackson's attentive ears, the scrape of more than one set of feet; then the door opened and he passed quickly in and faced Rose Smith.

There was the smell of tobacco smoke in the room to revive the torment of his jealous fears. He didn't look at her for a moment. He stood with his shoulder point swung away, staring at the opposite wall—a tall, slender boy whose face was still clear, still unmarked by the roughness of life. He had deep blue eyes, and the gawkiness and the sober intensity of youth wrote its mark on him completely. He said: "If you ain't alone I'll get on back—"

She said at once: "Just my uncle. He left a minute ago."

"Oh," he said, flat and relieved. "Well—"

She was a dark, compact girl, full at hip and breast, with red lips that stirred at sight of him. She was older than Harry Jackson, though this he never knew. Older in years and older in her eyes. And now, looking at him, her face showed a softening, puzzled change, as though she didn't quite understand him. She touched his arm, letting her hand lie there. "Maybe you'll sit down."

"No," he said, "I got to get back. I leave with the scout detail after tattoo. Just came to see how you were."

"Why, all right, Harry."

"I just wanted to know," he said slowly.

She said: "I'll think of you, Harry."

"Lord," he said, "that's what I do all the time. It is hell to pull out and think of you here. I wish you were in Tucson, or in the post. And it is tough to think my outfit might leave Arizona any time. I think of that a lot of times. I've got a year to go on my enlistment. Where'll you be next year, Rose?"

"Why," she said, "here, I expect. I don't know."

He said: "You shouldn't be near an army post, or near soldiers."

"You're a soldier, Harry."

"You know what I mean—the kind I mean."

"Yes—I know."

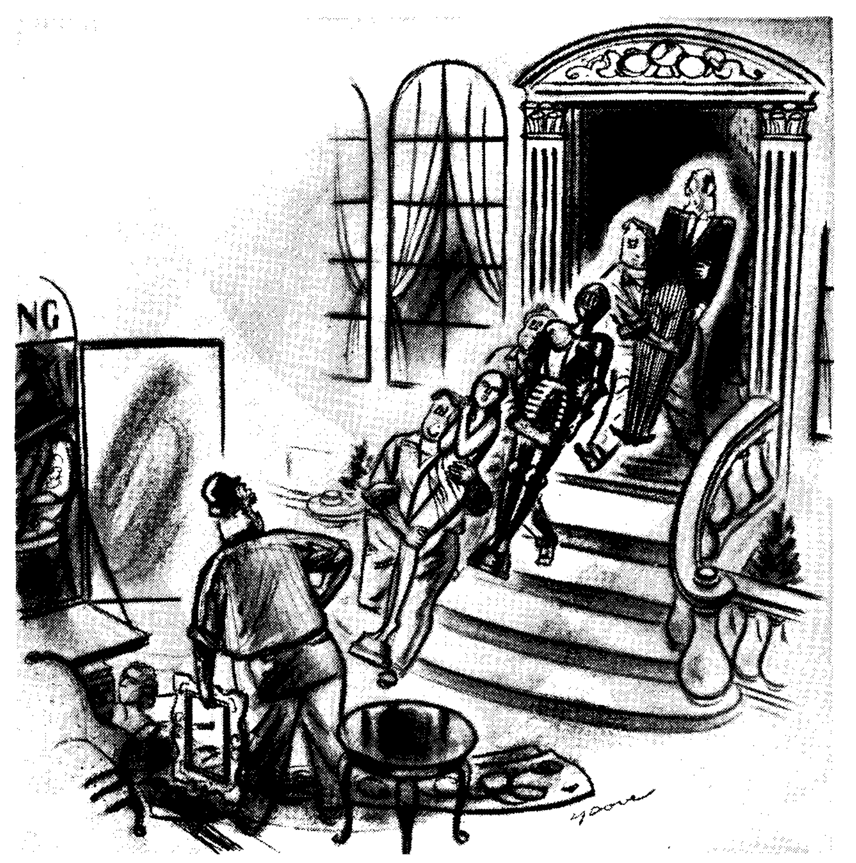
HE SAID, "Well, I've got to get back," and pulled himself straight before her. She let her hand drop from his arm and remained before him with her lips soft and with a small, formless smile. She had a pliability, a waiting silence, a smoky-eyed expectancy. But this he didn't see. What he saw was a picture built from the eagerness and the hunger and the dreaming of a boy, all fair and all pure. He held his hat, his feelings strong and severe in his eyes. He said, quite formally: "I will see you soon," and opened the door and pulled it shut.

The girl put her arm against the door, listening to the fading run of his boots. Afterward, when silence had quite come, the rear door opened and Mitch Canreen stepped in. "Who was it, Rose?"

Her shoulders rose and fell for answer. Canreen laughed, his scarred lips pulling apart, and settled down in a chair loosely. "Sure," he said, "sure. The kid. He don't know much, Rose. Come here."

But she stood by the door a long while, strangeness still on her face—the strangeness of the thought young Harry Jackson had left behind him. Presently she sighed and her expressive shoulders lifted and fell, as though it were something that had to be put aside, then she moved across the room.

(To be continued next week)



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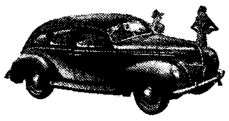

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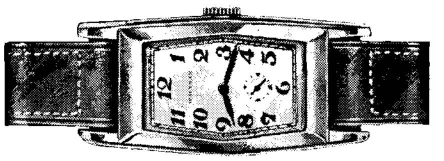

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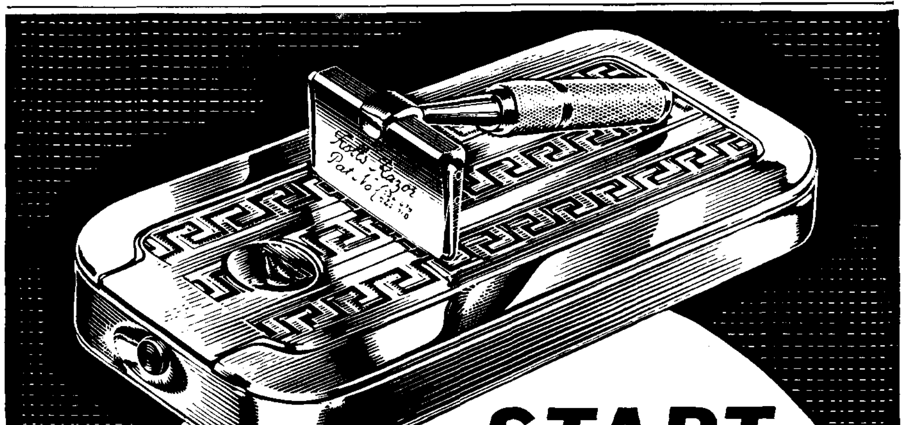

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Leopard's Spots

Continued from page 10

professional reputation, so I order a room and a nurse for him without ever bothering to request him to appear against Chester Nubbs even for a few minutes.

They have Pigsfoot removed to the private room and get in the special nurse for him before I depart and I wish to say I never see a prettier little cupcake than this nurse and in fact she is so cute that I have half a notion to tell Pigsfoot to move over and let me in the kip beside him. She is maybe twenty years old and has black hair and black eyes and is as lively as a pup and the minute Pigsfoot sees her he starts to improve rapidly.

I leave the nurse smoothing Pigsfoot's pillow and go out and stand in front of the hospital a while and give a little earnest thought to this situation and I am very much depressed about it, indeed, because the way I size it up after I pay Pigsfoot's hospital bill and then pay another guy to take his place with Chester Nubbs, I am going to finish away in the red.

IN FACT, nobody can blame me much if I abandon everything and go on back home but it is well known to one and all that I am all times a loyal character and I cannot bear to leave Pigsfoot in hock to a hospital in spite of his ingratitude, especially as I have many orders on hand for his services in the future.

Well, while I am standing there I notice a young guy leaning against a tree across the street from the hospital and what makes me notice him more than anything else is his size. He is maybe twenty-one or -two years old and stands at least six-three and weighs up around two hundred pounds and naturally I am always bound to notice a young guy this size no matter how many troubles I may have, because any young six-three and weighing two hundred may be the next heavyweight champion of the whole world.

I cross the street and take a closer swivel at the young guy and I can see that he is by no means a city character as he is wearing a checkered cap and a pinch-back coat and has a trusting expression in his eyes. He is watching the door of the hospital and after I case him a while and observe that he looks even bigger and better close up than he does from a distance, I speak to him:

"Son," I say, "what might you be doing here?"

"Why," the young guy says, "I am waiting for my sugar plum, Miss Babs Koogle, to get off work. She is a nurse in this hospital," he says.

"She has a nice name," I say.

"She is nice in every respect," he says. "She is beautiful and good. She comes from my home town of Pottsville, Pa., and we are sweethearts since childhood and," he says, "we are going to be married as soon as I can save up two hundred dollars."

"Son," I say, "that is a wonderful idea. When two parties, male and female, are in love, marriage is the only thing. Son," I say, "what is your name and what is your occupation?"

"My name is Caswell Fish," he says. "I am a lunch-counter waiter by trade when I am employed, but," he says, "I aim to have a diner car of my own in Pottsville, Pa., someday. I will call it Caswell's Eats. I am very ambitious," he says.

"Son," I say, "you are no longer a waiter. You are now a prize fighter and," I say, "your name is the Louisiana Leopard. You are so called because of the animal in you."

Well, at this Caswell becomes greatly alarmed and starts off up the street but I keep right at his hip and explain that all he has to do to make the two hundred clams for himself that will enable him to get married is to let Chester Nubbs wave at him a couple of times and to then remain quite still for ten seconds, although of course I do not explain that Chester may bop him on the button to make sure he remains still.

At first Caswell is greatly opposed to the idea because he says he not only never has a fight but that he considers prize fighting brutal and degrading but finally I tell him that maybe he can get two-fifty for his bit and then he becomes more interested. He says that such a sum will undoubtedly be most convenient to him in every manner but next he gets to worrying that maybe his sweet pea may not like the idea.

However, I explain very carefully to him that there is really no law that requires him to tell her of the matter and that in fact it may be a nice thing to surprise her with the money afterward and Caswell says he can see that I am a very smart fellow to be sure and the upshot of it all is he agrees to become the Louisiana Leopard.

Then I telephone Jack Keegan and explain I have the right party as a substitute for Pigsfoot and that it will be necessary for me to hide him out for a while to coach him in his duties and that I will also require a couple of C's over and above the contract price to pay all this unexpected expense and Jack Keegan says this is fair enough and that he will take care of the matter out of Chester Nubbs' end.

So Caswell calls up the hospital and tells Miss Babs Koogle that he suddenly lands himself a temporary waiter job with a swell hunting party that is leaving for the Pocono Mountains right away and that she may not hear from him for a while and he gives her so many kisses over the phone that the operator charges him an extra dime for overtime and I can see that this is indeed love and that Caswell also has a little natural cunning in being able to think up such a story.

THEN I take him to a little country hotel a few miles out of Philadelphia, Pa., and begin schooling him on how to act in the dressing room and in the ring and what to say if any scribes get hold of him and ask him questions and on how to fall properly and I wish to say that Caswell turns out to be a very apt pupil in every respect, particularly in learning how to fall properly.

What is more, he turns out to be a right nice young character and I can see that he will make an excellent husband for Miss Babs Koogle or anybody else for that matter and I am pleased to be able to give him this start in life, especially when he agrees to accept two-twenty-five for his bit instead of two-fifty. He says that with such a sum he can not only get married at once but can make the first down payment on a diner car in Pottsville and he is very happy, indeed, over his prospects.

About the sixth day we are there, Jack Keegan comes out and says he wishes to take a peek at the Louisiana Leopard and when I show him Caswell he looks him over very carefully and nods his head and says that Caswell seems all right.

"Why, Jack," I say, "you are not worrying about someone I personally guarantee, are you?"

"Well, Spide," Jack Keegan says, "I

am not worrying, but you know yourself that in this game you cannot afford to take any chances. This one has to be all right because I am unable to get Chester to train a minute for it. He is in love and wishes to get married, and," Jack says, "it is all your fault."

"What do you mean it is my fault?" I say.

"Why," Jack says, "it is your fault for bringing Pigsfoot here with an appendix. Chester goes to the hospital every day and sits with him by the hour and he meets a pancake by the name of Miss Babs Koogle who is nursing Pigsfoot and this is the party he is in love with and wishes to marry."

"Koogle?" I say to Jack Keegan. "Sh-h-h," I say, "not so loud. Why, she is undoubtedly the Louisiana Leopard's nasturtium. Sh-h-h," I say. "If the Leopard finds out about this we will have no Leopard. Does Miss Koogle love Chester?" I say.

"Why, I suppose so," Jack says. "What dame can resist a big swell-looking guy like him and the next heavyweight champion of the whole world to boot? Well, I hope Chester does not find out he is fighting a rival in love or he will try to kill the Leopard and," Jack says, "I do not care to be a party to the murder of a harmless guy like him. This is indeed a situation," he says.

IN FACT, it is such a situation that I go in to Philadelphia, Pa., and over to the hospital to see Pigsfoot Groody and find out what is going on and by this time he is able to be up and sitting out in the hospital yard and I discover him talking to a nurse who is by no means Miss Babs Koogle but almost as pretty.

"This is Miss Kitty Kronin," Pigsfoot says. "She is a friend of Miss Koogle's and very nice."

Naturally I can see this for myself without Pigsfoot telling me but I request Miss Kronin to move away a few paces while I talk to Pigsfoot and then I ask him what about this business of Chester Nubbs and Miss Babs Koogle.

"Well, Spide," Pigsfoot says, "you cannot blame Chester. Miss Koogle is nice. She is not my type but she is nice. By the way, Spide," he says, "who is this Louisiana Leopard the blats say you get to take my place with Chester? Is he someone I know?"

"Does Miss Babs Koogle love Chester?" I ask, paying no attention to his question.

"Well," Pigsfoot says, "who can tell about such things? Chester has glamor, especially when he lets that left hook go. Miss Babs Koogle is going to the fight as his guest, and," Pigsfoot says, "I guess any broad is bound to admire his left hook. Personally I am only glad I am not the Louisiana Leopard because," he says, "Chester will be putting everything he has got on that left hook to impress Miss Babs Koogle. By the way Spide," he says, "have you noticed how nice Miss Kronin really is?"

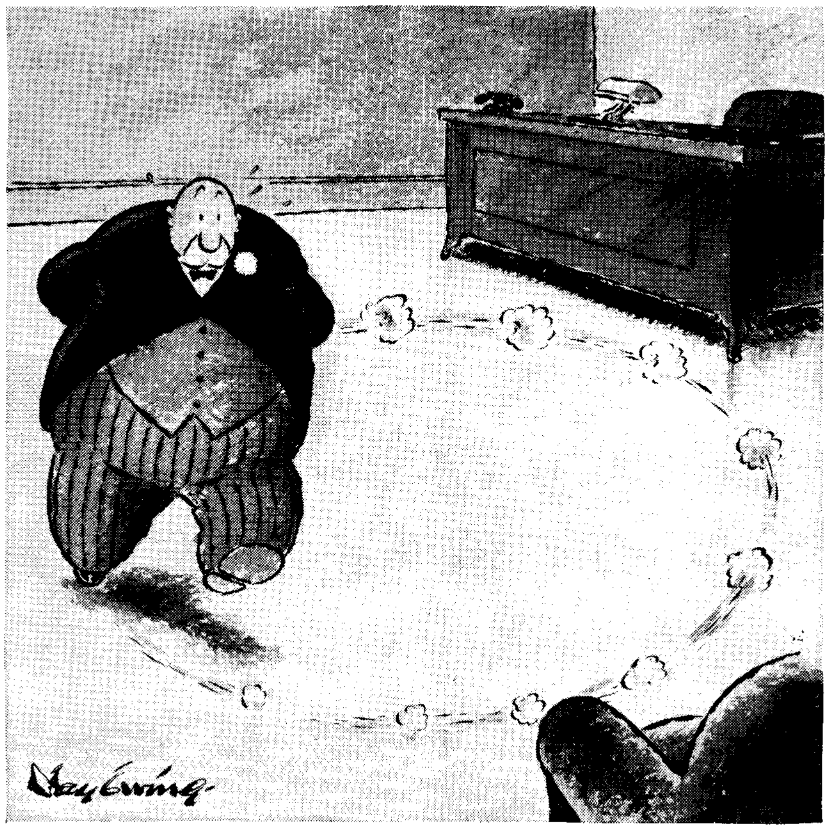
Well, to tell the truth I notice it so much that when a guy in white clothes comes out and says Pigsfoot has got to go in and take a rest I make a date for dinner with Miss Kronin and I find her so nice that I almost forget to return to Caswell.

Naturally, it is most disquieting news to me that Miss Babs Koogle is going to be a spectator at the fight as I can see where it may lead to complications, but I figure the best way to do is to meet complications as they arise, so I continue working with Caswell.

What worries me about him more than anything else is the way he looks when he gets his clothes off. He looks like an athlete with them on but when he strips his skin is as soft as a baby's and whiter than a tombstone and right away you say to yourself that if this guy is a fighter I am a plumber. In fact, he has the softest, whitest skin I ever see in my life, male or female, and when Ike Clonsky the promoter comes out to see what the Louisiana Leopard looks like, he lets out a terrible squawk about Caswell being so white.

Ike says we will all be arrested for putting an invalid in the ring with the leading contender for the heavyweight championship of the whole world and he tells me to get one of those sun lamps and tan Caswell up and make him look athletic so the customers will not think he is a fugitive from a graveyard.

Well, I inquire around and find that



"Tum ti tum! Tum ti tum! Tum ti tittle-ti tum te . . . dear, dear! This will never do! I'm getting off my worrying!"

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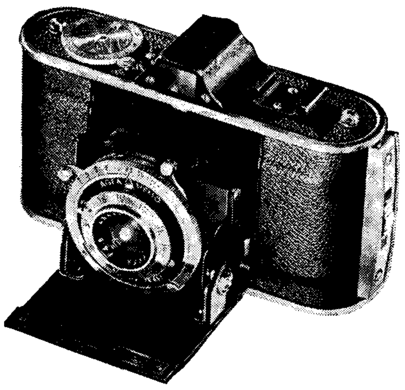

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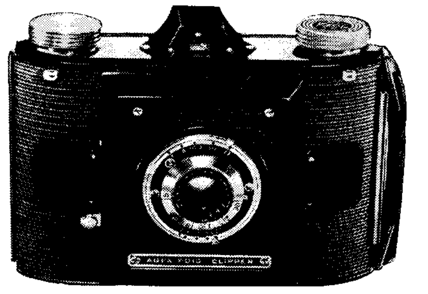

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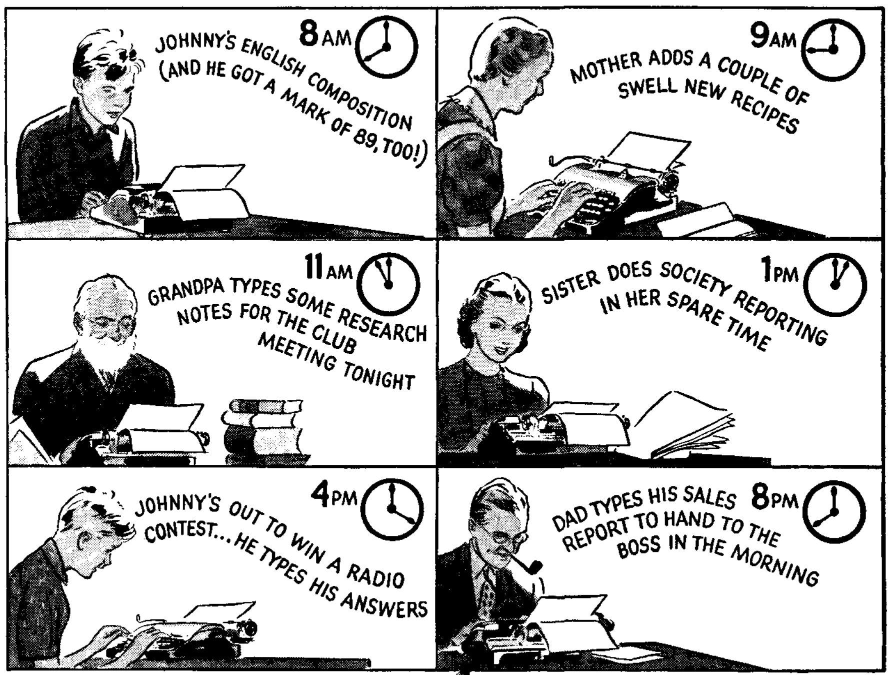
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9AM
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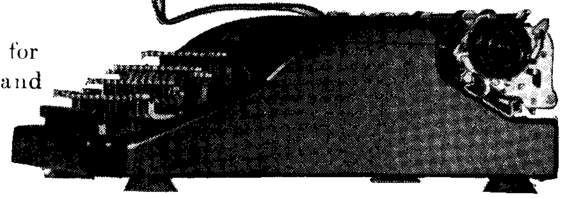
11AM
GRANDPA TYPES SOME RESEARCH NOTES FOR THE CLUB MEETING TONIGHT
1PM
SISTER DOES SOCIETY REPORTING IN HER SPARE TIME
4PM
JOHNNY'S OUT TO WIN A RADIO CONTEST...HE TYPES HIS ANSWERS
8PM
DAD TYPES HIS SALES REPORT TO HAND TO THE BOSS IN THE MORNING



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sun lamps cost money and I feel that my nut is already big enough as it is for this occasion, so finally I get a bottle of iodine and a brush and paint two coats of it on Caswell's body and he comes out looking just like a bronzed statue and very beautiful.

But it seems that I put too much of the iodine on in spots and after a while Caswell begins to suffer from the sting no little and quite some and in fact he suffers so that he is screaming at the top of his voice and calling me names that I never suspect they even know in Pottsville, Pa., and nothing will do but I must get some soap and water and try to scrub some of the iodine off.

But no matter how much I scrub I cannot erase all the iodine and in fact the scrubbing only leaves Caswell with brown splotches all over him. However, the scrubbing eases the pain no little and Caswell says that is all he is interested in and that he does not care a whoop if he looks athletic or not.

Well, the next night is the night of the fight and by the time Caswell and I arrive at the arena the place is jammed to the doors and thousands of customers are being turned away, for Chester Nubbs is without doubt a wonderful drawing card. Of course all the customers know very well that Chester is only fighting some parasol, for in Philadelphia, Pa., the customers are smartened up to the prize-fight game and they know they are not going to get to see a world war for three dollars tops. In fact, all they care about is seeing Chester Nubbs with his clothes off.

As soon as I plant Caswell in a dressing room in charge of a friend of mine by the name of Kid Slussman who is going to assist me in the corner, I go out into the arena looking for Miss Babs Koogle and sure enough there she is in an aisle seat in the third row and prettier than ever, which makes her very pretty, indeed. I squat down on my haunches beside her and ask her if she remembers me and after gazing at me a while, Miss Babs Koogle says:

"Oh, yes, I remember you," she says. "You are the hardhearted skinflint manager of that poor fellow Mr. Groody that I am attending in the hospital. He tells me all about you," she says. "He tells me you are a terrible person, to be sure."

"Oh," I say, "he does, does he? Well, I will take that up later with him. I have more important business right now. Listen, little miss," I say, "kindly do not be surprised when you see who Chester Nubbs' opponent is and do not create any scenes because he is nobody but a friend of yours by the name of Caswell Fish."

"CASWELL FISH is up in the Pocono Mountains," Miss Babs Koogle says.

"Caswell Fish is back here in a dressing room," I say. "You will presently see him in the ring as the Louisiana Leopard, but," I say, "do not be alarmed at his appearance. He has slight discolorations on his person where the iodine fails to come off, but he is all right and in good health and no harm will befall him."

"What iodine?" Miss Babs Koogle asks.

Then I quickly explain to her how I try to tan Caswell up to make him look athletic and how he is to get two-twenty-five cash money for a brief appearance in the ring with Chester Nubbs and how she and Caswell can then get married and embark in business in a diner car in Pottsville, Pa., and what is more I add my blessing, but all the time I am explaining Miss Babs Koogle seems greatly agitated and finally she says to me like this:

"But Chester will kill Caswell," she says. "Chester tells me only this afternoon that he is going to murder his opponent tonight just to show me how good he is, but of course I have no idea Caswell is the opponent. I do not want Caswell murdered," she says. "I will find Chester and tell him not to commit this crime."

"Look, little miss," I say, "that is the surest way I know to get Caswell really murdered. When Chester says he is going to murder somebody it is just a way of saying and does not mean that he is really going to commit homicide, but," I say, "if Chester thinks you have a kindly interest in Caswell he will most certainly become felonious, because I hear he loves you and Chester is not such a guy as will brook a rival in the land of the living."

Well, by this time Miss Babs Koogle is crying bitterly, so I pat her on the back and say to her in a kindly tone of voice like this:

"Little miss," I say, "if you just let nature take its course Caswell will not get a scratch, unless," I say, "Chester can punch faster than Caswell can fall and the best anybody has ever been able to do on a guy schooled by Spider McCoy is just a glancing blow. Anyway," I say, "promise me no embarrassing scenes."

SHE looks at me through her tears and nods her head and I return to the dressing room saying to myself that Miss Babs Koogle displays a fine character in not wishing Chester Nubbs to be a murderer and then I escort Caswell into the ring with a bathrobe around him and sit down on a stool in a corner and I am really quite surprised at the way he sits there very composed, looking around at the crowd.

I am wondering what he will say when he sees Miss Babs Koogle there at the ringside but he does not seem to notice her and I am trying to decide if it will be a good idea to call his attention to her when Chester Nubbs comes down the aisle on which she is sitting and the cheering and the confusion generally makes me forget all about her.

"Now, son," I say to Caswell, as I am putting the gloves on his dukes there in the corner, "in a couple of minutes you will be on your own. Just walk out there with your hands up like I show you, and," I say, "when you see or smell something coming your way the thing to do is to fall down and lie perfectly still until you feel me picking you up."

"Mr. McCoy," Caswell says, "I am determined to endeavor to give Chester Nubbs a terrific thrashing. I may go down," he says, "but it will be only after a spirited defense. I refuse to show the white feather in front of a little two-timer like Miss Babs Koogle in the manner you suggest."

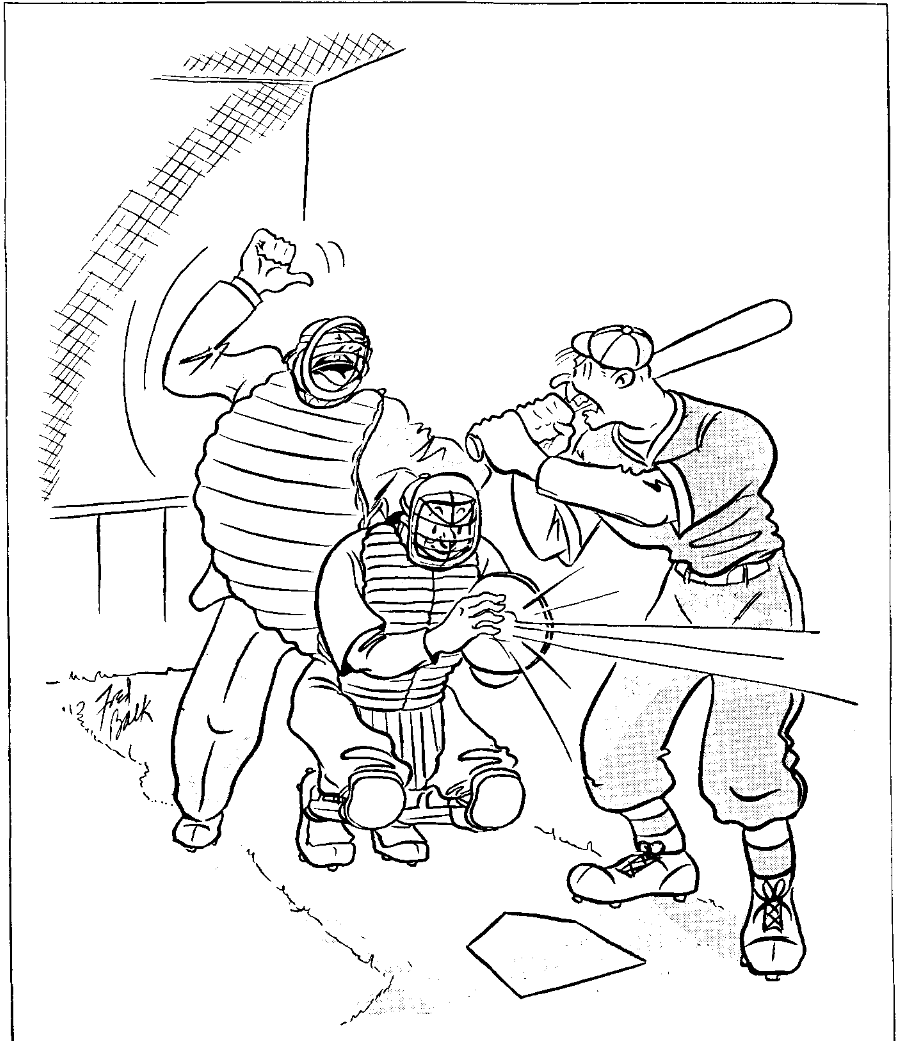
"Oh," I say, "you see her, do you?"

"Mr. McCoy," Caswell says, "I first commence to wonder slightly about Miss Babs Koogle the night I overhear Mr. Keegan telling you Chester Nubbs loves her and wishes to marry her. Well," Caswell says, "I figure that even if this is true it is entirely one-sided. I figure that Miss Babs Koogle's love for me will never die but I can scarcely blame another man for loving her, too.

"But," Caswell says, "I just observe something that proves to me that Miss Babs Koogle reciprocates his love. I just observe my former honeysuckle hand him a note as he passes her coming down the aisle," Caswell says. "It must be a love note, because," he says, "you do not notice her handing me any notes, do you? He has it in his glove at this moment. I will endeavor to knock it down his throat. I mean the glove," Caswell says.

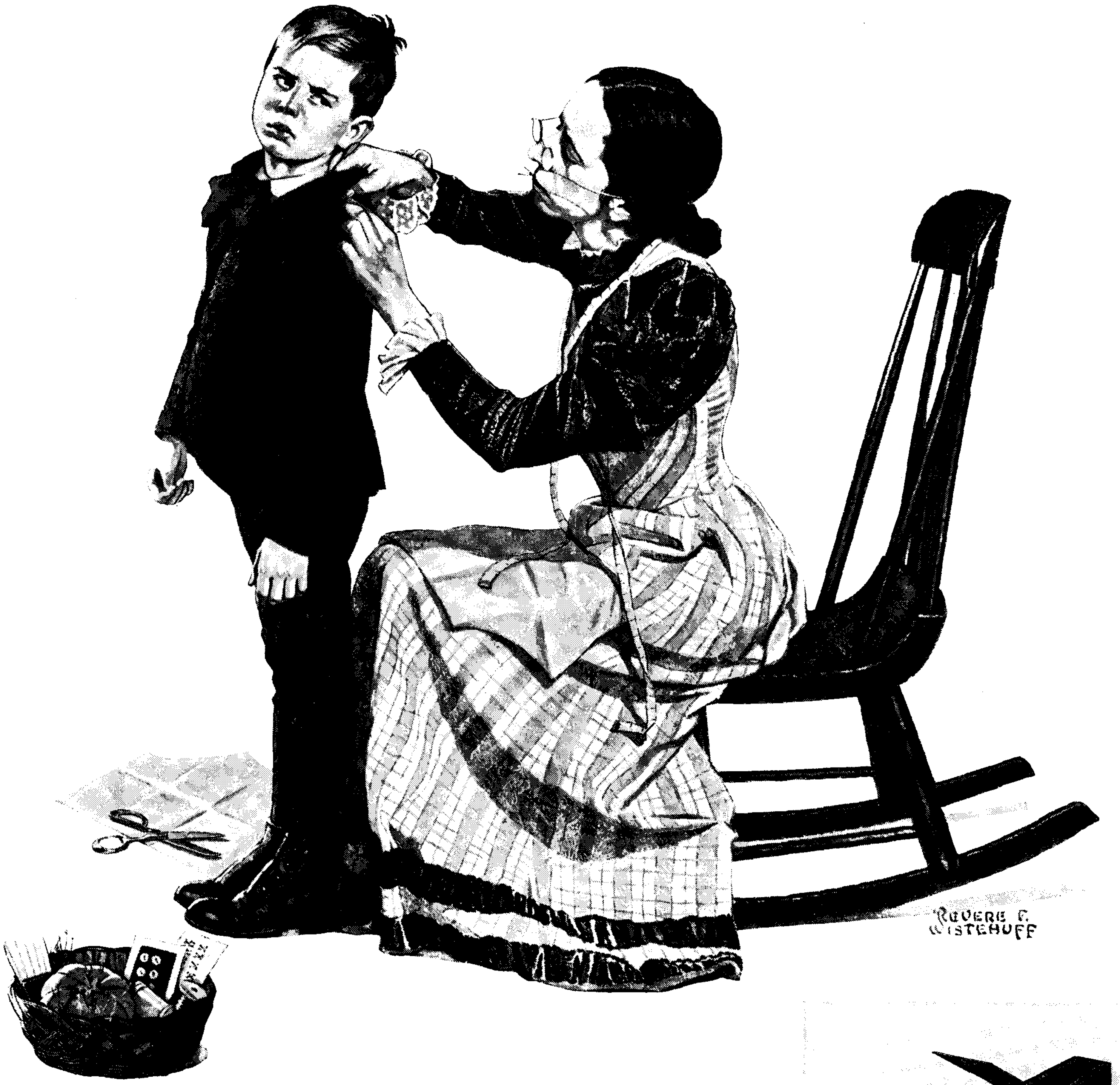
"Look, Caswell," I say, "when you get to be as old as I am you will learn that all broads are two-timers. In fact," I say, "some are three-timers, but none of them are worth getting killed for."

But Caswell only shakes his head and looks determined. But I do not have any more time to argue because the referee



"You've been umpiring so long you probably can call 'em with your eyes closed, don't you?"

FRED BALK



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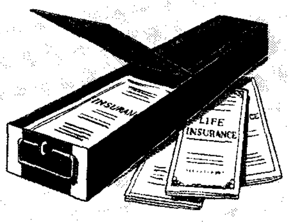

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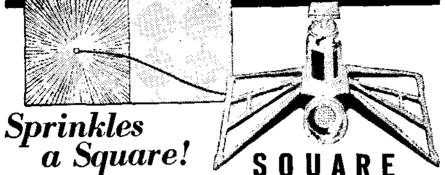

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is calling Chester and Caswell together in the center of the ring for instructions, so I lead Caswell out there.

Well, when I remove Caswell's robe and he stands out under the lights the spots on his body are plain to be seen and in fact he looks as if he has on a brown polka-dot dressing gown and the crowd probably figures that these spots are why he is call the Louisiana Leopard and there is some laughter here and there.

However, I wish to state that I cannot help feeling proud of Caswell, he conducts himself so nobly while listening to instructions and, in fact, you will think he is an old-timer at the business. Then I notice that Chester does not come near the group in the center of the ring but hangs on the outskirts and while I figure this is because Chester is not much interested in these preliminaries I feel that it will make things look better if he does not appear so nonchalant.

But when the bell rings and Caswell walks out of his corner as bold as a lion, I am greatly astonished to see Chester Nubbs go sliding along the ropes away from Caswell instead of stepping forward and hitting Caswell on the pimple per expectations of one and all. The next thing I know there is Caswell running after Chester and Chester is circling the ring like a scared wolf and once when they pass my corner Caswell stops and says to me like this:

"Mr. McCoy," he says, "head him off the next time he comes your way, will you?"

Well, Chester never lets Caswell get near enough to him in the first round to hand him a ripe peach and personally I consider it a most surprising spectacle but the crowd thinks Chester is giving it a run for its money by displaying his skill in keeping away from an opponent and applauds him heartily.

I am wondering myself if this is the idea and then I notice Jack Keegan in Chester's corner and Jack is making signals at me when nobody is looking and I figure he is trying to remind me in sign language of what Caswell is supposed to do and I try to tell him back in sign language that I remember all right but what is the idea of Chester Nubbs running all over town?

But I can see that Jack Keegan is trying to figure this out himself when Chester keeps running away from Caswell all through the second round, too. In fact, six rounds go by before anybody has time to think and Caswell is getting pretty well tuckered out from running and swinging and missing, for not a punch is landed by either Chester or Caswell in these rounds.

BY NOW I can see that there is something radically wrong with Chester and I am wondering if he breaks both hands before coming into the ring or what, and Jack Keegan is being threatened with the air by the boxing inspectors for the language he is using to Chester Nubbs, though afterward I hear Chester never answers a word back and Caswell is unable to say more than yes or no to me because he is puffing so hard from his running.

Well, all of a sudden I realize that there I am with a guy on the verge of going the limit with the leading contender for the heavyweight championship of the whole world and maybe winning the decision, so naturally I begin giving Caswell a little judicious advice, hoping all the time there is really something the matter with Chester Nubbs and that he is not just laying back to the last round to kiss Caswell with his left hook.

I notice Jack Keegan trying to show me a big-bladed pocket knife but by this time I am too excited to pay any attention to sign language and in fact everybody else is somewhat excited although many spectators are speaking most unkindly of Chester Nubbs. As the final bell rings, Chester runs right out of the ring and up the aisle to his dressing room without waiting to hear the decision and the crowd makes such a racket that I scarcely hear it myself but I know it goes to Caswell.

Well, I have a terrible struggle getting Caswell through the throng and back to our dressing room and the first one in there is nobody but Miss Babs Koogle and she throws her arms around Caswell's neck and says to him like this:

"Oh, Caswell," she says, "you are wonderful, and I love you so."

"Miss Koogle," I say, "you are too late. Caswell's eyes are opened at last to your two-timing of him with Chester Nubbs when you pass that love note to Chester tonight."

Well, at this Miss Babs Koogle starts to laugh and she says:

"So it is a love note, is it?" she says. "Mr. McCoy," she says, "don't you know Chester Nubbs is a confirmed hypochondriac?"

"Is that so?" I say. "Well, fighters go up against anything. They get all kinds of habits if you don't watch them," I say.

"It is not a habit," Miss Babs Koogle says. "Chester Nubbs is always worrying about his health and always worrying about catching some disease. The note I hand him tonight," she says, "warns him to observe his opponent's body closely and he will note copper-colored spots all over him. The note suggests that spots of this nature are sometimes characteristic of leprosy and that it may be a good idea for Chester to avoid personal contact with his opponent, and," she says, "you see what happens."

"I see," I say. "But," I say, "I hear that Chester Nubbs wishes to marry you."

"Chester wishes to marry me," Miss Babs Koogle says, "but he does not love me. At least not the way Caswell does. Chester figures it will be mighty convenient for him if he has a trained nurse around all the time to look after him when he does not feel well, and," Miss Babs Koogle says, "Chester never feels well. Anyway, I will never marry a prize fighter."

"Sweetheart," Caswell says, "that is one thing you know I will never be."

At this moment there is some confusion outside the room and in comes Jack Keegan and Chester Nubbs and Jack says to me like this:

"Oh, there you are, you double-crossing old pelican," he says, "take this."

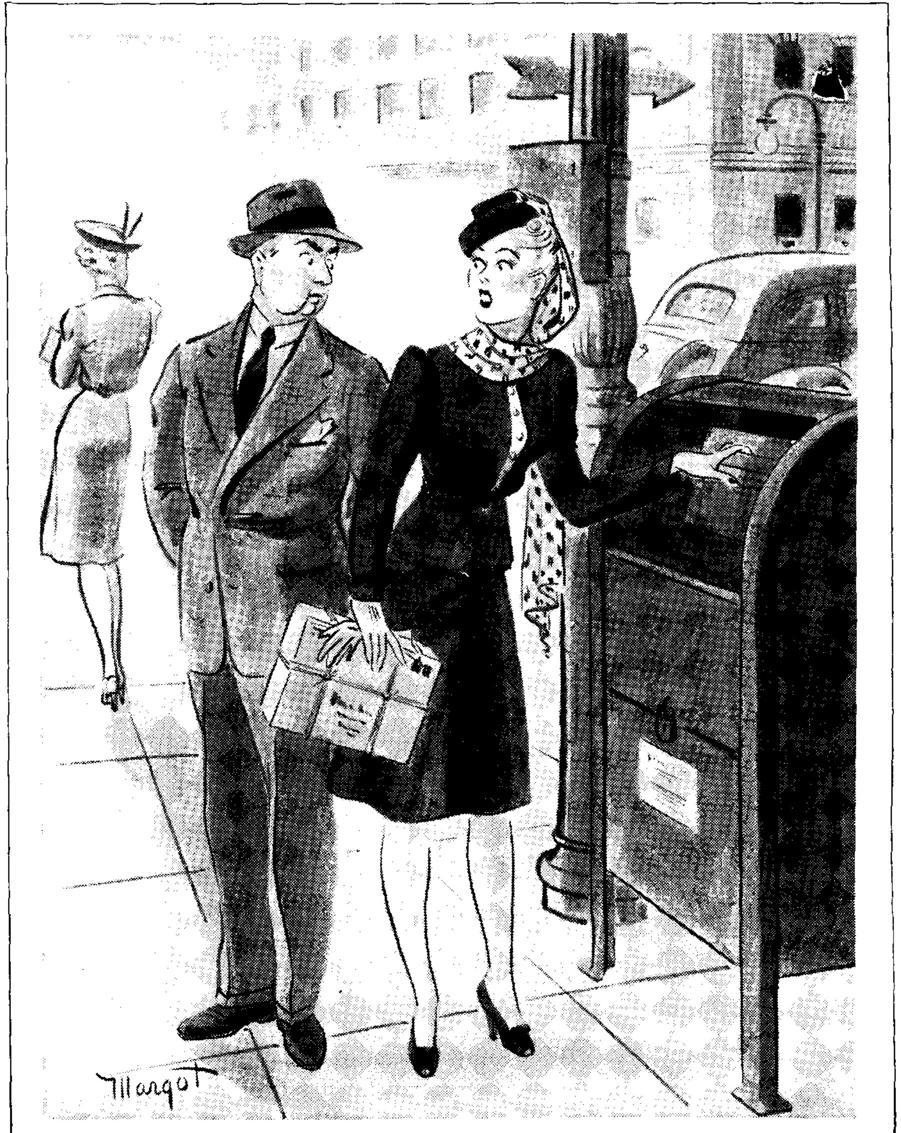
"And this," Chester Nubbs says.

THEN they biff me one after the other and although I am somewhat dazed by the force of their blows I always remember that Keegan punches harder than Chester and that when Chester starts his left hook he drops it low and if ever I get a guy with a good right I will show him how to lick this bum with a right-hand shot inside the hook.

But of course the guy will not be Caswell Fish because the last I see of him and Miss Babs Koogle after I pay him off they are headed for Pottsville, Pa., and they never even invite me to come to their wedding. So that is all there is to the story (Spider McCoy says).

"Well, Spider," I say, "I can see it is all a most unhappy experience for you and you have my sympathy, especially," I say, "because of those injuries that leave you so wan and pale."

"Oh," Spider says, "that is something else again. It seems that Miss Kitty Kronin works in the contagious ward of that hospital and Pigsfoot and I are both laid up with the measles for three weeks from associating with her."



"What shall I do now, Henry? I mailed my pocketbook" MARGOT

Why the Jew Grows Stronger

Continued from page 13

triple doses in the parental strains on both sides. So we have the Jews, as a people, representing the supersophisticated product of intensive selection and long-continued evolution. They came originally from the cradle of civilization, where high human cultures first developed and where the differentiation of the human physique has been most active, most pronounced, and of longest standing.

There is a decided disadvantage in being typologically identifiable, because that physical distinctiveness prevents one from "getting by" in a crowd. A conspicuous physiognomy is tough on the individual who wants to be unobtrusive. When I was a youngster I used to be painfully shy and self-conscious when I found myself in any sizable group of people. I need not have been, because no one ever paid any attention to me. I was not ugly enough to be interesting and not handsome enough to be attractive.

The Group Gets Blamed

Now that I want to be left alone my insignificant appearance is a great comfort, because people always gaze past me at others who look attractive or important. Consequently, I am no longer self-conscious. But a Jew rarely has an insignificant countenance; if it is not distinguished, it is, at any rate, distinctive. It is never so crude and amorphous that one feels unfair in judging it because of its obviously unfinished state. This highly evolved physiognomy makes the Jew conspicuous and self-conscious.

Racial recognizability is harder on the group than on the individual, because the former has to take the blame for the conduct of the latter. If a physical[illegible] unremarkable man pushes his way into a subway car, elbowing others aside and treading ruthlessly upon intervening feet, he may be glared at, rebuked, or even socked, but, beyond that, he is merely set down as an unmannerly, unattractive and boorish individual. His undistinguished face and obnoxious conduct are soon forgotten and are not charged to the account of any particular group. But if that man happens to have straight, blue-black hair, slanting eyes, prominent cheekbones, flat nose, and a yellowish skin, people in that car will hold his misbehavior against the Chinese, the Japanese, or whatever kind of Mongoloid they imagine him to be. His racial distinctiveness is then a liability to his entire group.

Of course, it ought to work the other way, so that if a Mongoloid behaved in public with distinguished politeness, urbanity and consideration of all and sundry, his nobility of deportment would be credited to his racial antecedents. But unfortunately men are more grudging in the rewarding of merit than in the bestowal of blame.

I am not attempting to argue, nor even to insinuate, that a combination of physical recognizability and bad manners makes Jews disliked. According to my experience Jewish people are as kindly, considerate and polite in public as any other group, and definitely superior in this respect to others whom I might mention. My only impression of bad manners in public is that they are more frequently displayed by females of whatever race, nationality or age than by males. I merely suggest that any kind of conspicuous behavior in a Jew is likely to be identified as a Jewish trait for the reasons mentioned.

I am now ready to embark upon a discussion which will arouse the ire of many an idealistic democrat with an inferiority complex and of all scientists who labor under the delusion that only negative findings are sound.

My thesis is that the highly evolved and specialized physiognomy so frequently characteristic of the Jew is correlated with certain equally highly evolved and specialized characteristics of mind, temperament and personality.

The Jewish physical blends have been derived from an original mixture in the homeland of at least three separate races, and elsewhere, from time to time, they have received minor accretions of the blood of many other races. Just as each race has its own particular combinations of physical variations, so, in all probability, it is endowed with certain mental abilities and disabilities, temperamental tendencies, and so on.

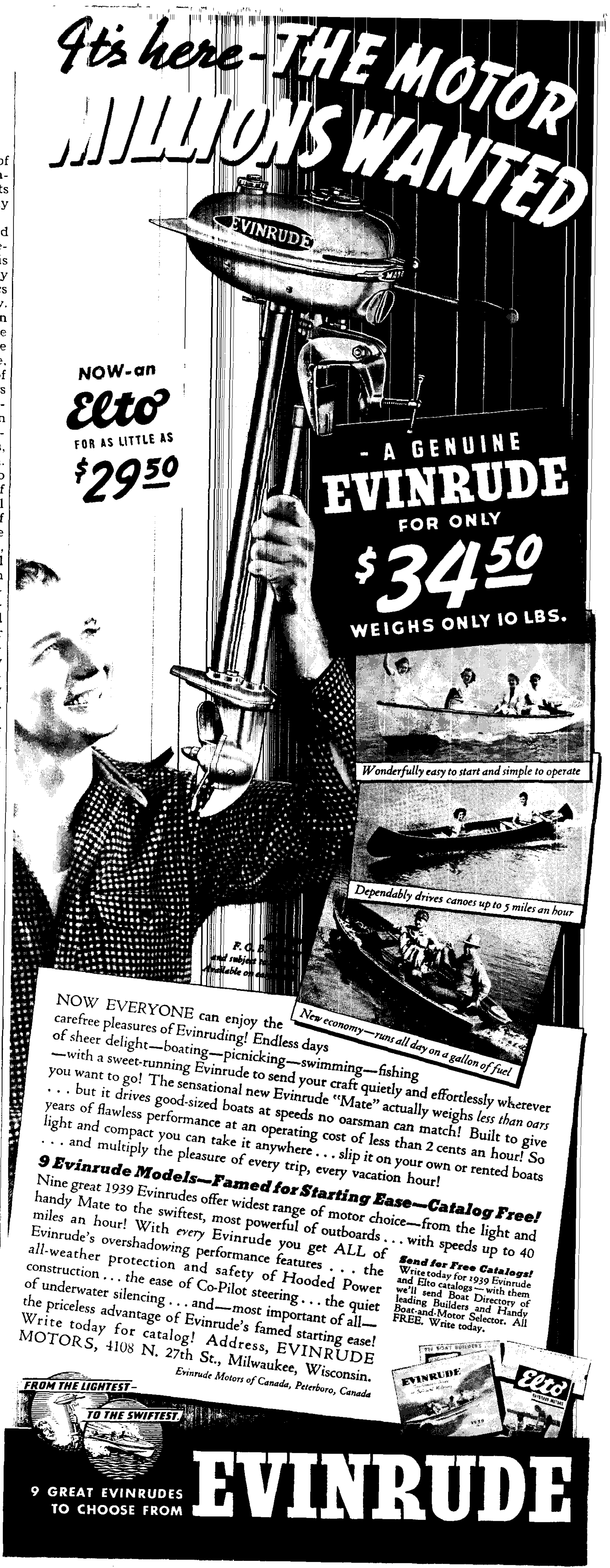
I should be the last to subscribe to any doctrine of the gross superiority of one race over another, because I am well aware that the numerous members of each race display an enormous range of individual capacities and weaknesses, and that it is impossible to tot them all up and pass judgment as to rankings in general worth and ability. Yet it is obviously stupid to maintain that the temperaments and capacities of typical members of two national groups—for example, Italians and Germans—are exactly the same. Perhaps and probably these differences are in some degree environmentally caused, but there they are, associated more or less closely with physical variations.

In the mixing of races the ranges of capacities and physical characters of the several strains are merged. All of the potentialities of the several stocks are pooled. Then germinal selection, both of physical and mental qualities, takes place and many new combinations are formed. A very few of these have all of the weaknesses and mental limitations found in both stocks, fewer still perhaps have a lucky combination of the pre-eminent gifts of both stocks. In the majority some points of strength and others of weakness are united. Taking all of the individuals resulting from race mixture—inferior, mediocre, and superior types—it probably comes out about even. But the possibilities of getting a few supermen are enlarged by the greater reservoir of abilities upon which germinal selection may draw. Now comes the joker!

But "Aryan" Imbeciles Are Coddled

If this mixed stock is then subjected to rigorous, old-fashioned, Darwinian natural selection, involving "the survival of the fittest," the poorest, weediest and most meagerly endowed in mind and body—are eliminated. Rigors of environment and disease cull out the weakest strains, while social and economic competition is likely to remove the mentally inert and the inefficient. Of course all of this is old stuff. What we do not realize is that the purgative force of natural and social selection has been exerted continuously and with increasing severity upon the Jewish people, while it has been abated and nullified in large measure among our own non-Jewish stocks, which have been sheltered, pampered and fostered because they are not a "chosen people" —not chosen for persecution.

We go on merrily and righteously nurturing our "Aryan" imbeciles, morons and criminals, encouraging them to breed more of their kind, and supporting them at public expense. On the



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other hand, we persecute the Jews and try to destroy them, and actually succeed in preventing the survival of those who are not superior in wits and in constitution. Thus we make them better and better, while we get worse and worse. We put the very highest premium upon ability in the Jewish people, because we see to it that the devil always takes the hindmost. If we really want to compete with them successfully, we ought to clean out our own inferiors and leave theirs to multiply.

You cannot impose upon a people a brutal regime of selection by political and economic oppression, interspersed with periodic pogroms, without effecting a concentration in that people of all the mental and physical qualities which make for survival. When that people is one originally endowed with the superior qualities of several races, made triply dominant by long-continued inbreeding either through preference or through necessity, distinctive customs, ways of thinking and temperaments are an inevitable result. The entire behavior of such a people tends to become as specialized as are their physiognomies.

The Jews are a people who, partly by virtue of their own mixed racial inheritance and partly because of the eugenic program which we have unintentionally forced upon them, have been freed from the onus of their own inferior elements. We have divested them of their morons. They have everywhere, by any standard, extremely high average intelligence. This intelligence is not mere impractical intellectuality. The Jews have had to use their brains to save their skins. They *are* "the children of this world, who are wise in their own generation." They have a long tradition of shrewd diplomacy, foresightedness, wisdom and patience under adversity.

They have been trained in the dissimulation of hatred and indignation against their oppressors. They have been driven into themselves to cultivate the resources of their own minds and to exploit the possibilities of consolation afforded by their ritualistic but spiritual religion. They have had to learn that a Jew who is to survive must do what he does supremely well, whether in the realms of commerce, politics, science, or scholarship. They have been quicker than any other people to see the value and to utilize the advantages of education. Their involuntarily eugenic regime has been partly responsible for the astounding frequency with which they produce men of genius.

Hatred Born of Inferiority

Why, then, have Jews been so constantly the objects of hatred on the part of their fellow men? Of course, it is partly because of the simple fact that they *are* different. The more stupid and primitive the human animal is, the more he resents and distrusts differences from his own type displayed by his fellow beings. We can afford to be contemptuously tolerant or merely domineering and arrogant toward groups of "different" people, if we are confident of our own superiority. If we can surpass them *economically, artistically, scientifically* and otherwise, we do not dislike them; we merely try to use them for our own advantage.

But if they are too clever for us and contrive to beat us in nearly every intellectual and commercial game, in spite of inferiority of numbers and dice consistently loaded against them, we have to fall back upon our numerical preponderance and upon our excess of brute force. Then we begin to envy and to hate them, and every one of their physical, psychological or sociological divergences from our own pattern becomes obnoxious.

Exclusion and persecution ensue and existing differences between Jews and Gentiles are thereby increased. Jewishness of physique and behavior is accentuated by lack of external contacts. Inbreeding is intensified and every new wave of persecution washes back into the precarious haven of Jewry those who have attempted to mingle with the tides and currents of the outside sea.

Fear, bitterness and hysteria are engendered by centuries of oppression. Is it any wonder that the average Jew is ill at ease and self-conscious in non-Jewish company, and that he may attempt to compensate by an assumption of an aggressive manner, an air of subservience, excessive loquacity or other noticeable types of behavior? No one under such circumstances could be natural. So the Jew is eternally nostalgic, because he cannot feel at home; he has no home in a national sense.

The Answer—Intermarriage

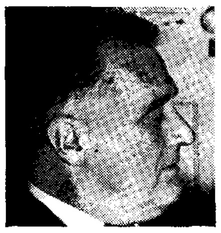
There is but one remedy for this festering sore. That is the assimilation of the Jewish minorities by intermarriage. The lunatics of the Fascist totalitarian states will never succeed in their senseless policy of exterminating the Jewish people, for Jews have resources of intelligence which are superior to those of their enemies, and it is intelligence which determines human survival when the raw forces of natural selection are loosed. Even the Germans will not long persist in the stupidity of literally cutting off their noses to spite their faces. But anti-Semitic outbreaks will recur whenever societies get into economic messes and politicians are looking for scapegoats, as long as there dwell in our midst physically distinctive Jewish minorities who, by their intelligence, outstrip their non-Jewish competitors and thrive under adversities which crush the majority of lesser natural endowment.

There are still plenty of supposedly intelligent persons who cling to the fatuous belief that human nature can be changed and man transformed from a near-ape into a saint by sheer moral suasion. Let them go on trying to lift *themselves by their bootstraps!* For my part, I have long been convinced that we shall not improve human conduct until we check the degeneration of the human organism which has brought with it the decline of intelligence. We have exalted the witless proletariat, which now, under the leadership of fanatics and demagogues, threatens to destroy civilization and is attempting in Germany and elsewhere to extirpate the most civilized human group in existence.

If we could get all of the Jews in this country and Europe to outmarry, it would leaven the lump of Gentile stupidity. There is enough ability concentrated in the few millions of Jews to raise the general average considerably if it were disseminated by intermixture. Absorption of the Jews by outmarriage would probably sacrifice the output of Jewish genius and the Jews would have to lose their cherished religion and their peculiar culture. I do not know that they would be willing to do it, but, if they did, they would confer a great genetic boon upon mankind, and at the same time would solve their own problems.

No halfway measure would do. As long as a purely Jewish nucleus is preserved with its complex of physical features, psychological distinctiveness and social and religious separateness, anti-Semitism will recrudesce and partially assimilated Jews will be thrust back upon that nucleus. Most of us could do with a little Jewish blood and intelligence. I am sure that I could and I think that a little of that strain, at the very least, would have improved the shape of my nose.

The 16 noses appearing on pages 12 and 13 are from the photographs below. The asterisks after the names indicate Jews or persons of Jewish origin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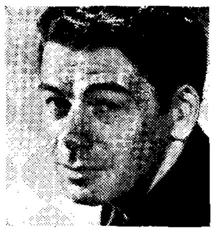
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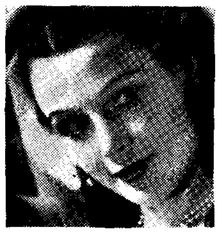
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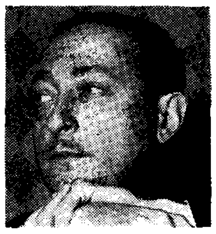
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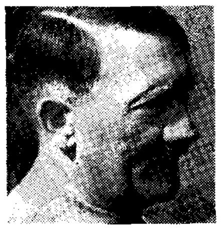
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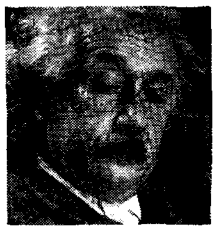
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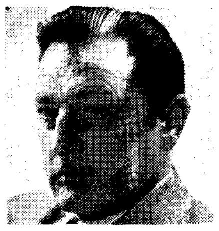
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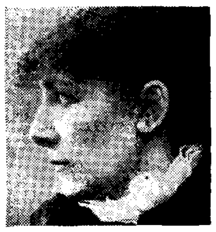
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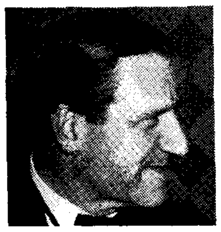
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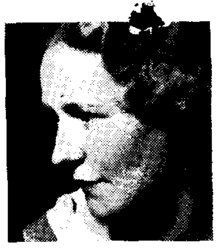
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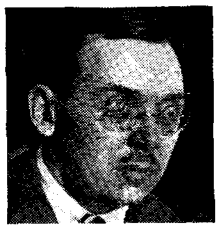
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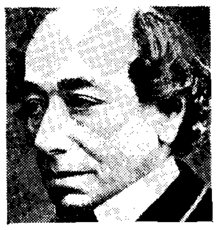
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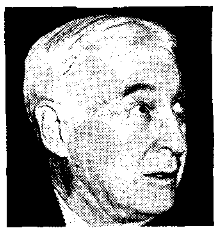
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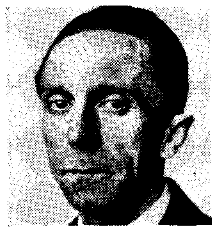
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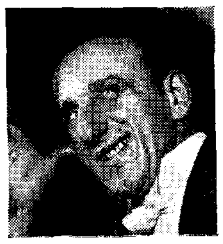
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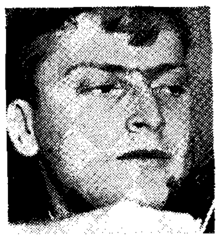
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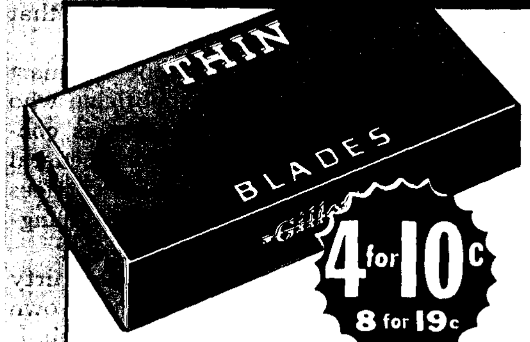
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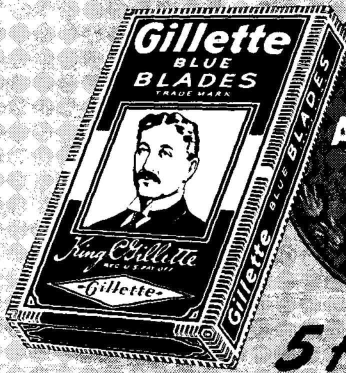
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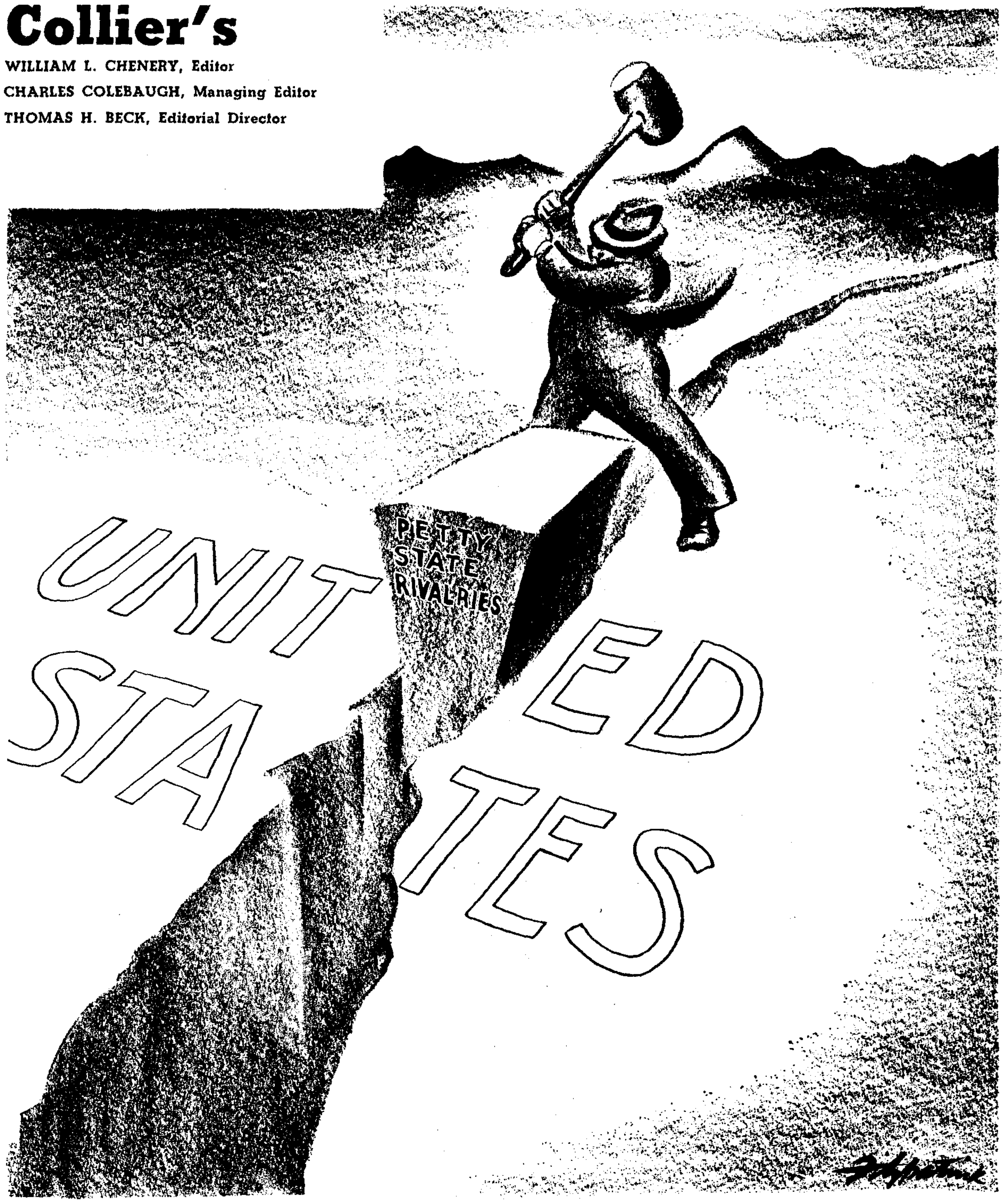

Undoing 1787

LORD CORNWALLIS gave in to Generals Washington and Lafayette in 1781. His troops marched out of Yorktown's fortifications to a tune called "The World Turned Upside Down." The American Revolution ended officially in 1783, with the signing on September 3d of the Treaty of Paris.

From then until June, 1788, this country was not a nation. It was a small set of independent nations, all jealous of one another.

It sounds fantastic now, but in those years New York was laying tariffs on New Jersey vegetables, chickens and eggs; New Jersey in retaliation was taxing New York's lighthouse on Sandy Hook $1,800 a year; Connecticut merchants by written compact were boycotting New York City.

Maryland and Virginia were in a running cat fight over which of them owned the Potomac River.

There was a young war between Connecticut and Pennsylvania concerning ownership of the Wyoming Valley. Pennsylvania won the court battle. But then a story got around that the Connecticut Yanks were pumping up a rebellion in Pennsylvania. So Pennsylvania told its militia to get busy on "foreigners" from Connecticut, which the militia did with a will. About 500 of the "alien scum" were booted out of house and home, a few of them being killed and their dwellings burned. There were refugee stories as heart-rending as some that have come recently from the French border camps for border-jumping Spanish Reds, or from disrupted areas in Carpatho-Ukraine and what were Austria and Czechoslovakia.

It was in the hope of ending this brotherly rib-sticking that responsible men of the young nations called the Constitutional Convention of 1787. Eventually they put the Constitution together, and after much argument sold it to a majority of the states. It became effective in June, 1788. Special reference was made in that immortal (we hope) document to keeping each state's hands off all other states' throats so that all the states might live and prosper.

It was thought that this might settle the matter of interstate bickering and tariff levying for good and all. The Union's victory in the Civil War a few generations later was thought to have reinforced that settlement of 1787 for time and eternity.

In the present decade, however, the same old stuff has started all over again. It began when a state here and there, entirely within its rights, stationed guards at main highway entry points on its borders to keep out plants that might carry plant diseases.

This flashed an idea to that type of smart little home-town or home-state politician who is always alert to grab a dollar for his constituents at no matter what hurt to the general welfare, and who is always looking for chances to make more jobs for deserving political hangers-on.

The result up to date is that some thirty states now have laws favoring their own residents in various business ways and discriminating against people of neighboring states. Especially pernicious are the "port of entry" laws, which extort fees from outside truckers or peddling farmers for the privilege of crossing an invisible state line. Two other favorite targets of this kind of law are milk and beer.

Well, on February 27th of this year Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter delivered for the court a decision from which we hope great things may grow.

The case was entitled Hale & McClos[illegible]ey vs. Bimco Trading Co. & Broward County Port Authority. It concerned a Florida law providing for inspection of all cement "imported" into Florida from "foreign" states (such as Georgia), an inspection fee of 15 cents per 100 pounds to be levied on all such "foreign" cement. Pretext: to safeguard cement quality in Florida.

Justice Frankfurter denounced the statute for what it was—an unconstitutional attempt to set up a state tariff in a country that by its basic law is free-trade within its borders, and the wealthiest country in the world largely for that reason.

What we hope will grow from this decision is a nationwide reawakening to the necessity of keeping this country the great free-trade area that it has been. That involves the necessity of stepping, and stepping hard, on local smart fellows every time they make a move to undo the unifying job of 1787. If they can't learn to think nationally, we'll have to find leaders who can and will, or we'll suffer tragic consequences.

"United we stand, divided we fall" is an old-timer, but it is as true now as it always was.

One of the simplest and quickest ways to divide this country is to restore petty interstate rivalries, making them official by posting pesky little bureaucrats in uniforms at miniature customs houses where main highways cross state lines.

Then, when the Union has come completely undone and we're all battling among ourselves, we'll be rotten-ripe for some strong, united and larcenous nation to finish the work of taking 1787 apart by moving in and declaring itself the new boss of all of us or a large carving of us.

Conspiracy in PORTUGAL

"A Portuguese friend," reads a letter from an American acquaintance, "owns one of the vineyards from which come some of Portugal's proudest ports. We had returned to the villa from the grape harvest one day, when what should make its appearance but a bottle of Canadian Club.

"My friend smiled and remarked, 'This is a secret between you and me. This Canadian Club has a smoothness that compares with the smoothness of my vintage ports. After all, your country imports my wines—why shouldn't I enjoy one of the greatest of your imported delicacies?' "

Why so many Americans have changed to this Imported Whisky . . .

In 87 countries Canadian Club is a favorite. In London itself and throughout the British Isles it is the **leading imported whisky.** No other whisky has won such acclaim.

But of more interest to you is this fact: many *Americans* who formerly preferred Scotch, bourbon, or rye have changed to Canadian Club. Today, twice as many *Americans* now drink Canadian Club at home and at the bar as did only two years ago! **Try Canadian Club yourself,** try it, as many others have, in a "show-me" mood. Experience its distinctive mellowness, rich in flavor yet light in body. You'll see why we can say that **there is only one Canadian Club** . . . only one rare, imported whisky with this unique, appealing taste all its own. Start to enjoy Canadian Club today.

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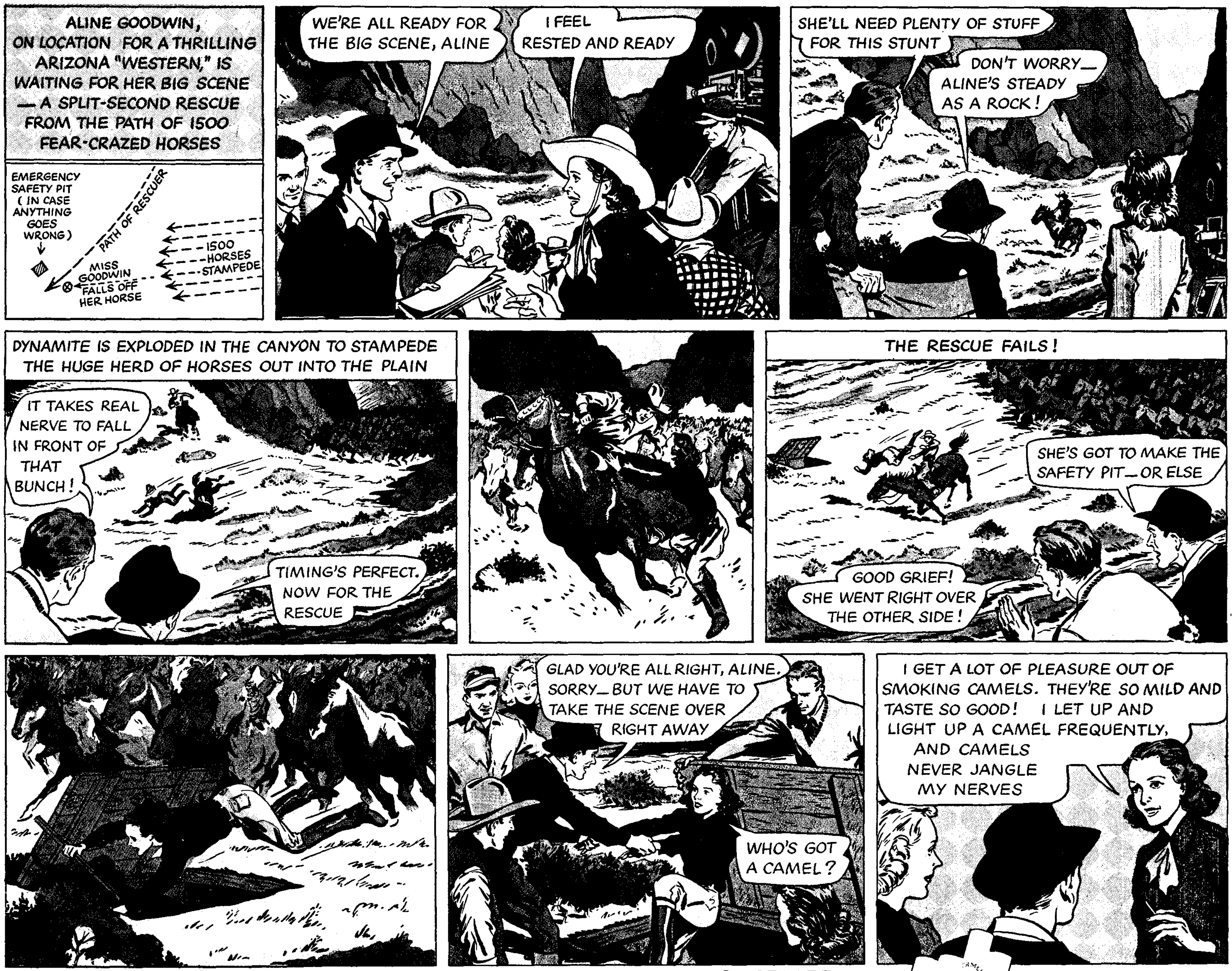
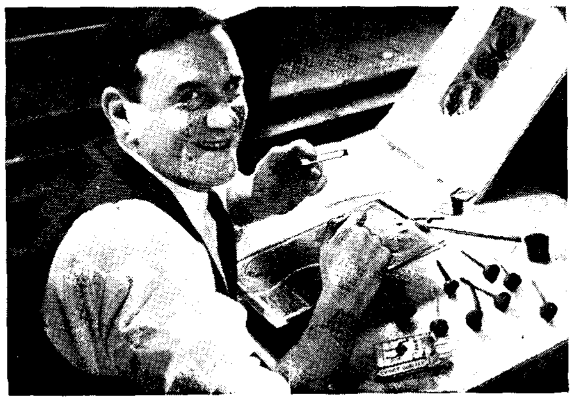
ALINE GOODWIN, OF THE MOVIES, WORKS HARDER THAN MOST MEN. SHE PRAISES A REST AND A CAMEL FOR FULL SMOKING ENJOYMENT


ALINE GOODWIN, ON LOCATION FOR A THRILLING ARIZONA "WESTERN," IS WAITING FOR HER BIG SCENE — A SPLIT-SECOND RESCUE FROM THE PATH OF 1500 FEAR-CRAZED HORSES
EMERGENCY SAFETY PIT (IN CASE ANYTHING GOES WRONG)
PATH OF RESCUER
1500 HORSES STAMPEDE
MISS GOODWIN FALLS OFF HER HORSE
WE'RE ALL READY FOR THE BIG SCENE, ALINE
I FEEL RESTED AND READY
SHE'LL NEED PLENTY OF STUFF FOR THIS STUNT
DON'T WORRY— ALINE'S STEADY AS A ROCK!
DYNAMITE IS EXPLODED IN THE CANYON TO STAMPEDE THE HUGE HERD OF HORSES OUT INTO THE PLAIN
IT TAKES REAL NERVE TO FALL IN FRONT OF THAT BUNCH!
TIMING'S PERFECT. NOW FOR THE RESCUE
THE RESCUE FAILS!
SHE'S GOT TO MAKE THE SAFETY PIT—OR ELSE
GOOD GRIEF! SHE WENT RIGHT OVER THE OTHER SIDE!
GLAD YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, ALINE. SORRY—BUT WE HAVE TO TAKE THE SCENE OVER RIGHT AWAY
WHO'S GOT A CAMEL?
I GET A LOT OF PLEASURE OUT OF SMOKING CAMELS. THEY'RE SO MILD AND TASTE SO GOOD! I LET UP AND LIGHT UP A CAMEL FREQUENTLY, AND CAMELS NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES

"AFTER I ENJOYED MY SIXTH PACKAGE of Camels," says Fredrick West, master engraver, "I took them on for life. Camels taste better. They are so mild and mellow. They're gentle to my throat—which proves Camels are *extra* mild! My work requires intense concentration. So, through the day, I take time to let up—light up a Camel. Camels taste grand—so smooth and mellow. I don't wonder so many smokers say: 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel.' I would too!"



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LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

SMOKERS FIND: CAMELS NEVER JANGLE THE NERVES